

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

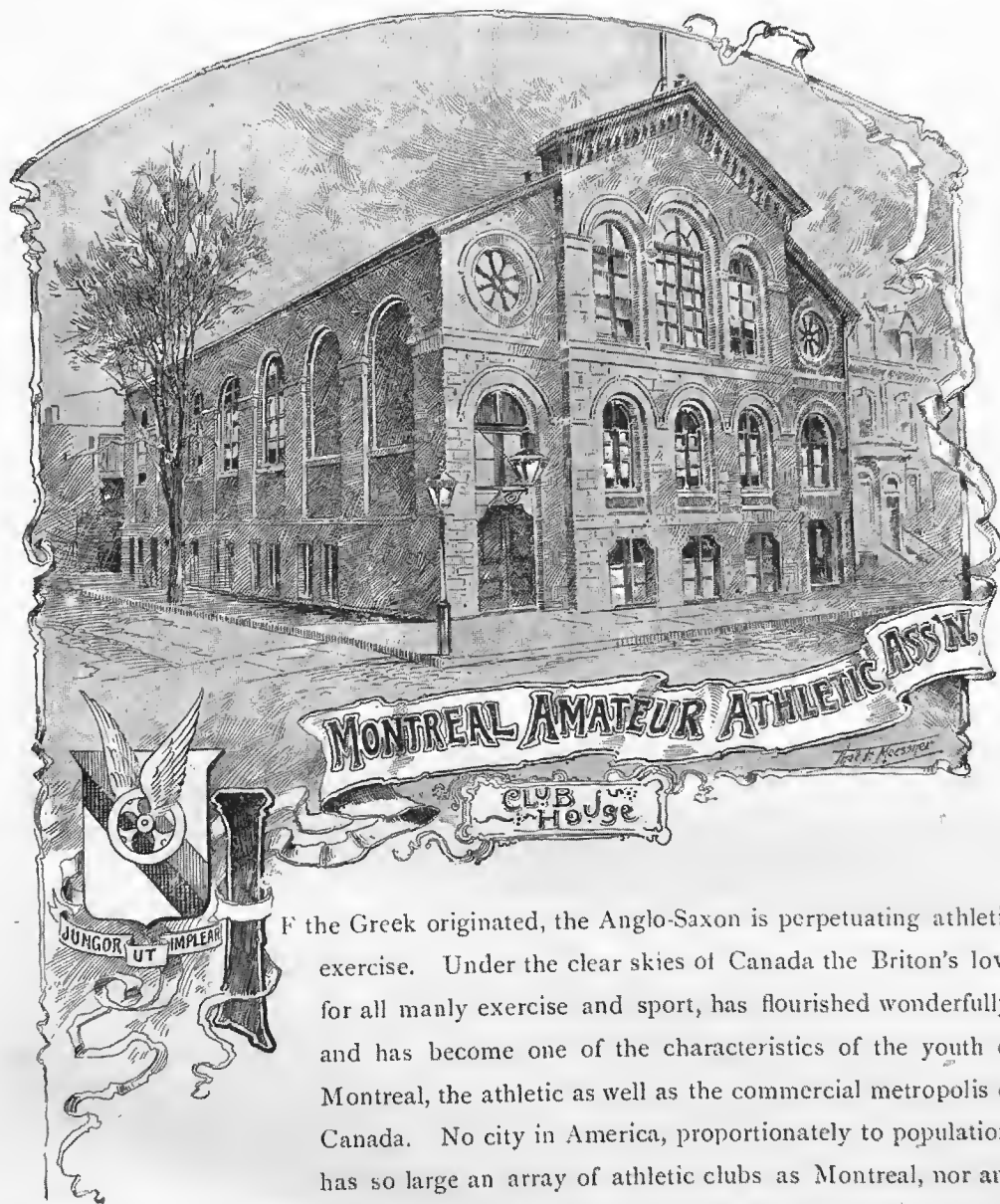
A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 5th JANUARY, 1889.

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From the Greek originated, the Anglo-Saxon is perpetuating athletic exercise. Under the clear skies of Canada the Briton's love for all manly exercise and sport, has flourished wonderfully, and has become one of the characteristics of the youth of Montreal, the athletic as well as the commercial metropolis of Canada. No city in America, proportionately to population, has so large an array of athletic clubs as Montreal, nor any with the age and prestige of those composing the now celebrated Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. The Progress of this institution has been marvelous. Formed by the members of three athletic clubs, to provide themselves with a habitation or club-house, where they could meet and discuss club affairs, it has, under the influence and guidance of clear, straight business principles, and an earnest encouragement given to all genuine and honest amateur athletics, grown into an institution whose limit of usefulness to the youth of the city cannot be estimated, and which every citizen can point to with pride.

Hence it is that we give the M. A. A. A. a prominent place in this, our first number of volume the second, with the desire to extend the usefulness and the fame of this great Canadian athletic organization, not only to the extreme ends of our broad Dominion, but to the far off shores where the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has already many subscribers, to England and France, the United States, Australia and India. We abridge the history of the association from the account given of it in "Athletic Leaves" by Mr. Will. H. Whyte, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the use of the engravings which appeared in that publication. The portraits we give of some leading members of the M. A. A. A. are from photographs by Summerhayes & Walford.



THE LATE NICHOLAS HUGHES, (EVERGREEN).



ANGUS GRANT, (EVERGREEN THE SECOND).

The Dominion Illustrated.

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5th JANUARY, 1889.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

We are glad to announce that we have made arrangements with the well known house of John Haddon & Co., 3 and 4 Bouverie street, Fleet street, E.C., London, England, to be our representatives in Great Britain. They are authorized to receive subscriptions and to make contracts for advertising space. THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be kept on file by them, and they will be in a position to answer all enquiries relative to the publication.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

We are forming a joint stock company to own and publish this journal. Its success as a commercial enterprise is now beyond doubt. The reception given the paper by the Press and the Public has been enthusiastic. The subscription lists keep swelling day by day. The advertising is steadily improving and the outlook generally is excellent. We started the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with limited means, and have, single-handed, brought it to a period when the employment of additional capital is not only justified by the work done, the results achieved, and the certainty of success, but is required for the improvement, permanency and economic production of the paper. The proposed capital of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$100, a notable portion of which is already subscribed by good business men, whose names we are at liberty to communicate to intending investors. The limited time we can spare from the arduous labours connected with the publication does not allow us to call on, nor even to write to, the many friends and well-wishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, who may be both able and willing to assist in the enterprise. We therefore take this means of reaching them and asking them, as a particular favour, to send us their names, so that we may mail to them a detailed statement and prospectus. We would like to have shareholders all over the Dominion, and will be pleased to have applications for one share, five shares, or ten, from any of our friends. They will find it an investment that will be highly profitable and can only increase in value year by year. For prospectus and form of application, address the publishers.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON,
Montreal.

LITERARY NOTES.

Bliss Carman must put forth his first volume of poems.

Miss C. Alice Baker has made the interesting discovery that Mgr. Plessis, first Archbishop of Quebec, was American through his mother, his grandmother being a Deerfield captive.

Lawrence Oliphant, the distinguished English author, whose death was announced on Monday, was Secretary to Lord Elgin while the latter was Governor-General of Canada.

Poe first thought of "The Bells" when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house—a stranger to him—walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up and the next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of his celebrated poem.

The greatest tutor of the day, Dr. Routh, is retiring at the early age of 57. Born in Quebec, he went to England, became a member of Peterhouse at Cambridge, and graduated as Senior Wrangler in 1854. He "turned out" twenty-seven Senior Wranglers.



The Cleveland *World* holds that the negro is in no respect the equal of the white man; that he is becoming a social nuisance, and that education does not help him, but makes him only more offensive, and it clinches all by asking, "Why should the riff-raff of the South be entitled to vote?"

Toronto shall have to look out for its laurels. Its rate of growth has been wonderful, but the rise of Vancouver seems to be still more striking. In January, 1886, the population of Vancouver was 600, and every house in it was destroyed by fire. In 1887 it rose to 3,000. In the beginning of 1888 it was 6,000, and the estimate now is 10,000.

In the way of public institutions, there is one which Montreal woefully lacks—a Free Library. The Fraser Institute is on the way of establishing the circulation of its books, and the conveniences for reading and consultation are plentiful and within reach. We foresee that, before the end of the century, the Fraser Institute will be one of the proudest boasts of this metropolis.

The Free Library of Toronto is doing a great work. In 1884 the circulation was 179,506; in 1885, 277,931; in 1886, 207,095; in 1887, 275,066, and the past year is estimated at over 300,000 volumes, or an average of about 1,000 per day, and it is estimated that during the past year, in the 306 days that the library was open, over 600,000 persons took advantage of the opportunities provided by the reading rooms.

A French-Canadian editor writes from Paris that Mr. Curran, M.P. for Montreal Centre, is strikingly like M. Floquet, First Minister of the Republic. Why, that was stated in these columns five months ago, when the portrait of Mr. Curran was published by us. The likeness is extraordinary. It is twinlike—the same hair, whisker, forehead, eye, mouth and chin—only M. Floquet is at least ten years older, though he does not look it.

While a few wild politicians, on the other side, bluster about Canada, we hear of thoughtful Americans who know how to appreciate our worth. At the meeting of the American Historical Association, sitting in Washington, last week, Dr. Poole, librarian of the Newberry Library, Chicago, said "some of the enterprise of the Canadian Government in organizing its historical archives should animate the Congress of the United States."

The old oak in Woodbridgetown, Conn., remarkable for its huge dimensions, was felled to the ground the other day, after five hours of chopping by four men. The trunk was 27 feet 6 inches in diameter, and contained over 1,100 layers or rings, showing that it was above a thousand years old. The tree was said to have been the largest in New England. Now, why was that tree felled? In the interests of science it ought to have been kept. The dear old song has lost its echo:

Woodman, spare that tree!

The latest news in regard to the question of copyright is that at the yearly meeting of the International Copyright Association, held at Boston last Monday, the secretary had no formal report to make. Mr. Houghton mentioned cases of organized opposition to the work of the Associa-

tion, the most formidable being that of the Press Association which furnishes matter for country and weekly papers. This opposition was backed by money, and the Association had a great deal of work before it.

At the adjourned meeting of the teachers of the district of Bedford and St. Johns, P.Q., Mr. N. D. Truell read a paper on Teachers' Associations and the necessity for one in the Eastern Townships. The object of such an association should be to rally the teachers within their limits, numbering 250. The paper took exception to diverse methods of teaching, and especially to the too frequent changing of elementary teachers. Again, the elementary schoolhouses were not what they should be, and pupils were not too careful of their habits or personal appearance.

The New Year's list of Court favours includes Chief Justice Allen, of New Brunswick, knighted, and Hon. Mr. Trutch, of British Columbia, K.C.M.G. The Bench of the several Provinces has been plentifully honoured, and the cause of education stimulated by the knighthood of Sirs Wm. Dawson and Daniel Wilson. So far, so well, but there are other classes that should soon have their turn, such as that of scientific and railway engineers, represented, for instance, by Mr. Sandford Fleming, who has been a C.M.G. these twelve years, and who deserves the promotion to K.C.M.G.

The great St. Lawrence has fought against his fetters of ice this year. Contrary to the rule, the river was open on the 1st January, and to make the event historic, four Caughnawaga Indians, with two reporters, "shot" the Lachine Rapids on that day. The party left Caughnawaga at about 10.30 a.m. and arrived at the Richelieu Basin at 1 p.m., under the captainship of Big John. They came down the main channel and reported that the river was very full of ice and extremely difficult of passage. A large crowd assembled on the river side and on the ice to witness their arrival, and the greetings were most enthusiastic. The boat is 30 feet long by 5 feet wide, and is in shape like those usually employed for portaging over the ice.

We refer elsewhere, editorially, to the return of Principal Grant to Canada. Here is what he said, among other things, at the reception given him by the whole city of Kingston. What his experience taught him was that Canada was good enough for any man, a great deal too good for those who had doubts about the destiny of the country. He said that while in Australia he was asked about retaliation and the purchase of Canada by the United States. And he had said that Canada was all right, that she was quite capable of taking care of herself, that she was desirous of living on terms of peace with her neighbours, but that she would not be bullied into any position she did not desire. Of Canada he always felt proud, but never so proud of her as when he sniffed the pure air of Vancouver. He was prouder still when he stepped aboard the Pullman car on the Canadian Pacific continental railway, the best equipped road on the globe.

Commander Eugene Albert Maréchal, officer of the Legion of Honour, has been placed in charge of the Newfoundland Naval Station by the French Government. M. Maréchal, who is one of the youngest superior officers in the French navy, and a self-made man, is well known in Montreal and Quebec, having come here in 1876 as A.D.C. to Admiral duPeyron on the flagship *La Galissonnière*.

SNIFFING VANCOUVER.

After a sojourn of nine months at the Antipodes, in search of health from the land of flowers and of summer seas, Principal George Grant, of Kingston, has come back not only renewed in strength, but more of a Canadian, if that might be, than when he sailed full into the hopeful light of the Southern Cross. He was glad to be back among his own again, and when he "sniffed the air of Vancouver"—these are his own words—he felt a rapture of joy, such as that with which Knowle's Tell was thrilled on his Alp, in the day of triumph:

* * * Blow on, ye winds,
This is the land of liberty!

Doctor Grant is one of those men whose views on questions of public or national import we do not go far to seek. Without ever thrusting himself forward, he is never afraid to tell of his abiding faith in the institutions of his country, and his belief in the old constitutional principle that it is best to let well enough alone. He hails from Nova Scotia, and is a good representative of the men of brain from the Lower Provinces, who have made their mark in every part of this young Dominion. His book "From Ocean to Ocean," written after crossing the continent with that other eminent Scotch-Canadian and engineer, Mr. Sandford Fleming, was one of those that formed an epoch in the literature of the Northwest, and gave an impulse of its own to the Canadian Pacific Railway. Devoted to the cause of the higher education in Halifax, Doctor Grant was sought for in a broader field, in the Province of Ontario, and led to accept the headship of Queen's University at Kingston. Here a task of rebuilding, in more ways than one, was set before him and, with characteristic bravery, he undertook it. It was thus that he became widely known to the people of the Upper Provinces, and his influence spread not only into the Northwest, but, he was asked, more than once, to make his voice heard in the Province of Quebec.

Although Principal Grant's chief mission and most congenial work is in the training of youth for the duties of citizens and Christians, his many-sided mind has brought him into contact with the most interesting measures of discussion for the public weal, and in every case he has been found the staunch patriot, the enlightened reader of our future and the foe of all theories of change that would substitute the spirit of unrest for the reign of peace and contentment. Be it said, with due respect, that the constitution of a young country, such as ours, is as an Ark of the Covenant, and blasted be the hand that is raised against it. Whether on the Halifax Citadel, on the breezy prairies at Brandon, or on the briny stretches of Vancouver, let us "sniff" and drink in with full lungs the draughts of Canadian freedom.

IN GHOSTLAND.

Let not the reader stand aghast. The word Ghost is good old English, which all of us understand, and when we speak of Ghostland, we mean to make enquiry about the spirit land, and the intercourse that can and does take place with the souls of the loved ones gone before. A fortnight ago there appeared a paper in No. 26 (Vol. I.) of the ILLUSTRATED, entitled "The Poet's Rapture," being an account of a letter of Lord Tennyson's,

in which he described how his soul went forth from him, and held communion with a spirit known to him and felt, although unseen, and then conclusive passages were quoted from "In Memoriam," to show that these moods were therein also described.

This paper did not pass unnoticed, and many thoughtful readers were so struck thereby, that it set them thinking. Chief among these was Mr. John Reade, M.A., of Montreal, who sent a brilliant amplification of the same psychological phenomenon, drawn from his own vast reading. This paper will be found, with the apt quotations, in the present number of our journal, and the reader will turn to it with eager curiosity.

After the reading, the thought will of itself come up that these instances are drawn from modern experience, and, as naturally, the scholar will remember that the whole subject is as old as literature. Then the wonder will be that we make so much ado about it. What do we read oftener than of visions in the sky, and of bodily shows of the Deity in the woods, and on the hills, or in the barrens, in the Old Testament? And the miracles of the New? And the wonders of the Acts? There is a halo of romance about the legends of the Thebais, peopled with ghosts come back to warn or comfort in reply to prayers. And mark—the word legend is not here used in the sense of fable. Barring the embellishments of poetic recital, the stories of the anchorites belong to honest history. Coming further down, we have St. Jerome, in the Syrian desert of Chalcis, visited not by angels, with white wings, and bearing baskets of lilies, but by imps, in hoof and tail and pitchfork, come to tempt him; and lascivious nymphs hovering around to lure him back to the festive days of the Imperial Court. Then there was St. Augustine and the little angel on the sea beach of Carthage, teaching, with his tiny shell, one of the sublimest lessons in Christian philosophy; Theresa and her rhapsodies; Agnes, on the sands of the Colosseum; Loyola and the cross; Xavier and the open heavens, on the shores of Sancian, and so on, all through the "Ages of Faith," as described by Kenelm Digby in his monumental work, under that title. Read Shakespeare in "Hamlet" and "Lear" and you will understand how the honest and matter-of-fact feeling in spiritualism was rife in his time, almost as much as in the days of Chaucer. Read Byron also in "Manfred." But the most striking instance of all is that of St. Simeon Stylites, of the fifth century, modernized by Tennyson. The poet, however, gives too harrowing a picture, quite other than that left in full by Theodoretus, Archbishop of Tyre, one of the gravest and most trustworthy historians of the early church, and who visited Simeon, on his pillar. This shaft was, first, 6 cubits high, then 12, then 32, then 36, and thereon the solitary stood, day and night, in rain and sunshine, for seven and thirty years, dying at the green old age of sixty-nine at last. Theodoretus says that he suffered from his cramped position, which he changed from standing to kneeling and bending his body forward; he was fed by his disciples and the faithful or curious who stood around his pillar and listened to his teachings. But the best part of his time was spent in contemplation, under the starry skies, or when the sun shone and the storm roared, and these communications with the Spiritual world kept him company, and sustained his

energies. Tennyson's description of his last vision is tempered with the proper reverence:

The end! the end!
Surely the end! What's here? a shape, a shade,
A flash of light. Is that the angel there
That holds a crown? Come, blessed brother, come.
I know thy glittering face, I waited long;
My brows are ready.

Then there is a moment of doubt that he may lose the guerdon, and he utters a loud prayer and is comforted with a second sight:

* * * 'Tis there again; the crown! the crown!
So now 'tis fitted on and grows to me,
And from it melt the dews of Paradise;
Sweet! sweet! Spikenard and balm and frankincense,
Ah! let me not be fooled, sweet saints. I trust
That I am whole, and clean, and meet for Heaven.

* * * Deliver me the blessed sacrament;
For by the warning of the Holy Ghost
I prophesy that I shall die to-night,
A quarter before twelve.

And then, to show that he was happy at the last, he prayed for his followers who had come in at the death:

* * * But thou, Lord,
Aid all this foolish people; let them take
Example, pattern; lead them to the light!

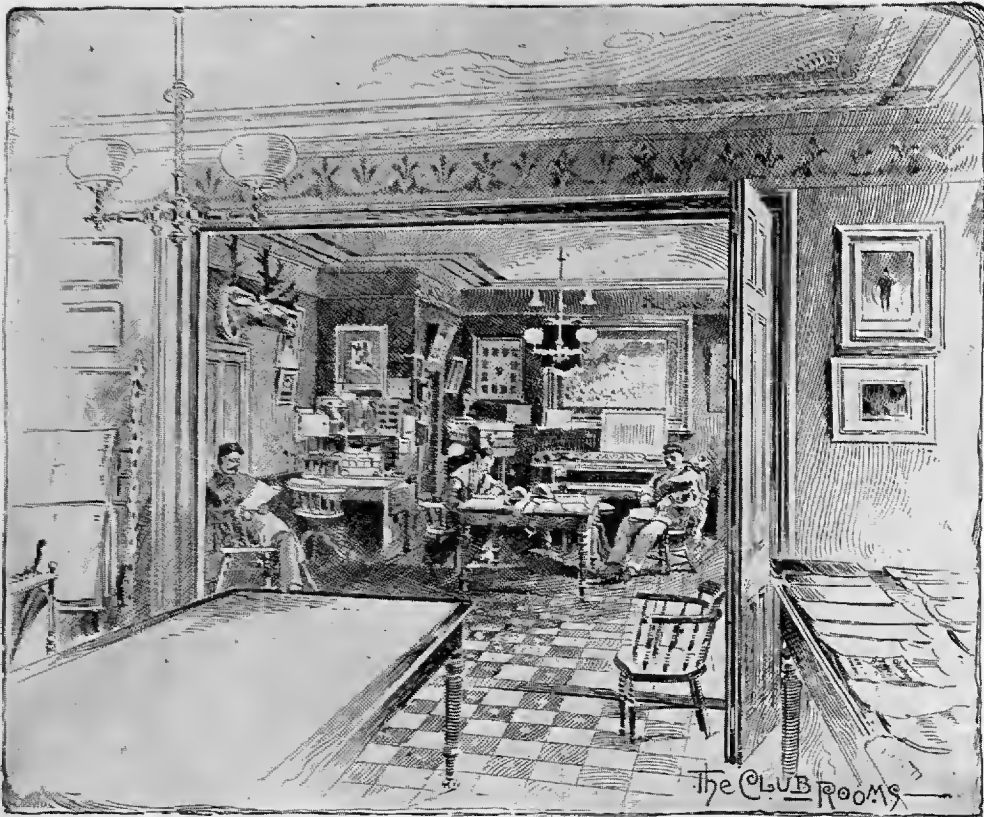
Tennyson never gave a more beautiful finishing touch than in those closing lines, doubtless feeling, when he wrote them, with so many others, like Hamlet, that

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

FINE ARTS IN MONTREAL.

M. Benjamin Constant, the eminent artist, was in Montreal for several days of last and this week. He was born in Paris in 1845, studied under Cabanel, and resided for several years in Spain and Morocco. In 1875 he obtained a medal in the Salon, and at the Exposition Universelle, in 1878; the next year he became a knight in the Legion of Honour, and in 1884 an officer, and finally a member of the Société d'Aquarellistes Français—a closed society of water colourists, whose members are also members of the Salon. There are at present four examples of his work in Montreal, the most important of which is the "Hérodiade," in possession of Hon. Senator Drummond. Another was in the recent loan collection at the Art Gallery, "An Eastern Beauty." Mr. Drummond also owns "Le Lendemain d'une Victoire à l'Alhambra," and Sir Donald Smith has "Le Soir sur les Terrasses." M. Constant came to America some weeks ago and arrived in Montreal accompanied by M. E. W. Glaesner, a delegate from the French Government in connection with the section of Fine Arts of the Exposition Universelle of 1889. M. Constant is a man of fine presence and figure and looks the real artist; he speaks very little English and is thoroughly bound up in his art. His immediate business here was to examine L'Hérodiade; the varnish has become soiled to such an extent that the picture is in danger of being spoiled. To remedy it is a work of some time, and the work is being carried to Europe for that purpose. If done in time it will be exhibited at the Exposition. M. Constant was the guest at a dinner of Senator Drummond, and met a number of leading Montreal citizens.

M. A. A. A.



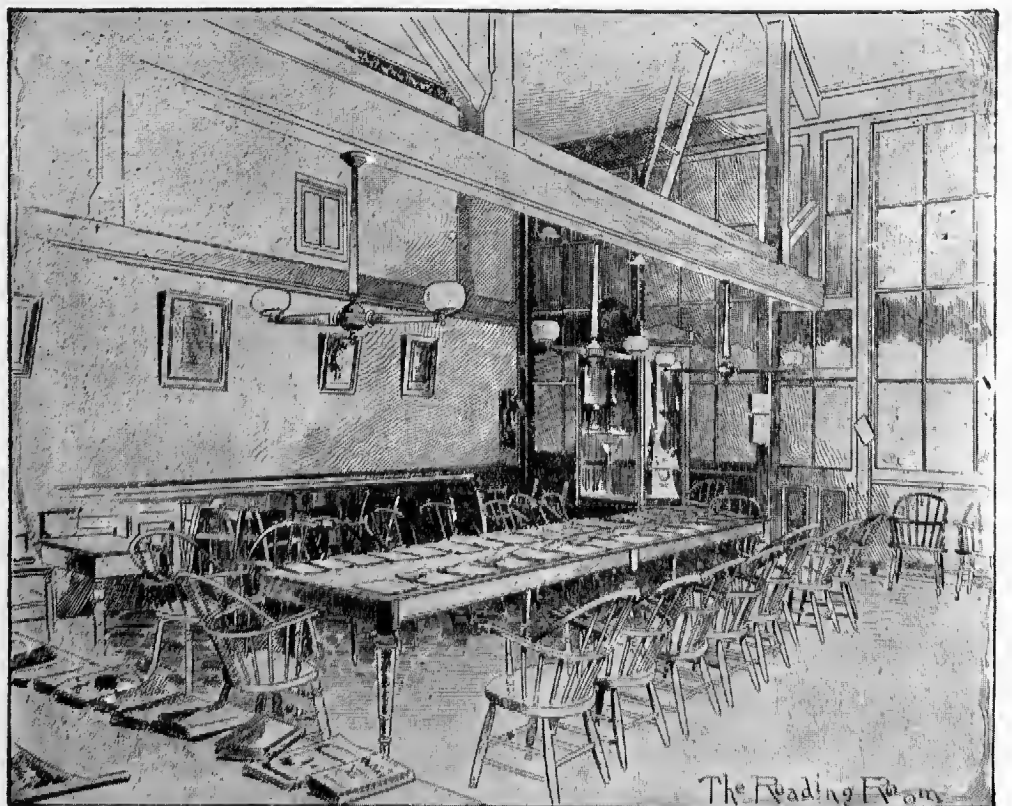
THE CLUB ROOMS.



W. L. MALTBY, PRESIDENT, M. A. A. A.

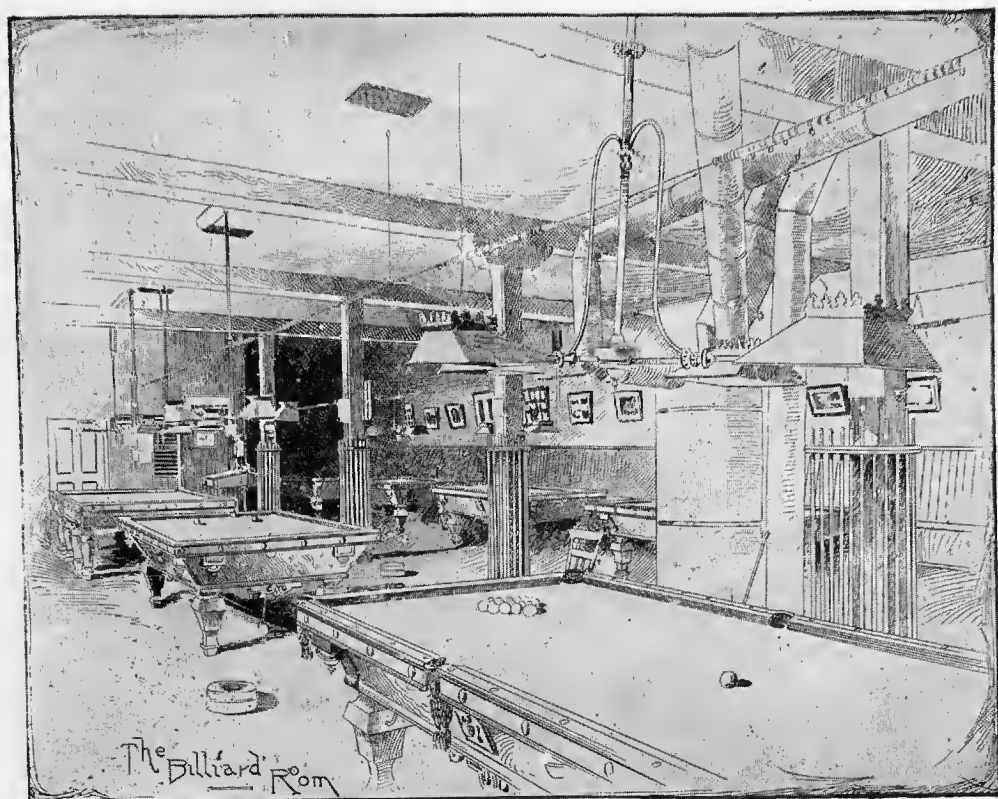


A. W. STEVENSON, VICE-PRESIDENT, M. A. A. A.



THE READING ROOM.

M. A. A. A.



THE BILLIARD ROOM.



H. W. BECKET.

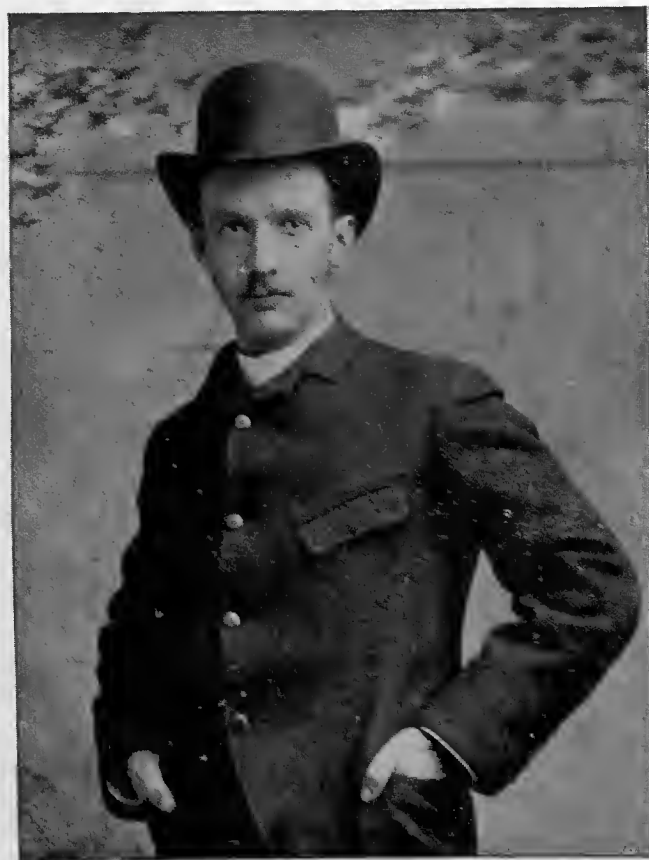


THE MONTREAL TOBOGGAN SLIDE.



A SUCCESSFUL DEER HUNT.

From a photograph by Capt. Imlah, R.C.A.



ROBERT LLOYD, SECRETARY M. A. A. A.



THE M. A. A. A. is composed of five clubs, viz.: The Montreal Lacrosse Club; The Montreal Snow-shoe Club; The Montreal Bicycle Club; The Montreal Football Club and the Tuque Blene Toboggan Club. The first on the list, and the club claiming the honour of originating the association, is THE MONTREAL LACROSSE CLUB, the pioneer and "Alma Mater" club of Canada's national game. It dates its formation as a club back to 1856. In 1859 Dr. Geo. W. Beers, the now honorary president of the club, and very properly styled the "Father of Lacrosse," compiled and published the first code of written laws of the game, the principles of which have been little altered or changed since. In 1860, the club, in conjunction with the Beaver Lacrosse Club, assisted in the public welcome to Montreal of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and played a match of twenty-four whites versus twenty-four Indians in honour of the visit. The year 1867, which saw the birth of the Canadian nationality, in the confederation of the Provinces into the Dominion of Canada, saw also the adoption by the Canadian youth of Lacrosse as "The National Game," and its endorsement by all the leading newspapers in the country. Two celebrated Canadian clubs, the "Shamrock" of Montreal and the "Toronto" club of Toronto, were formed this year. In 1876, the club, accompanied by a team of Caughnawaga Indians, crossed the Atlantic and had the honour of introducing and establishing the game in Great Britain by this visit. After a successful tour of the three kingdoms, the teams, by royal command, visited and played at Windsor Castle, before Her Majesty the Queen—to whom they were individually presented. Again they crossed the ocean in 1883, but half the team were composed of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, whom they asked to accompany them. A record of some sixty matches played, one before H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, again fully exemplified the game to the British public. The brilliant record of the club during the two years 1885 and 1886, winning the Canadian championship both seasons, is still too well remembered to need any extended remarks. In 1886, a Lacrosse team from the various clubs in the North of Ireland, under the cognomen of the "Irish Lacrosse Team," visited Montreal as the guests of the Montreal Lacrosse Club. A pleasant and enjoyable visit of three days was spent in entertaining the Irish pupils of the M. L. C., Montreal's proverbial hospitality being fully sustained at the hands of her Pioneer Lacrosse Club. The M. A. A. A. has not been the first institution that this club has assisted to form. When the war cloud caused by the Trent excitement of 1862 loomed up, the members assisted to organize that famous battalion of Canadian militia (or volunteers, as it is popularly called), "The Victoria Rifles of Canada." The Beaver Lacrosse Club, headed by several who were afterward prominent Montreal club men, formed No. 1 Company, the other five companies being formed by the members of the Montreal Lacrosse and the Montreal Snow-shoe clubs. The regiment has now built a \$40,000 armoury, and has always numbered in its rank and file many members of these clubs. During its long existence the club has made few honorary members, those on the role being H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, (dating from 1860), H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught (dating from 1869), the Earl of Dufferin, the Marquis of Lorne and the Marquis of Lansdowne.

THE MONTREAL SNOW-SHOE CLUB. The club is better known to visitors to the winter carnivals who have witnessed their snow-shoe races, attended their concerts, or viewed their torchlight processions and attack on the ice palace during the carnivals. To a member of the club, Mr. R. D. McGibbon, can be conceded the honour of proposing and originating those widely celebrated festivals of Canadian sport, "The Montreal Winter Carnivals." The club heartily supported him in the idea and contributed a lion's share to their organization and success. In 1886, when Montreal decided to omit the yearly carnival, 150 members of the Montreal S. S. Club accepted an invitation from the Coasting Club of Burlington, to assist them in holding a winter carnival in their town. A most enjoyable visit was made, and reciprocity, at least in friendship and athletics, firmly established. A well-known feature of the club is its famous head-dress, from whence it derives its equally celebrated cognomen, "Tuque Bleue." This style of head-gear is also Canadian, and is a woollen or knitted cap or "tuque," as it was called by the Normandy French who settled in Canada some hundreds of years ago, and from whose descendants the club adopted it twenty years since.

THE MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB. Bicycling is a sport of much later years, and the Montreal Bicycle Club cannot claim the antiquity of its sister clubs in the M. A. A. A. 1878 was the year of its organization, although some of its original members wheeled through the city for some four years previously. Even by this date, however, it is the oldest bicycle club in Canada and the second in age on this continent, Boston claiming priority. It has upward of 188 mounted and uniformed riders, and the neighbourhood and island of Montreal, as well as much of the surrounding country, has been often and fully visited by it. Long rides of two and three days' duration are often indulged in, and even Toronto, 330 miles distant, has had a visit from the members of the "winged cycle."

THE TUQUE BLEUE TOBOGGAN CLUB cannot claim any lengthy age like the senior clubs in the association. It dates its formation to the fall of 1883, and takes second place to the Montreal Toboggan Club, founded in 1879. It was organized by some members of the Montreal Snow-shoe Club, who suggested an artificial slide on the Lacrosse Club grounds on Sherbrooke street, on account of its central locality, and has proved itself a rapid and popular institution, having already a larger membership than any of its sister clubs in the association. Being composed largely and formed by the members of the Snow-shoe Club, it adopted the sobriquet of that club for a name. It affiliated the following year, 1884, with the M. A. A. A., and together with other kindred organizations in Montreal, has assisted very much in the success of the winter carnival. It also instituted toboggan races as a new feature in sport. Its artificial slide has proved such a success that hundreds of similar structures have been erected all over Canada and the Northern and Northwestern States.

THE MONTREAL FOOTBALL CLUB. The last club to amalgamate with the M. A. A. A. was the Montreal Football Club, in the spring of 1885. It is also the pioneer club of its sport in Canada, and dates its organization to the year 1868, when for some years it had many good and exciting matches with the officers of Her Majesty's regiments then in garrison at Montreal. It has ably held its own with the numerous clubs who have been and are in existence since then. Its most active competitor is, however, the "Britannia Football Club," the majority of whom are also members of the M. A. A. A., and sturdy and staunch rivals they have proved themselves. The Montreal Club has held for a number of years the football championship of the Dominion, and has in its possession many valuable trophies won on the field. It has paid frequent visits to the United States, two of them to Boston when they played against Harvard College. In 1881, Harvard returned their visits and were the club's guests in Montreal. The interest in the sport is fast increasing, and the club hopes to have some more of its American rivals as guests the coming year.

In March, 1877, the officers of the Lacrosse and Snow-shoe Clubs, becoming weary of meeting in different places to transact club business, determined to have some fixed habitation for club meetings. A suggestion to lease two rooms in the Montreal Gymnasium was acted upon, alterations were made, and the place made cozy and comfortable by donations and otherwise. This joint occupancy was continued until the end of 1878, when the gymnasium directors finding they were gradually but surely falling in arrears, for they had a heavy mortgage on the building, determined to sell the property. Now was the time to act, the two clubs finding the rooms had been of great benefit to them, made overtures to the Gymnasium authorities to lease the whole building for a term of years. After some considerable trouble this proposition was ultimately concluded in January, 1879, at a rental of one thousand dollars per annum, some of the more cautious members of the clubs giving a very dubious assent to the scheme. In 1880, the clubs offered to assume the mortgage if the shareholders would deed over the property to the clubs, and receive in return therefor a life membership to the building and club house. Some months were occupied by both interested parties in discussing the scheme; but all things have an end, and in April, 1881, the Lacrosse, Snow-shoe and Bicycle clubs (the latter joining in order to assist the scheme) found themselves in possession of a home of their own, and a valuable acquisition toward the promotion of athletic interests. In June, 1881, an act of incorporation was received from the Provincial Parliament at Quebec, under the name of "The Montreal Amateur Athletic Association." In the fall of 1884, the Toboggan Club affiliated, and the Football Club in the spring of 1885.

To thoroughly understand the position of the association and the clubs composing it, it would be well to bear in mind the constitution and the bonds of union which bind them together. In the first place, the several clubs have not lost their individuality in the amalgamated association. The individual autonomy of each is carefully preserved; all the detail of internal arrangement is still under the care of the executive committee of each. Each club holds its annual meeting and elects its own officers—in fact, the association is simply a confederation of clubs and may be justly likened to the Confederation of the Provinces in the Dominion of Canada or the United States of America, the association keeping merely an apparent financial check upon each club. The affairs of the association are under the control of the Board of Directors, which consists of three representatives from each club, one of which must be their president. This board has control of the finances, the internal management of the club-house, all out-door athletics, such as race-meetings, and the leasing and renting of ground for the clubs, etc. By careful management the association which started in June, 1881, with a mortgage of \$13,000, found itself in May, 1886, entirely free from debt, besides having spent during that time the sum of \$4,000 in repairs and additions to the building, rooms, and gymnastic apparatus. The semi-annual statement of November, 1885, showed a surplus in the bank of \$8,000, and a club-house free from debt and valued at \$30,000, this surplus being employed the next spring in purchasing the adjoining house. The revenue for the year ending May, 1888, was, in round figures, \$14,000, and the expenditure, \$10,700, including \$2,000 spent in repairs and additions.

In addition to the five affiliated clubs, whose membership is open, there are six connected clubs, whose mem-

bership is limited to association members only. These clubs are: 1, the M. A. A. A. Dramatic Club; 2, Cinderella Club; 3, Fencing Club; 4, Hockey Club; 5, Baseball Club; and 6, Chess Club. The first two come under the control and are represented on the board by the Chairman of Entertainments, the Fencing Club by the Gymnasium Chairman, the next two by the Chairman of Out-Door Sports, and the last by the Club-room Chairman.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB every winter give several very excellent entertainments in the Gymnasium, a large and well-equipped stage being situated at one end of the hall. A small admittance fee is charged at these performances, and the hall is always well filled.

THE CINDERELLA is a social or dancing club and composed of about one hundred members. It is a source of much enjoyment, and two "At Homes" are held each winter. The apparatus is moved from the Gymnasium, the floor waxed, flowers and flags cover the stage and walls, the former wearing the appearance of a conservatory. The club-rooms are transformed into dressing and supper rooms, and an efficient orchestra supplies the music for dancing, which commences shortly after eight o'clock and ends at twelve—the club, like its namesake of old, retiring as the midnight bell is sounding from the Cathedral spire. This club offers the members an opportunity of giving their lady friends and relatives an active interest in the club-house.

THE HOCKEY AND BASEBALL CLUBS are for out-door sport, and although the active membership of each is small, the members of the association usually turn out in goodly numbers to witness and encourage the boys. THE FENCING CLUB occupies the ground floor in the new addition which was fitted up expressly for fencing and boxing, and the CHESS CLUB, the reading and club rooms. This latter club is fully equipped with a number of inlaid chess and checker tables. Those of the club who enjoy a smoke play on the tables in the club room downstairs, for smoking is prohibited in the reading room upstairs, but both places are usually found occupied by the devotees of the royal game. Tournaments are held every winter, and prizes given to the winners.

As already mentioned, to facilitate the management, the Association is divided into departments, each under the control of one of the board of directors, who is styled the chairman. These divisions are: The Gymnasium, Reading and Club Room, Bowling, Shooting and Billiard Room, Field Sports, Entertainments, Grounds and Property and Building.

THE GYMNASIUM.—This department is now quite a successful and interesting feature of the association, and proving of much benefit and attraction to the members. A large, square hall, well lighted, with a high and lofty ceiling, and furnished with all the latest and necessary apparatus, including the usual parallel and horizontal bars, swings, trapezes, ladders, barbells, dumbbells, a German horse for vaulting, bicycle trainer, &c. It has also the "pulley weight," or "Harvard system," for those who do not care to join in the regular evening classes. The privilege of an examination by a medical member of the association, either in connection with this pulley-weight system or a preliminary to general work, is allowed to the members, many of whom desiring a less severe course than is offered in the classes, value this system very highly. The classes, in the winter, meet tri-weekly, under the superintendence of an efficient and popular instructor, who has each winter, a roll of pupils, averaging 160, that are a credit to his instruction and to the association. One end of the gymnasium hall has been fitted up with a stage, equipped with a variety of scenery and all the necessary appointments of many a more pretentious place. At each side of the stage are situated dressing-rooms, carpeted and mirrored, and furnished with rows of numbered lockers for the use of members of the gymnasium class. The stage is in request for dramatic performances, snow-shoe, minstrel and other club concerts (for the M. A. A. A. has talent in that line of first class order), annual meetings of the clubs, presentation of prizes and other public club events. The gymnastic apparatus is taken down and put aside in the dressing-rooms and replaced by 500 chairs, the hall being capable of holding about 700, and can accommodate handily 200 dancers at the Cinderella Club's "At Homes." On the same floor as the gymnasium are situated the large double rooms known as the "CLUB ROOMS." These are used for the weekly meetings of the clubs, each one having an evening allotted to them, at which all club business is duly transacted and recorded, and confirmed at the succeeding meeting. Arm-chairs, lounges, tables, desks, &c., are supplied for the comfort of the members. Rep curtains ornament the room, and a piano, which comes into play very frequently on the gymnasium stage, gives amusement to the musically inclined. The walls are embellished with many valuable pictures and photographs of the affiliated clubs and club teams, as well as friendly rival associations. The leading daily papers of Montreal and Toronto are here to be found on file, as well as some of the prominent American dailies. In the basement are situated the billiard room, bowling alleys and shooting gallery. The billiard room has 12 tables, 10 of them for the devotees of three and four ball billiards, the other two being pool tables, one English and one American. Raised seats occupy the sides of the room, pictures and photographs adorn the walls, and the room is as comfortable as possible. No liquors are allowed in the building, so that the evil concomitant of all public billiard rooms is here absent, and parents are thus assured that their sons will acquire no drinking habits in the M. A. A. A. The bowling department has two alleys, and is also much

patronized. The shooting gallery is a long iron and wooden shaft or tunnel, running the length of the building. At the end, paper targets are fastened to wooden blocks set endwise to receive the bullets.

THE READING ROOM is situated on the floor above the Club Room. Forty weeklies, twenty monthlies and a number of quarterlies occupy the tables, besides the dailies in the club-room down-stairs—in all about eighty publications, including all the sporting papers and magazines of the day. The room is tastefully decorated, furnished and carpeted. The walls are hung with large framed photographs of past presidents of the clubs and other prominent athletic members, and has been dubbed the "Members Gallery."

The roll of membership is quite an imposing affair, over 1,400 are full members of the association, and including those who may be members of some one of the individual clubs, it foots up close to 2,000 names. This membership consists of the members of the affiliated clubs, who pay an annual fee of ten dollars, which sum gives the subscriber full privileges in each and all of the clubs and in all departments of the club-house, and free entrance to all games of each club and association. Those joining only one of the clubs have only the privileges of and voice in the affairs of that club. Members who pay ten consecutive years to each club, or twelve to the association, are entitled to have their names placed on the roll as life members, and are free from annual dues. The ladies are not neglected, for a member's wife, sister or daughter can obtain membership and be entitled to attend all out-door exhibitions of the various clubs on payment of two dollars annually. The brilliant records of the members of the association and its affiliated clubs are good proofs of its athletic success. The M. A. A. A. holds the flat race Canadian championship for a quarter, a half and one mile—the snow-shoe championship, and the cross-country steeple-chase championship of the Dominion. The Montreal Lacrosse Club held the world's championship for two consecutive years, 1885 and 1886; the Montreal Football Club, the Rugby championship of the Dominion for also two consecutive years. The influence of the M. A. A. A. is far-reaching, many of the members of other athletic clubs owing it allegiance. The principal members of the various suburban rowing clubs, and the Lachine crew, the champion amateur four-oared crew of the Dominion, are members. The leading members of the St. George Snow-shoe Club (the friendly rival of the Montreal S.S. Club), and the Britannia Football Club (the well-matched and doughty antagonist of the Montreal Football Club) are attached to the M. A. A. A. by membership. The Montreal Yacht Club, St. Louis Canoe Club, and the Montreal Hunt Club have many members whose names are on the roll of the M. A. A. A. In the same way also many of the other snow-shoe, tobogganing, hockey and curling clubs are also connected. Thus it can be seen how great an indirect interest the association has in all athletics in the city of Montreal and neighborhood, and how her sons who may remove to other parts of the country try to follow in her footsteps, making the assertion correct that the M. A. A. A. is the backbone of sport and athletics.

The handsome club-house erected by the ATHLETIC CLUB-HOUSE COMPANY of Cote des Neiges, three miles from Montreal, though not incorporated with the M. A. A. A., is really an outcome of it, and was the conception and is governed principally by members of the Montreal Snow-shoe Club. It is handsomely furnished and appointed, with large and capacious rooms, the main hall alone being capable of accommodating nearly one thousand persons, as has been tested by the Montreal S. S. Club at its "Ladies' Nights" meetings. It is the objective point of the weekly tramps of the Montreal and other snow-shoe clubs, and as a rendezvous for them cannot be surpassed. Liquor is strictly prohibited in the building, the stock being subscribed and the building erected with this special object in view. The moral influences of the M. A. A. A. are very considerable. Honour and fair play are inculcated, gambling or strong drink not tolerated on its premises or grounds; to prevent any chance of the former, cards were prohibited, its founders considering there were enough means of amusement otherwise. Pure amateur sport of all kinds is encouraged, and anything tending to professionalism or hippodroming strongly opposed. A loyal feeling for everything Canadian and national is engendered, and in fact, no more healthy and strong moral organization exists for young men anywhere. Among the early names on the records of the Snow-shoe and Lacrosse clubs, there is one that will always remain in faithful remembrance, Nicholas H. Hughes, "Evergreen Hughes," as he was affectionately called, the hero athlete of our younger days, one of the founders and for many years the president of both clubs, and later their honorary president, who did perhaps more in his time than any other man to encourage genuine sport, and advance the interests of the old clubs he loved so well. Even when three-score years had passed over his head it was as much as the best runners could do to keep up to the tall, sinewy form of the old *racquetteur* on a snow-shoe tramp across country. He was very much interested in the success of the association and lived to see the first year of its existence. To Mr. Angus Grant, the now honorary president of the Snow-shoe Club, and who may justly be called "Evergreen the Second," is due the first conception which led to the amalgamation of the different clubs. For a long time he stood alone in the belief that such an organization could succeed, and has given it much time and attention. He has been connected with the Lacrosse and Snow-shoe clubs since 1866-67, and president of both clubs, and also of the association.

Hugh Wylie Becket has been a member of the Lacrosse and Snow-shoe clubs since 1869, and was the successor of Dr. Geo. W. Beers as goal-keeper for the Lacrosse Club, where he earned the soubriquet of "Stonewall Becket." For eleven years he was treasurer of that club, and president for two years. In the Snow-shoe club he also held office a number of years, and is its historian, publishing a history and record of snow-shoeing of much value to all interested in that sport. As secretary to the old Montreal Gymnasium, he did valuable service in assisting in its transfer to the association, and shares with Mr. Grant the honour of actively promoting its formation, and for some years was on the board of directors and chairman of out-door sports.

W. L. MALBY, the President of the M. A. A. A., now in his second term of office, has been in almost continuous office for 20 years, a member of the Lacrosse Club since 1861, and of the Snow-shoe club since 1865, has held the Presidency of both clubs, was a well-known athlete in his day. As a lacrosse player, his fame extended wherever lacrosse was known; as a runner, he defeated the Indians on snow-shoes several times in the half-mile, one mile and two miles, earning the title from them of the "White Deer," from running always in white; as a foot racer, carried the championship for one mile and two miles for three years, also for 7-mile walk. Retired from active athletics in the year 1878, his last game of lacrosse being at the opening of the Shamrock grounds, when the Montreals won four straight games. He has given much time and attention to the association and still retains his interest on the board as president and chairman of the Committee on Property and Building, wherein his services and experience are of much value to the directors.

A. W. STEVENSON was the first president of the association, holding that office the full limit of the term (which is restricted to two years). He has also been president of the Lacrosse Club, and at present holds the same position in the Snow-shoe Club. His interest in sport and business experience has been of value on the board.

Robt. Lloyd has been secretary since March, 1886, succeeding Horace Tibbs. By his untiring efforts, he has kept up the standard of the club and works hard for all its schemes. Although Mr. Lloyd does not devote himself to any particular sport at present, he is a good all-round man, and was well known in England as a short distance runner.

A SUCCESSFUL DEER HUNT.—Our picture represents that enthusiastic sportsman, Major Short, "B" Battery, and the victims to his unerring aim during a six days hunt on the grounds of John Tupes, Esq., about sixty miles from Renfrew. The Major, with three others, secured fifteen deer in the six days, three with the aid of dogs before the snow fell, and the remainder without dogs, after a fair chase. The wolves chased the deer near the settlements, which they will not themselves approach, and the whole fifteen were got within a belt of about seven miles.

THE TORONTO CANOE CLUB was formed in 1883 with a membership of about 40 or 50 members. Energy and push have made this Club one of the most widely known in the Canadian Association. Since their inauguration they have put up a club house at the cost of some thousand dollars, and have run up their membership roll to 100. Their annual cruises form a subject of much interest, and the members to a man take part. Their enterprising President, Mr. Neilson, and their spirited "Vice," Mr. J. L. Kerr, form good leaders and genial companions. The engravings are from plates taken by one of the members, during last summer's cruise.

FULL SPEED.—This picture may be called a sample of female athletics, and thus deserving a place in this number devoted to the clubs of manly sports. It is a remarkably pleasant example of grouping, and all the surroundings thereof, with the main figures, wear a refreshing look. The work is distinctively American, the two girls being arrayed in that perfect garb which makes American women the models of dress, in travel by land and water.

READY FOR A WALK.—Here is a case of female exercise. The lady is ready for a walk, and there is a self-asserting air about the broad-brimmed, towering hat which means that the wearer is going to enjoy herself.

"THE SCARLET LETTER."—Good out of evil found a pretty illustration in the case of Hawthorne's removal from office. He was crushed by the blow, and staggered to his humble home full of bitter disappointment. No one knew him then as one of our greatest—yes, the world's greatest—men of genius. His wife quietly left the room, says Conway, then came back with an armful of wood, kindled a cheerful fire, drew his chair up to his desk, brought papers, pens and ink, and then turning to him, with a beaming face, said, "Now you can write your book." The result was the "Scarlet Letter," and such fame as no novelist in America before or since has attained. It was all due to his noble wife. Had she repined and added to his burden, the world would never have known Hawthorne.

HERE AND THERE.

BOOK WORM.—The man who turns book leaves with a wet finger may pause from fear of microbes. The authorities at Dresden have been investigating the question whether circulating libraries are a medium for the spread of infectious diseases. They rubbed the dirtiest leaves of the books, first with a dry finger and then with a wet, microscopically examining the product in each case. In the first case, scarcely any microbes were found on the finger; in the second case, plenty! Though all these appeared to be of non-infectious character, they are filthy.

A MODEST EPITAPH.—The epitaph which Miss Berry, the friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole, wrote on herself when she was a little over thirty makes "pretty reading," and is worth preserving:—

Beneath this stone is deposited
The dust of one whom
Remarkable personal beauty,
Considerable superiority of intellect,
Singular quickness of the senses,
And the noblest endowments of the heart,
Neither distinguished, served, nor
Rendered happy.
She was
Admired and neglected,
Beloved and mistaken,
Respected and insignificant.
She endured years of a useless existence,
Of which the happiest moment was that
In which her spirit returned to the bosom
Of the Almighty and Merciful
Creator.

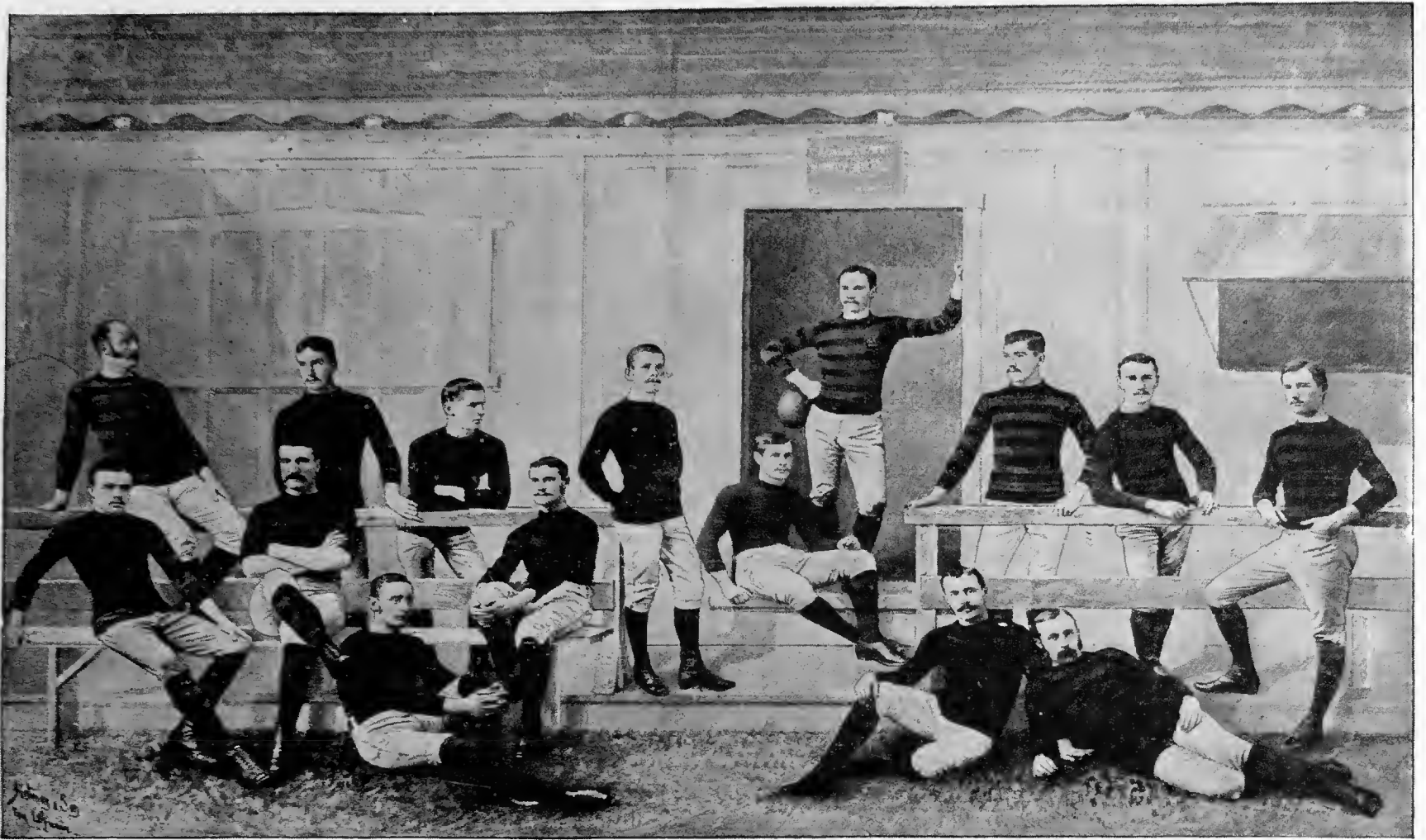
The assumption of remarkable personal beauty in this singular epitaph is one of the things not borne out by contemporary evidence.

A PUBLISHER'S PRAYER.—Oliver Ditson, the veteran music publisher, of Boston, who has just died, was a genial, kind-hearted man, and always ready to respond to any demand upon him by his friends. A story used to be told how he once came to grief in this way by undertaking to say grace at the table of a country friend, when, after struggling through the body of the prayer with considerable success, he could not for the life of him remember how to end it, and in desperation finally concluded it, "Respectfully yours, O. Ditson."

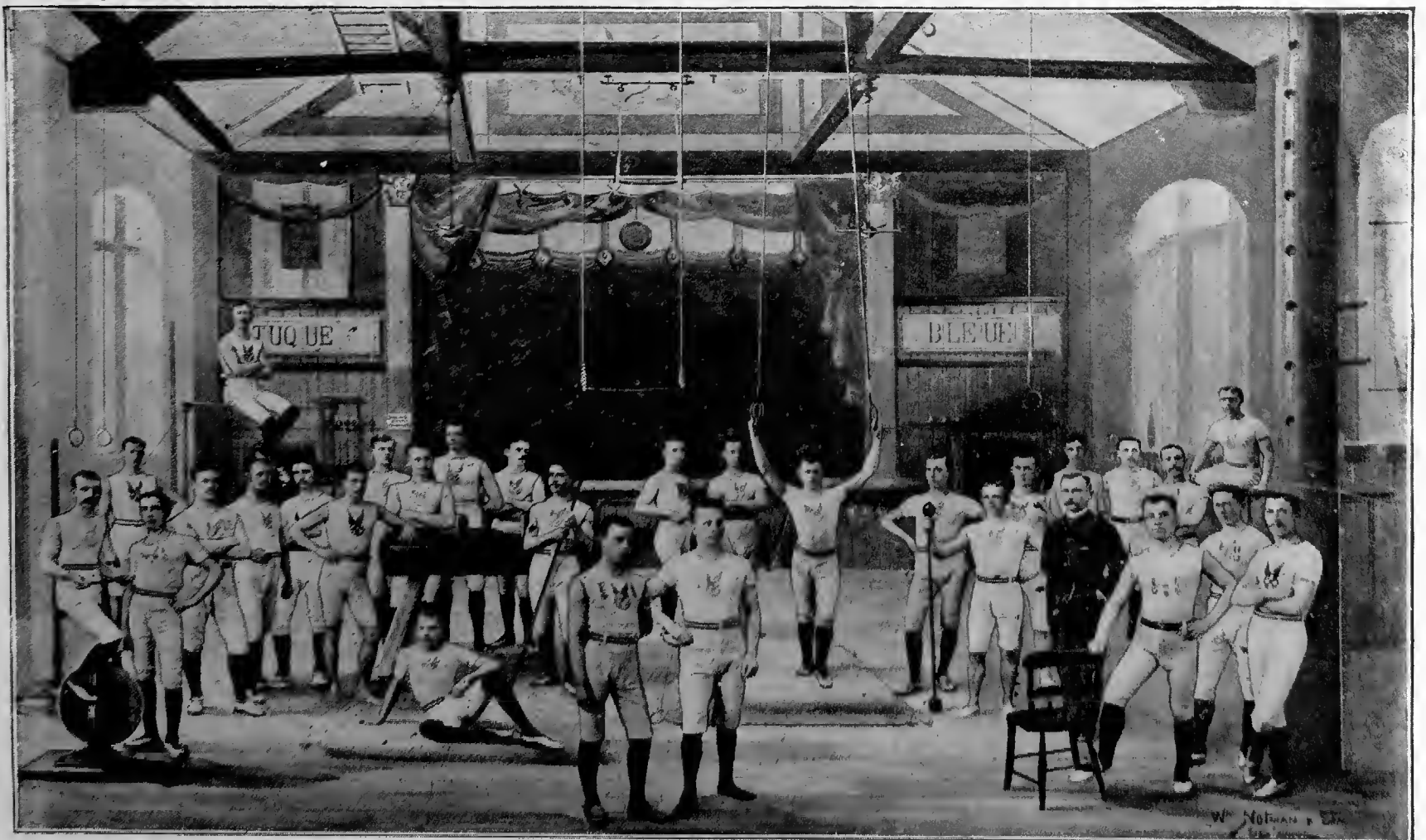
UNDERGROUND ROME.—It is impossible to turn up in Rome a handful of earth without coming upon some unexpected archaeological treasure. Since 1872 the following were stored in the Capitol: 705 amphoræ with important inscriptions, 2,360 terra cotta lamps, 1,824 inscriptions engraved on marble or stone, 77 columns of rare marble, 313 pieces of columns, 157 marble capitals, 118 bases, 590 works of art in terra cotta, 405 works of art in bronze, 711 gems, intaglios, cameos, 18 marble sarcophagi, 152 bas-reliefs, 192 marble statues, 21 marble figures of animals, 266 busts and heads, 54 pictures in polychrome mosaic, 47 objects of gold, 39 of silver, \$6,679 coins of gold, silver and bronze, and an almost incredible amount of smaller relics in terra cotta, bone, glass, enamel, lead, ivory and stucco.

A SECRET OF HEALTH.—The Pope, not the most robust of men, attributes his excellent health, for a man of his age, to the extreme method and regularity with which he has lived for the past twenty years. He eats always at the same hours, and always adheres to the same regimen. Light soup, or *consommé*, is the form of nutrition which suits him best, and he has a plate of it served to him four times a day—at ten in the morning, at one o'clock with his luncheon (which invariably consists of a single course of meat and dessert), at six, and at half-past ten. He takes a glass or two of Bordeaux with his principal meal, but never touches any other wine.

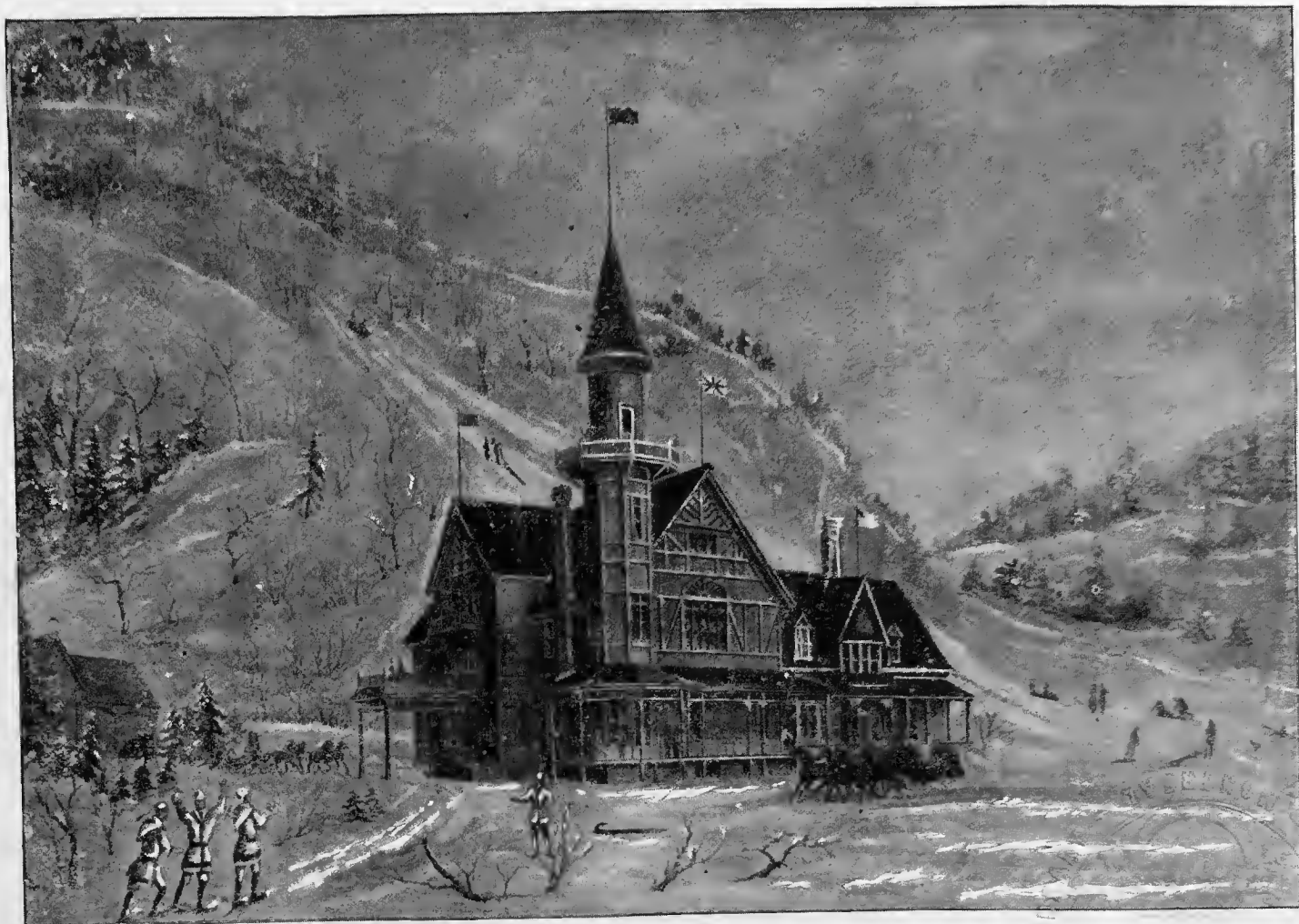
BANANAS.—Bananas are delicious for tea. Slice them, but not too thin. Scatter powdered sugar on them, and before it dissolves squeeze the juice of several lemons on them also; or oranges may be cut up and mixed with them, or they may be served with sugar and cream alone. They make a popular desert with whipped cream, sweetened and flavoured with vanilla, poured over them.



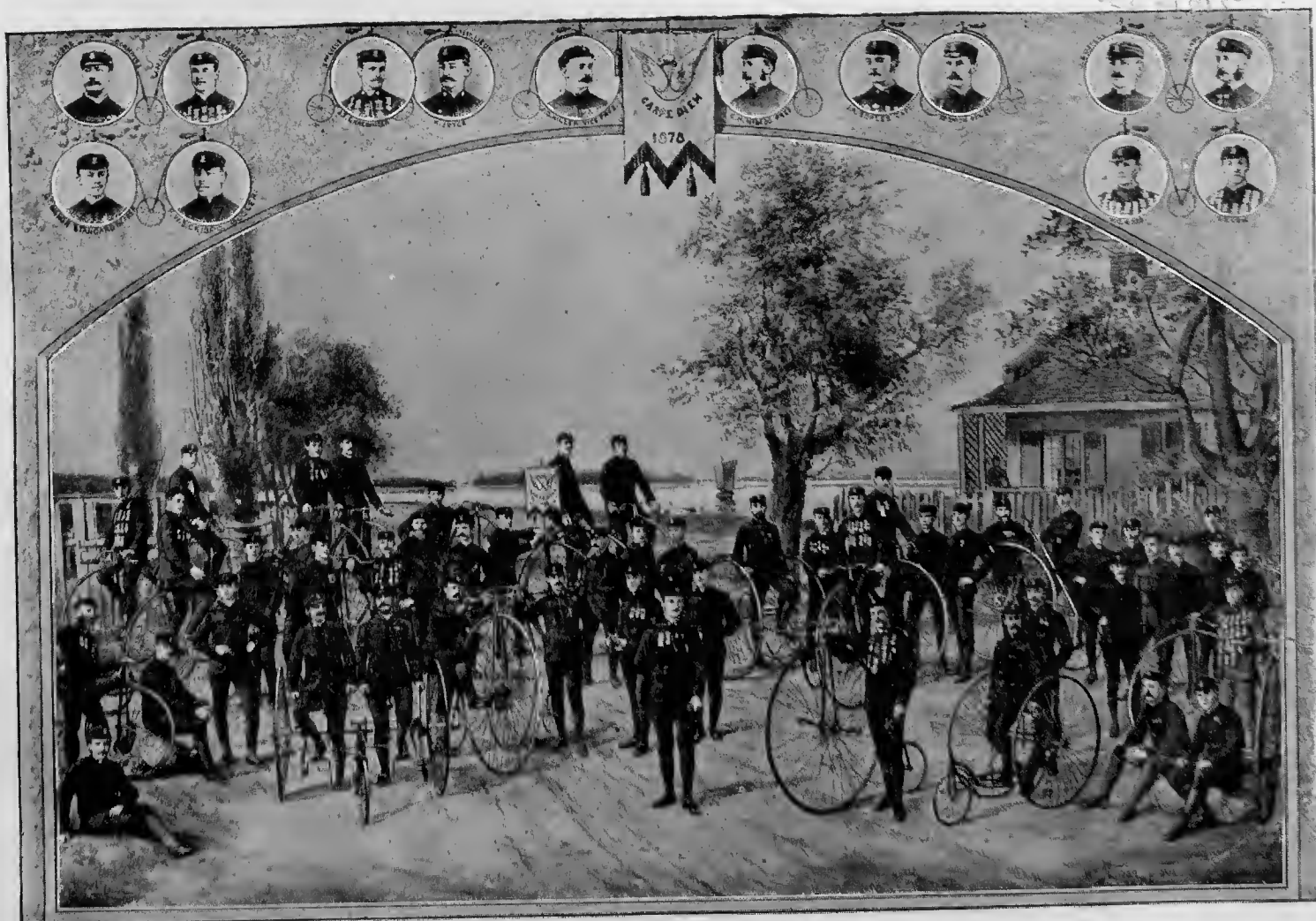
THE MONTREAL FOOT-BALL CLUB.



THE M. A. A. A. GYMNASIUM, MANSFIELD STREET.



THE ATHLETIC CLUB HOUSE, CÔTE-DES-NEIGES.



THE MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB.

The Lady in Muslin.

"You may fancy things look queerly still," he added, in a postscript, "but fortunately your disposition is not over-fraught with curiosity; besides, I can endure this no longer."

These sentences were perfectly intelligible to me; I translated them—"The secret, recollect, must remain a secret, and I invite you to respect it. I have endeavoured to keep it and myself from all eyes; but I am dying of ennui, and I prefer your curiosity to enduring such longer."

At breakfast I told Brown that Gaunt was very seriously indisposed, and that I must hasten to him without delay. The naturalist looked a little aghast at being left so suddenly to solitude; but "friendship's demands," I remarked to him, "were inexorable." And so I packed my portmanteau in an hour, and in the afternoon was safely landed at Portsmouth.

IV.

THE LADY AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

Dick had not been truthful in telling me he was going to Norfolk.

The little village B—, from which his letter was dated, lies just on the borders of Berkshire, and his choosing such a secluded, and I may say unreasonable place, considering his age, to pass the pleasant August days, passed my comprehension, and was to be set beside the other little eccentricities that had suddenly shown themselves in his conduct.

Pleasantly we steamed through green fields, and golden wheat, in the afternoon sunshine. The country looked fresh and summery after the rain, and as I lay back in my soft seat (I always travel first class in my vacation time) I looked out of either window with a benign satisfaction on all created things.

I descended from the carriage at B—, in this state of mind; so benign, indeed, that, though my portmanteau was nowhere to be found, and it was hinted that possibly it still remained on the Portsmouth platform, I used no bad language, and merely mildly suggested telegraphing at once to town, that it might be forwarded by the next train.

While all the guards and officials were fussing about, I strolled into the waiting-room, which—as the station was intended much more to the use of passengers to —, a town lying a little out of the line of rail, than for the village from which it took its name—was large and well fitted. A few persons were collected there, awaiting the next train, and I soon became an object of attention, from my constant interviews with not only common guards, but the station-master himself, concerning the lost luggage.

Such notoriety was in no wise distressing to my vanity, and I felt rather pleased and soothed by the evident sympathy my situation attracted from a mamma and her three fair daughters. Indeed, I ventured to address a few remarks, under the circumstances, to the old lady; and then one of the fair girls joined in her observations with such *naïve* grace, that I was on the point of falling into Dick's weakness, when a tall lady, in a profusion of soft muslin drapery, whether mantle, shawl, dress or petticoats, I don't pretend to say, came and stood on the threshold and prevented the catastrophe. She stood as if she came merely to have a look at us all, and her eyes travelled round the room from one to another, not in the least dismayed by the glances, male and female, that met her in return.

Her's was not a face to be easily forgotten when once; still it was not one among a crowd to draw attention. The expression struck me much more than the colour of the eyes, or shape of the features. There was a look of impatient suffering on it, a look as if she were labouring under some trouble which galled her perpetually, and which she defied. This expression took away from the youth of the face; it cast a harshness over otherwise soft features; and it seemed to harmonize with the careless, but not daring boldness with which she stood half-poised on the ledge of the threshold looking round on us all. Still, judging

by the dark eyes, and fair, but "mate" skin, I should have supposed her an English brunette. I was gazing like everybody else, when some one asked me "to be good enough to step this way." Now, to step this way, necessitated my dislodging the fair spectator from her doorway. I approached, politely bowed, muttered a smiling "Allow me;" my pleasantness was all lost on the lady. She neither smiled, bowed, nor even looked at me, merely crushing her soft muslin garments back, so as to afford me about a foot's space to get through, she maintained her position, and never even turned her head. There was nothing absolutely unpleasant in being forced into such close contact with a young, pretty woman, who seemed to exhale a soft sweet fragrance, as naturally as a rose or a violet; but at the same time I felt annoyed at her rudeness; and it was with anything but grief I heard a slight crunch, as I passed, and feeling an impediment, discovered that the travelling bag I wore slung under my arm, had caught in the muslin, and was carrying off a yard or so of it.

The lady turned.

"A thousand pardons," I exclaimed, lifting my hat, "but really——"

"It was my own fault; I should have got out of the way," she answered, quietly; and, gathering up the torn dress carelessly on her arm, she did condescend to return my bow, but so unsmilingly and unconcernedly, that in haughty displeasure I hurried off, and probably would never have seen her again, when to my surprise a voice called "Mr. Owen," and Cecile came bounding along, her black curls flying in the wind, her hat in her hand instead of on her head, while Brunlo, Dick's favourite retriever, followed barking at her heels.

Such an arrival naturally drew attention. Cecile dashed through the waiting-room, and, before any one could stop her, had followed me to the other side of the railway.

On my return, I held my small companion by the hand, and I was amused to observe the half-disappointed looks of the three fair daughters. I heard one whisper with a slight inclination of her head to Cecile, "Married."

"Well, Cecile," I said, in a distinct tone, "and how is godpapa Gaunt to-day? Can he get up?"

I saw people were listening, and I grew paternal. We had quite a romp in the middle of the station, Cecile, Bruno and I. It lasted till the station-master came to me, for the last time, to give me certain assurance that, in an hour's time, my portmanteau should be safely delivered at the White Horse Inn, where Gaunt was staying.

Then I prepared to go, and then I noticed the lady in the doorway had entered the room and was gazing intently at Cecile, then at me, and was listening to all we said. Directly she perceived that she had attracted my attention, she moved carelessly away, and returned to the door.

She did not stand in the way of my egress this time, however, and, as I passed her with Cecile at my side, she returned my courteous salutation with one equally courteous, while her dark eyes glanced up at me with a look too eager to be coquettish, though too free and unembarrassed to be exactly pleasing.

V.

THE COTTAGE, THAT WOULDN'T LET, LET AT LAST.

I found Gaunt in a state bordering on mental madness.

He had been at H— ever since his departure from London, with Cecile and Brunlo as his only companions, and nearly the whole of that time he had been confined to the sofa by a badly tended sprained ankle. I was not surprised, therefore, knowing my friend's active, unliterary disposition, to find him, under such circumstances, very irritable and raspy in temper, and most heartily warm in his reception of me.

The place, he informed me, was secluded and picturesque, and, he obstinately maintained, highly enjoyable, with both legs in a go-able condition; he told me the angling was excellent, the great attraction, indeed, of the place, and the cause of his choosing it for his holiday retreat, it being a favourite amusement of his.

I soothingly acquiesced in all his remarks, though I knew they were about as true as his journey to Norfolk; and though still Cecile played in and out of the room all the evening, and insisted upon serving us with coffee with her small busy hands, I accepted her presence as the most natural occurrence in the world, and never once hinted to Dick that he need not load his soul with untruths, for it was impossible to hide from me that Cecile and seclusion were the only attractions that H— possessed in his eyes.

I made my own survey of the place the next day, and the only agreeable feature in it that I could discover, with the exception of its picturesque, was its proximity to —. If driven to extremities, I comforted myself, it would be possible occasionally to seek amusement there from something more lively than trees and streams.

Time did not fly at H—; there was a good deal of sameness in its mornings, noons, and nights; but it was not an unpleasant sameness.

It was not unpleasant to come down day after day to the old-fashioned, oak-panelled room, with its deep windows opening on to a very rustic wooden verandah, up which came roses and jessamine, to breathe their country fragrance over the breakfast table.

It was not disagreeable either to see the marks of Cecile's childish but still female fingers in the fantastic arrangement of flowers and leaves thereon. And, in spite of the embarrassment and restraint her presence occasionally caused to young men of our age, it was not unpleasant to see her slight figure come bounding in from the garden, as happy as a bird, and almost as swift, and take her place at the head of the breakfast table, with the grace of an experienced tea-maker.

In the hot noon, the old garden and orchard were shady places to read or lounge, and, after one or two attempts, I found it was quite possible to pass three or four hours, fishing-rod in hand, wandering along the banks of the river.

Dick was still very much on the sofa: his sprain had been so badly tended from the commencement, that it required great care, and our invalid gave Cecile and myself abundance of in-door work. Poor Gaunt was very much like a chafed, chained giant: his strength was a burden to him. Even as he rested on the sofa, I hourly expected one of his impatient moves of the healthy leg to bring the machine to pieces.

In his misery, he had called two of the most celebrated surgeons from London, but even they could only prescribe "Rest." In vain I read to him, talked to him, reasoned with and lectured him; he went to sleep over my readings, and railed at my philosophy.

I was on the point of suggesting to his medical attendant the advisability of bleeding him, as the only means of rendering him manageable, when an event occurred which made all our lives more endurable.

As an attempted boundary to the garden of the inn, ran a low, very dilapidated paling, which, however, soon gave up its duty of separation to a deep, swift, but narrow rivulet, that came rushing along, with almost the force of a mountain stream, from under the dark, thick bushes and trees of a neighbouring wood. Where this tiny river took its source had often puzzled me, and more than one idle hour I had given to attempts at finding it out. All I knew positively was, that in various parts of the rather extensive and thick wood around, I had caught sight of its shining, foaming water, now deep down almost lost to view in the ferns, yellow brooms and dark shrubs that grew so thickly overhanging its narrow bed, now dashing boldly and sparkling in the sunshine. The wood was too thick and entangled to allow me to trace its course, till it came rushing out, at the end of our orchard, as I said before, to assist the palings to form a boundary, and separate it from the neglected, weedy garden that belonged to the cottage, that wouldn't let, on the other side.

The chalet that wouldn't let, as the neighbouring villa was invariably called, was a small cottage-kind of building, evidently the whim of some person of taste, who, finding afterwards, probably, that to introduce foreign styles of habitation with

comfort, it is necessary to introduce foreign climates also, had left the pretty-looking wooden summer-house in disgust.

To my mind, there was nothing very extraordinary in the difficulty of finding a tenant for it: the thin walls, uncarpeted floors, and strictly foreign style of furniture, seemed, even in the August days, so unsuitable to the English scene all around, the English air, and English sunshine, that our landlady's mysterious story of the late tenant dying there quite sudden, and unexplicable like, 'and is said to walk, sir,' seemed to me utterly superfluous, to account for its neglected condition.

From our verandah we saw distinctly all over the garden on the other side of the stream, and even into the cottage itself; and with true English unsociability and shyness, we used to congratulate ourselves that such a near neighbour wouldn't let, and that we had no prying eyes to watch our doings.

I was considerably surprised, therefore, one morning, as I was wandering along the banks of the stream, to see the shutters of the cottage all open, and a female figure standing in the verandah, apparently directing the operations of a dark-coloured man, clad in an Indian fashion, wearing a turban on his head, who kept going in and out of the house, with as much bustle as an Eastern can manage to put into his grave, dignified movements.

I stood watching them, with considerable interest; for there was something in the careless, but graceful carriage of the lady, that seemed not utterly strange to me; and I waited to catch a glimpse of her face, to assure myself that she was the same person who, at the railway station, had attracted my attention by her peculiar behaviour.

(To be continued.)

THE POET'S RAPTURE.

The following notes were sent to the editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, in the shape of a letter, but he would rather publish them in the form of a didactic paper, which they are, and, as such, if the reader will glance at the signature, he will see at once that he is in for a treat:—

I.

I read your article on "The Poet's Rapture" in No. 25 of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with much interest. If you will bear with me, I will jot down a few extracts from the works of poets and prose writers, consisting of imaginings or reflections more or less kindred to those which you reproduced from the Laureate's letter and "In Memoriam."

The most remarkable of these is the "Invocation," which concludes the introduction to Browning's poem, "The Ring and the Book." It begins with the words addressed to his dead wife:

O lyric love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire,

and then, after a tribute to her genius and influence on his own poetic development, he asks: "Can thy soul know change?" and then continues:

Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help,
Never may I commence my song, my due
To God, who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand,
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was again may be; some interchange of grace,
Some splendour, once thy very thought,
Some benediction, anciently thy smile;—
Never conclude, but raising hand and head
Thither where eyes that cannot reach, yet yearn
For all hope, all sustenance, all reward,
Their utmost up and on—so blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud,
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall.

These closing lines are obscure, but the meaning is that, as in her lifetime, so still, in spite of death's parting, he never begins to write without seeking the prized inspiring presence and aid, nor closes without thanks and blessing for the boon. The two last lines express that sense of half vision, half reality, to which Tennyson refers

in his indescribable experience—the "whiteness" and the "wanness" being the faint and outward signs of what to his yearning love is a very real and happy presence.

The often quoted stanzas in Longfellow's "Footsteps of Angels" are less mystical and much clearer:

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted
Come to visit me once more.

* * * * *

And with them the Being Beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me
And is now a saint in heaven.

* * * * *

Uttered not, yet comprehended
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

The following passage occurs in Southey's ode to the memory of Bishop Heber:

Heber, thou art not dead, thou can'st not die!
Nor can I think of thee as lost,
A little portion of this little isle
At first divided us; then half the globe;
The same earth held us still; but when,
O Reginald, wert thou so near as now?
'Tis but the falling of a withered leaf,
The breaking of a shell,
The rending of a veil!

II.

My next mystical quotation is from some meditations penned by Buckle, the historian, after his mother's death:

"There, where we have garnered up our hearts, and where our treasure is, thieves break in and steal. Methinks that, in that moment of desolation, the best of us would succumb, but for the deep conviction that all is not really over; that we have as yet seen only a part, and that something remains behind. Something behind; something which the eye of reason cannot discern, but on which the eye of affection is fixed. What is that which, passing over us like a shadow, strains the aching vision as we gaze at it? Whence comes that sense of mysterious companionship in the midst of solitude—that ineffable feeling which cheers the afflicted? Why is it that, at these times, our minds are thrown back on themselves, and, being so thrown, have a forecast of another and a higher state? . . . So surely as we lose what we love, so surely does hope mingle with grief."

In his "Ode to a Nightingale," Keats exclaims:

O for a beaker full of the warm South
* * * * *
That I might drink and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim;
Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here where men sit and hear each other groan.

* * * * *

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!

* * * * *

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music? do I wake or sleep?

Again, in the "Elegy on Thyrza," Byron takes comfort from the spiritual presence of his beloved:

The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread eternity
Returns again to me.

Wordsworth closes that sublime poem, the "Ode on Intimations of Mortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," with this solacing assurance:

Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

In "Festus," once so popular, there are many passages that touch on spiritual personality and communion. Here is one such passage:

Festus. It is hard to deem that spirits cease, that thought
And feeling flesh-like perish in the dust.
Shall we know these again in a future state
Whom we have known and loved on earth? Say yes!

Lucifer. The mind hath features as the body hath.

Festus. But is it mind that shall re-rise?

Lucifer. Man were
Not man without the mind he had in life.

In the following lines there is some analogy to that vague sense of spiritual freedom and expansion of which Tennyson speaks:

Festus. Hail, beauteous earth! Gazing over thee, I all
Forget the bounds of being; and I long
To fill thee, as a lover pines to blend
Soul, passion, yea existence, with the fair
Creature he calls his own.

A like notion of the gain in mental power, through complete deliverance from the trammels of the body, is found abundantly in the "Phaedo" of Plato. The Vision or Dream of Scipio in Cicero's "Republic" contains the same idea of spiritual emancipation and the consequent augmentation of the powers of even sight and hearing.

III.

The most extraordinary, however, of all recorded experiences of that kind is that which Swedenborg describes in his "Spiritual Diary." Writing in August, 1748, he gives the following account of the manifestations that transformed him from a philosopher to a theologian, and the founder of a new religious system:

"During several years not only had I dreams by which I was informed about the things on which I was writing, but I experienced also changes of state, there being a certain extraordinary light in what was written. Afterward I had many visions with closed eyes, and light was given me in a miraculous manner. There was also an influx of spirits, as manifest to the sense as if it had been into the senses of the body; there were infestations in various ways by spirits, when I was in temptations; and afterward, when writing anything to which the spirits had an aversion, I was almost possessed of them, so as to feel something like a tremour. Flaming lights were seen and conversations heard in the early mornings, besides many other things."

The strangest thing about these "revelations" was that in some of the writings of Swedenborg—his work on "The Animal Kingdom," for instance—material inaccuracies were detected by the author himself under the influence, as he claimed, of spiritual suggestion. Later research, comparing the subsequent editions containing Swedenborg's spontaneous corrections, with the early "uninspired" ones, showed that the revision was based on sound knowledge, from whatever source it was obtained. From that time forward he trusted implicitly to the promptings of his spiritual counsellor. According to Swedenborg's own evidence on the subject, his spiritual awakening was gradual. The revelations came first by way of dreams, then he had revelations with his eyes open, and finally he was endowed with the privilege of full and clear communication with the world of spirits.

* * * * *

I had marked several other passages, both in prose and verse, bearing more or less closely on the same subject, in its relations to religion or to poetry, to philosophy or to science. The class of sensations to which Lord Tennyson's unutterable feeling belongs is treated with considerable fulness both by Mr. James Sully, in his book on "Illusions," and in Signor Vignoli's "Myth and Science." Of references to it in the poets, especially in association with profound sorrow, as in the case of Tennyson and Browning, the following note from De Quincey's "Suspiria de Profundis" may serve as, at least, a partial explanation: "Minds that are impassioned on a more colossal scale than ordinary, deeper in the vibrations, and more extensive in the scale of their vibrations, whether in other parts of their intellectual system, they had or had not a corresponding compass, will tremble to greater depths from a fearful convulsion, and will come round by a longer curve of undulations." Where the corresponding intellectual compass is also present, we may reasonably look for such exhibitions of deep emotion, in conformity with the prevailing bias of their thought, as the two great poets just mentioned have given us.

Montreal.

JOHN READE.



THE TORONTO CANOE CLUB.—MOUTH OF THE ELOBICOKE RIVER.



THE TORONTO CANOE CLUB.—AN AFTER DINNER REST.



FULL SPEED.

From the painting by Sargent.



STEAMED OYSTERS.—Set a covered dish where it will heat; wash and drain the oysters; put them in a shallow tin and place it in a steamer; cover and leave it over boiling water until the oysters are puffed and curled. They may be dressed at table when eaten, or butter, salt and pepper may be added in the kitchen when served in the heated dish.

PATTI'S RED RIBBON.—Why, has been asked, should Mme. Patti sell her musical vibrations for 5,000 francs a night in Paris, when she can get five times as much at Rio? The story is that she hopes to be rewarded by the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and this was the great temptation that MM. Ritt, Gailhard and Gounod held out to her. The pretext for giving her the cross would be her singing in the grand Franco-Russian *fête* to be given shortly.

PIETY AND BEAUTY.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox says: "I once read a book in which the author claimed to have discovered the reason why so many beautiful faces were always to be found among the Sisters of Charity and the Nuns. He said it was in a great measure due to the daily habit of composing the features in the long hours of meditation and prayer. Unmarred by contending emotions, they were gradually moulded into harmonious outlines."

THE CATOGAN.—The "Catogan" is the coming style in hair now in vogue in Paris. This style is to rake the hair forward to the top of the head. It is caught and massed just in that part of the central parting where gentlemen generally begin to find their hair growing thin. The *raison d'être* of this style of hair-dressing is not far to seek. Woman, ambitious woman, is always trying to add a cubit to her stature. She did it once by high-heeled boots; anon she crowned herself with the prodigious hat, and now she is adopting the pile of hair.

IN THE ATTIC.—How many of us can look back to the garrets of our grandmothers, with their wonderful stores of things odd, quaint or of strange device. And with pleasure we remember the treasures found there. The garret was to us a romance for rainy days. But then the garret was large and roomy, with bare beams and rafters hung with cobwebs, with the boards of the floor loose, and the wonderful stores very much like those brought by the famous lamp of Aladdin. Now there is no longer any garret. It is the attic, if you please.

EAST LONDON.—The Bishop of Wakefield says: "I know the *Bitter Cry* told us the poor were getting poorer, the wretched more wretched, the wicked more wicked. Nothing can be more diametrically opposed to fact. Every available test contradicts such sensational and unfounded assertions. Yet things are bad enough still. There is a stratum of society which is horribly corrupt, and in which low, repulsive vice has its home. It could not be otherwise where so vast a mass of the least well-off, as well as of the least educated and least refined, are herded together so closely."

ROMAN REDS.—Roman reds are coming to the front, although green is said to be the fashionable colour. Dark Roman red costumes, braided and fur-banded, look very pretty and stylish on the street, and also for jackets and wraps. For evening dresses it is less in style, but for walking costumes it is fancied, and bringing forward the terra-cottas and prunes in its train. In these costumes the panel effects have lost none of their popularity. The only difference seems to be that panels are now made to appear as an underskirt showing between openings in the drapery, and that the latter is disposed to lap over the panel or front, as the case may be, in order to further this idea. Braided or appliqué panels are especially fashionable.

AN AMERICAN OPINION OF ANNEXATION.

In spite of this evidence of a century's history Mr. Goldwin Smith still argues that trade interests will ultimately draw Canada into political connection with the United States, and apparently does not understand why his opinion is rejected with indignation by the vast majority of Canadians, yet it seems impossible to conceive how, without a debasement of public sentiment quite unparalleled in history, a people whose history began in loyalty to British institutions, who through a hundred years have been sheltered by British power, who under that home rule have attained and enjoyed the most complete political and religious liberty, who have constantly professed the most devoted regard for a motherland with which they are connected by a thousand ties of affectionate sympathy, should deliberately, in cold blood, for commercial reasons only, break that connection and join themselves to a state in whose history and traditions they have no part. They would incur and unquestionably would deserve alike the contempt of the people they abandon and the people they join. * * * * In annexation to the United States she could have nothing but a bastard nationality, the offspring of meanness, selfishness or fear.—*The December Century*.

BLISS CARMAN'S PROVENÇALS.

In a series of papers, entitled "Quaint Fancies and Rhymes,"—from the second number of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* to the fifteenth—I went through the whole range of modern examples of Provençal verse, furnished by the new English and American schools of society verse writers. The papers were very well received, but though there were two or three clever Canadian samples therein, I had to regret that these charming forms of literary sleight-of-hand were not yet domiciled in Canada. To-day I have the pleasure of stating that this complaint is no longer deserved. Through the attention of C. G. D. Roberts, M.A., I have received six clever pieces, from the pen of his brother-poet and own cousin, Bliss Carman, which I shall lay before the reader in two instalments—this number and next—in order that he may enjoy them, as the Roman did his wine—in sips; *degustando*.

I.

The first is a Ballade, a full account of which was given in the second number (14th July, 1888,) of this paper.

LEUCONOE. (BALLADE.)

When early summer fills the air,
I bathe in mornings deep and new,
Outstretched in meadow grasses where
The waves roll out their purple hue
Against the sky, and bring to view,
Singing as once it sang to thee,
The laughing broad *Æge* in blue;
And thou art fair, Leuconoe.

Thy brow and calm grey eyes are fair;
That deep-poised head *Apelles* drew;
Thy circle braids of chestnut hair
The softest wind that lither blew
Would rest and fall to linger through,
And love the land of *Helené*,
Where days are long and song is true,
And thou art fair, Leuconoe.

With swallows floating here and there,
The wind comes wandering up to strew
The feathered grass with tints that wear
The bloom of hills where morning flew
In those far years; such winds renew
Old days of love and song for thee,
Making the songless hours few;
And thou art fair, Leuconoe.

ENVOY.

The hum of bees, the fall of dew,
The stars are sweet; and lavishly
The dawns are pink as *Hellas* knew;
And thou art fair, Leuconoe!

II.

The second example is of the Rondel, dating back to the days of Froissart, and chiselled to its present dainty shape by Charles d'Orléans. The

reader will find all about it in the fifth number of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, on the 4th August, 1888. The Rondel is not the same as the Roundel.

TO MAECENAS. (RONDEL.)

Ungenerous Sabine you shall drink,
My dear Maecenas, modest liver!
Which I myself sealed up, with clink
Of good old jars, that day the river

Reëchoed, till its hills did quiver,
Your praise and plaudits from its brink.
From moderate glasses you shall drink,
My dear Maecenas, modest liver.

For you Calenian bubbles wink,
And flavour to your cups deliver;
Of rich Falernian you will think
Your host but an ungenerous giver.
Yet common Sabine come and drink,
My dear Maecenas, modest liver!

III.

The third part consists of two Triolets, the quaint forms of which are set forth in the eighth number of the *ILLUSTRATED*, on the 25th of August.

TRIOLETS.

To—

I.

When June comes over Acadie,
And roses strew the meadow ways,
Their beauty lingers wistfully
Through sunny-hearted Acadie—
The scented bloom of chivalry
Dreaming of thee through summer days,
When June comes over Acadie
And roses strew the meadow ways.

II.

Only June can bring such twilight,
As these days that bring not thee;
While a tender calm deep eyelight
Haunts the eyelids of the twilight.
Only three gold stars for my light:
Thou, and June, and Acadie!
Only June can bring such twilight
As these days that bring not thee!

I withhold any words of mine until next week, when the second half of these fine poems will have been given. In the meanwhile, I leave my readers time to enjoy what has been laid before them.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

DOMINION NOTES.

The total number of immigrants who settled in Manitoba and the Northwest last year was 17,186.

A copy of plans for cipher telegrams has been received from the War Office by the Militia Department.

The Department of Marine will shortly issue a chart of the mouth of the Fraser river, British Columbia.

A pair of moose from Stony Mountain have arrived from Winnipeg for the Montreal Carnival. They are trained to trot double, and can make a mile in two minutes.

Reports from all parts of Nova Scotia regarding the trade of the past year show a general increase of trade with the upper provinces. This is especially true of those portions of the province which have hitherto traded most largely with the United States.

Thos. Taggart has discovered a rich phosphate mine on the north shore of Westkiddow Lake, Township of Bedford. It has been opened, and with six men working averages two tons daily. They have also found a solid vein of phosphate ten feet in width, and other persons have discovered veins.

The Fishery Department at Ottawa has been advised of the return to Victoria of two fishing vessels which went to the black cod banks of Queen Charlotte Island. Both vessels were very successful. The department will send out an expedition next spring to determine the length of the banks.

The London *Gazette* announces the formal appointment of the commission to administer crofter colonization in the Northwest. Lord Lothian represents the Imperial Government, Sir Charles Tupper represents Canada, the Lord Provost of Glasgow represents private subscribers, and Thomas Skinner, a director, represents the Canadian Northwest Land Company, the last named replacing Peacock Edwards, who was formerly nominated. The Spanish Government are awaiting the arrival of the Canadian commissioner to enter into negotiations to promote trade between Canada and the Spanish West Indies. The political situation in Spain may possibly hamper the present progress of negotiations.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

A moralist writes me that it is hard to put Honesty right before the public. The Greek *dikaiois* certainly means "just," in the sense of a man who is fair in judging of others' actions and views as well as honest in dealing with them. But the word "just" is too vague to be of much use in didactics.

As for "righteousness," it hits above people's heads altogether, and the tradesman with two prices, or custom house cheating merchant, could hear fifty sermons against unrighteousness and never wince a hair. Dishonesty is the epidemic sin of the age, owing mainly to the fact that, though children are taught almost everything else, they are not taught "Duty," in a single school.

Children should be taught by a handbook on Duty, by scathing epithets from the master, and by a scornful and execrating ring in his voice which alludes to the meaner, because law-evading, forms of dishonesty, so to loathe them as that it would be impossible, within one generation, to find a gambler, a defaulter or a rumseller.

An "Oxford Classman" writes that when character is made first, foremost and paramount, as it ought to be, in education, singing and some instrument, be it only the dinner-horn, will be taught in schools. Music has a marvellous power in raising and sweetening character.

In his conversations with the Duke of Wellington, just published, the Earl of Stanhope gives His Grace's views on Secular Education. He called it knowledge without religion, and doubted whether the devil himself could devise a worse scheme of social destruction. He said again: "Take care what you are about, for, unless you base all this on religion, you are only making so many devils."

The Duke also condemned the whole system of pews in churches. He said that if space were wanted at Strathfieldsaye, he should offer to give up his pew, keeping only a chair for himself. "The system of a church establishment is," added he, "that every clergyman should preach the Word of God."

I have to thank Mr. John Reade for the following: "In connection with your charming *Parvus Dominus et amabilis*, I have come on an old German poem or stanza, which, though very different, suggests a like tenderness of sympathy, mingled, though in a far less degree, with veneration." The "Jesulein" is the "Jesulus" or "Parvus Dominus" of St. Francis:

JESULEIN.

Ich weiss ein liebes Blümelein
Mit Gottes Than begossen,
In einem jung fräulichen Schrein
Zur Winters-zeit entsprossen:
Dieses Blümelein heisst Jesulein,
Ew'ger Jugend, grosser Tugend,
Schön und lieblich, reich und herrlich:
Menschen, kind,
Wie selig ist, des dieses Blümelein findt.

—Scheffler.

Mystical 17th century poet.

I received three original sonnets from Chelsea, the other day, on Wolfe, Montcalm and their common monument. This set me thinking of the "Village of Palaces," as it is called, once noted for its taverns and gardens. Pepys made merry there at the Swan, and Gray sings:

The Chelsea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
And the pressed grass defrauds the grazings cows.

It was associated with Charles II., Steele and Smollett, and the gardens were mostly the work of the French, who took refuge there after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

"L. E. L." was born there in 1802, and Mary Russell Mitford went to school. There dwelt Sir Thomas More, and Holbein, Erasmus and Margaret Roper visited. Other names linked therewith are William Penn, Nell Gwynne, Addison, Lord Ranelagh, Sir Robert Walpole, Catharine Parr, Queen Elizabeth, George Eliot, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Turner and the Kingsleys.

M. Hébert, the well known sculptor, has been displaying the bust and a medallion of Sir George Cartier, wrought for the grave at Cote des Neiges, by the instruction of Miss Cartier—who, with her mother and sister, have been sojourning in the south of France since the death of her illustrious father, at London, in 1873. Sir George Cartier was a great man—a statesman, whom even his foes often mourn, and a patriot-poet, whose charming song, which he used to sing in a ringing tenor voice,

O Canada, mon pays, mes amours!

is imbedded in the hearts and literature of French Canada for ever.

TALON.

PERSONAL.

Sir David Macpherson has arrived at Monte Carlo, where he will remain for two months.

Private advices from Paris state that Hon. Mr. Chapleau's health is greatly improved.

Within the past week, Montreal has lost three distinguished townsmen, Justice Badgeley, T. S. Brown, and Alexander Murray.

Sir Henry A. Blake, whose appointment as Governor of Queensland was so strongly opposed, has been appointed Governor of Jamaica.

Sir John Macdonald's 74th birthday will be on the 11th of January, and his friends are talking of having a demonstration at Ottawa in his honour.

Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept an engraving from the portrait of Sir John Macdonald, the premier of Canada, painted by Mr. A. R. Dickson-Patterson, of Toronto.

Hon. W. M. Kelly, a member of the New Brunswick Legislative Council, died lately at his son's residence, Montreal. He was born in Moncton in 1827, and held the position of chief commissioner of public works for his own province from 1869 to 1878.

Principal Grant returned to Kingston on the 22nd ult. and was accorded a hearty welcome. Addresses were presented from the civic authorities and the public school board, to which Dr. Grant made a feeling reply, in the course of which he stated that in all the countries he had visited there was no place like Canada.

MILITIA NOTES.

There are at present about a dozen vacancies in each permanent battery of artillery, which will be gradually filled as eligible men offer.

This year's meeting of the National Rifle Association will be held at Wimbledon, as the new ranges at Brookwood will not be completed in time.

Recruiting for the Northwest Mounted Police will commence in the Eastern provinces next March when the time of about 100 men will expire.

War office returns show that despite all efforts to obtain a home supply of army horses, the present stock is still not sufficient to mount two-thirds of the men, and it is expected further Canadian horses will soon be sought to meet the pressing needs of the British army.

Captain Henry Courtland Freer, South Staffordshire Regiment, who has been connected with the Infantry School corps, London, Ont., since December, 1883, has ceased his connection with the corps, and will rejoin a battalion of his regiment either at Gibraltar or Devonport. Capt. Freer served first with his regiment in Egypt, next with "B" Company at St. Johns, Que., was A. D. C. to Gen. Middleton in the North-West, and was mentioned in the despatches.

SILKS AND VELVETS.—Demand for silk and velvets is far from being as animated as it usually is at this season of the year. Plain black and striped moires have been much more called for, and the so-called French moire has sold fairly well for trimming purposes. Satins, mervilleux and damasks have enjoyed only a moderate demand, and have sold in small quantities only. The revival of the rich matelasse silks has proved a failure. Handsome as they are, buyers are timid about handling them, and stocks in manufacturers' hands have accumulated considerably, without any prospect of a revival of demand. In novelties the new silk called granite, which is self-coloured but woven with a small pattern like annure, has been offered, but taken very sparingly, and, all round, buyers have displayed a reluctance to invest in anything outside of strictly staple lines.



The best books of travel we know of are "Baedeker," "Bradshaw," and the pocket-book.

Social philosopher: "Is marriage a failure?" Furniture man: "Great Scott! No. I've made \$1000 this year on baby carriages alone."

He: "I always seem to call when Miss Snyder is out." She: "Perhaps you are mistaken about that. It might be she is never in when you call."

Mrs. Popinjay never uses slang, but she came very near it the other day when she caught her lazy chambermaid sitting at ease in the parlour and exclaimed: "Now you get up and dust."

Watching for the letter that never comes is pleasant pastime compared with the agony of the woman who is watching for the answer to the letter given to her husband to mail, that never went.

Girls should learn to be useful as well as ornamental. There are times when instead of going out among men "to make a mash," as the saying goes, they should stay at home and mash the potatoes.

Miss Bagley: "You are very silent, Mr. Ponsonby." Ponsonby: "Ya-as. I make it a point nevah to speak unless I get an ideah." Miss Bagley (archly): "Ah! now I know why you so seldom speak."

"Let me see," said the minister, who was filling up a marriage certificate and had forgotten the date, "this is the fifth is it not?" "No, Sir," replied the bride, with indignation, "this is only my second."

A lady has been appointed professor of wood-carving in a western college. "Her first labours," says some droll person in the Baltimore *American*, "should be to teach the young ladies how to sharpen a lead pencil."

Farmer Oatcake—"You won't find any chickens here to steal, Free." Freetrader Ferguson—"I knows dat, boss, for I took 'em all las' week. But I's willing ter take yer chicken coops off yer hands at reas'nable figgah, ef y'll call it squar'."

At the concert—(He is a Philistine of the deepest dye. The symphony has been played.) "Well," she asks, "what do you think of that?" "It seems to me that their fiddles ought to be in tune after all that fuss. When does the music begin?"

A queer wrinkle seen in some of the carriages in which ladies are out doing their Christmas shopping is that the carriages are pink lined. This casts a rosy hue over milady's complexion and makes her look pretty, though she be blue to the gills.

Quills: "Do you know, Funniman, that I sometimes think I am losing my head." Funniman: "Good gracious, Quills, you don't mean it! What has put this idea into your head?" Quills: "The fact that I have begun to laugh at your jokes."

It is an ancient and pleasing sign of devotion for the lover to kiss his lady's eyes. This custom, it is perhaps needless to say, did not originate in Boston; for who can imagine Hiram saying to Priscilla: "My love, will you kindly remove your spectacles?"

"Alexander the Great!" his mother called before light this morning. Alexander knew it wasn't a mere complimentary expression, and he explained afterward that she spelled it "grate," and that she meant him to arouse himself and build the kitchen fire.

Poetry and truth.—Young man (to editor): "I would like to leave this poem, sir, for you to read, and in case it is not accepted can you return it to me?" Editor: "Oh, yes." Young man: "I have signed it 'Anon.'" Editor: "Very well, sir, I will return it Anon."

Fisk and Gould had bought a great line of river-steamers. Travers went aboard one of them with Fisk. As they went up-stairs, Fisk pointed to the portraits of himself and Gould on the landing-wall. "Y-yes," said Travers, "I th-think they're v-very g-g-good, b-b-but to m-make them c-c-complete, th-there sh-sh-should b-b-be a p-p-picture of our S-S-Saviour in the m-m-middle."

She is crossing the parlour, the maiden fair.

Crossing the room with unconscious air,

She halts, but, of course, she does not know,

She has halted under the mistletoe,

Not till she's kissed is the maid aware

That she halted under the mistletoe there.

How many strange things in the world we see;

How absent-minded a maid can be!

W. S. Gilbert, coming down from a great reception some time since, stood in the hall waiting for the servant to bring him his coat and hat. As he stood there, a heavy swell, descending, took him for a servant in waiting, and called out to him, "Call me a four-wheeler." Mr. Gilbert placed his glass in his eye, and looking blandly at the swell said, "You are a four-wheeler." "What do you mean?" said the swell. Said Mr. Gilbert: "You told me to call you a four-wheeler, and I have done so. I really couldn't call you handsome, you know."

Democrats nowadays may be divided into two classes, those who swear by the President and those who swear at him.

"Hold on, sis!" exclaimed one of the little Rambo boys as he paused at the door; "don't go into the house. The minister is making a call." "How do you know?" enquired his little sister. "Can't you hear ma talking? She's got her Sunday voice on."

"Gentlemen," said an indignant passenger on a Chicago cable car, "will none of you get up and give this old lady a seat?" "I'll thank you, sir," snapped the lady, "to attend to your own affairs. I am not as old as you are by twenty years, if I'm any judge of a person's age." The indignant passenger got off at the next crossing.

"What you want, brethren," said a coloured preacher, waving his arms wildly to emphasize his words, "what you want is sanctifigumption! Get sanctifigumption if you don't get nothing else!" Sanctifigumption is a very good and expressive word, the *Christian Standard* thinks, and says, "pass it along, where it may happen to be abundantly needed."

A good story is told of Rosenthal, the pianist. Silote, one of "Liszt's favourite pupils," sent Rosenthal a note announcing the birth of his first daughter, adding: "She is already four weeks old, but cannot play the piano. Remarkable, isn't it?" "Nothing at all remarkable about that," Rosenthal replied. "You are thirty-two and can't play either."

Young widow (tearfully): "Yes, I loved my husband, but I cannot stand this cheerless life, and I must marry again." Friend: "You are in comfortable circumstances, with plenty of servants, and—" "Servants! Yes, that's just it, my friend. I can't go on keeping house and squabbling with my servants without a husband to tell all my troubles to."

My love is like an old, old shoe
That sweetly fits and gives no pain;
My love is like a hat that's new—
One hates to take her in the rain!

My love is like the dinner bell,
At whose bright call all gladly come;
My love—she wears so very well—
Is like the finest chewing gum.

My love, besides, is like the spring,
The pearl, the dove, the rose, the star,
And every other blessed thing
That other loves of poets are.



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PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

We are glad to announce that we have made arrangements with the well known house of John Haddon & Co., 3 and 4 Bouverie street, Fleet street, E.C., London, England, to be our representatives in Great Britain. They are authorized to receive subscriptions and to make contracts for advertising space. THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be kept on file by them, and they will be in a position to answer all enquiries relative to the publication.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

We are forming a joint stock company to own and publish this journal. Its success as a commercial enterprise is now beyond doubt. The reception given the paper by the Press and the Public has been enthusiastic. The subscription lists keep swelling day by day. The advertising is steadily improving and the outlook generally is excellent. We started the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with limited means, and have, single-handed, brought it to a period when the employment of additional capital is not only justified by the work done, the results achieved, and the certainty of success, but is required for the improvement, permanency and economic production of the paper. The proposed capital of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$100, a notable portion of which is already subscribed by good business men, whose names we are at liberty to communicate to intending investors. The limited time we can spare from the arduous labours connected with the publication does not allow us to call on, nor even to write to, the many friends and well-wishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, who may be both able and willing to assist in the enterprise. We therefore take this means of reaching them and asking them, as a particular favour, to send us their names, so that we may mail to them a detailed statement and prospectus. We would like to have shareholders all over the Dominion, and will be pleased to have applications for one share, five shares, or ten, from any of our friends. They will find it an investment that will be highly profitable and can only increase in value year by year. For prospectus and form of application, address the publishers.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON,
Montreal.

In answer to "A subscriber," we beg to say that we are having the portrait of the late Hon. Thomas White engraved. It was intended that it should be published at the time of placing the memorial window in St. George's Church, but this event took place earlier than we expected.

PERSONAL.

Hon. Alex. Mackenzie has taken quarters at Ottawa for the session and winter. He will be there early to attend to his legislative duties.

Hon. J. A. Chapleau, in a private letter to a friend, says his health has greatly improved, and he hoped shortly to be able to return to Canada.

Owing to the continued illness of Lieutenant-Governor Angers, His Excellency appointed Judge Bossé Administrator of the Province of Quebec to open the session of the Legislature.

Rev. Dr. O'Meara, Rector of St. John's Church, Port Hope, Ont., who died suddenly, some weeks ago, was a pioneer missionary to Sault Ste. Marie and Manitoulin Island. He learned the Indian tongue there, preached in it, and translated the prayer books and hymns, for which Trinity College, Dublin, gave him, during a vacation in Ireland, the degree of D.D.



The British Board of Trade emigration returns for the past year just completed show a remarkable steadiness, the total outgo being 280,000, compared with 281,487 in 1887. There is a marked decline in emigration to the States and Australia, the former having decreased 5,566 and the latter 2,961. Emigration to Canada increased 3,000.

The great American people consumed 70,000,000 gallons of whiskey last year and had 93,000,000 gallons left. They also got away with 24,680,219 barrels of beer. This confirms the reports of the chief American papers, in all the great towns, and explains the number and heinousness of the crimes which stain the calendars of the police courts.

In our next number we shall give an editorial article to the system of Experimental Farms in the Dominion, and, to-day, shall begin by informing our readers of what is not generally known, that there are now four of these farms in working order—the Central Farm, at Ottawa, serving the joint purposes of Ontario and Quebec; the Branch at Nappan, N.S., for the Lower Provinces; the Farm at Brandon, for Manitoba; and the Branch at Agassiz, for British Columbia.

The transition is natural from the Experimental to the Industrial Farm. The friends of a well-understood scheme of immigration, that of children, will hear with pleasure of the success achieved by Doctor Barnardo's in his attempt to establish an Industrial Farm in Manitoba. The farm at Russell was established only this season, and the settlement has a kernel of not more than one hundred lads. The value of the work done, from the last report, amounts to \$4,500, including over \$2,000 for produce raised.

On the subject of immigration, there is a move, from another quarter, that of the Abbé Plantin, of Ottawa, who is about to sail for the land of his birth, to open Canada as a field of settlement for the farmers of Cevennes, a cold and hilly country of France, peopled by a hard-working, thrifty and strong race. The Abbé hopes to come back in May, with a good following of first-rate pioneers for the Nomining and Temiscaming countries.

The Winnipeg boys are coming down to the Carnival. After Montreal, Winnipeg is perhaps the best sporting town in Canada. The more of them coming down the better we shall be pleased, and they may rely on the hospitality of that most splendid of institutions, the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. The Winnipeg curlers and snowshoers have arranged with the railroads for a \$25 round trip to the Montreal Carnival, and a \$40 rate to non-members of clubs. It is expected a very large number will attend the Carnival from Manitoba.

Lord Salisbury is acting with the quiet and firm dignity befitting the occasion in waiting for the appointment of a new Minister to Washington until Mr. Cleveland steps down and out. We are already well on in January, and Mr. Cleveland will leave the White House on the 2nd of March. Meantime Lady Salisbury is making things pleasant at home by heading a subscription for a river of pearls to be presented to Mrs. Phelps, the wife

of the able and popular American ambassador to the Court of St. James.

It was publicly stated in London, on the 5th, that Sir George Baden Powell, M.P. for Liverpool, will shortly proceed to Ottawa and Washington as plenipotentiary on behalf of the British Government in the Fisheries Question. Sir George Powell is, no doubt, an authority on the question, having made a careful study of the dispute on the spot in 1882, and published elaborate reports through the *Times*. He possibly intends to renew this study, but in the best informed circles there is no reason to suppose that the British Government will make any move until the new President is installed.

The marriage of the Hon. Edward Stanley is specially interesting, because he is the eldest son of our esteemed Governor-General, and is to take up his dwelling at the Capital as A.D.C. to his father. He was wedded on the 5th inst. to Lady Alice Montague, daughter of the Duke of Manchester, in the Guards' chapel. The Prince of Wales and family, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and an aristocratic company were present. The Rector of Hatfield, who is a son of the Marquis of Salisbury, officiated. Beautiful presents were received from Queen Victoria, Empress Frederick of Germany, and other royal personages.

The *Gazette* throws out a good hint—and not for the first time—in regard to Dr. Barnardo's Industrial School for boys in the Northwest, to which we refer in another paragraph. "Why should not our cities imitate the good example thus set them by the valiantly humane doctor, and establish like institutions for the benefit of the Canadian boys who are equally destitute, equally exposed to evil influences, equally liable to grow up a burden or a bane to society? We just throw out the hint—and it is not the first time we have ventured to do so—in the hope that some Canadian Barnardo may see, in the vast areas of the Northwest, opportunities for carrying on the work of juvenile reform for the sake and in the interests of our own five millions of inhabitants."

While on this question of philanthropy, it may not be amiss to call the attention of the public to another institution of just the same kind, established at Montfort, in Wentworth Township, Province of Quebec, North, which is not so well known. This is a farm, with vast acres under tillage, where young destitute boys are brought up to make their living from their work in the soil, far from the dangers of the town. This farm is called "The Agricultural Orphanage," and was founded, several years ago, by the Rev. Abbé Rousselot, of St. Sulpice, Montreal.

Le Canadien, of Quebec, cannot believe that the Republican Government will be lasting in the United States, as witness the republics of Greece and Rome, Italian republics of the Middle Ages, and the present makeshift in France, on which the *Kingston News* says that, discussing the question in its own way, the *Canadien* arrives substantially at Carlyle's conclusion, that "America is the most successful case of no-government in the world, and that its success is owing to the absence of difficulties rather than to the merit of its form of government. When there are no longer any vacant lands to receive their surplus population, and when the conditions of life have thus become much more difficult, the Americans

will have the first real test of the merits of republicanism. Before we can be certain that republicanism is a better form of government than monarchy, we must see it rise superior to some real difficulties."

OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE.

As there are a few Canadians who run counter to the institutions and material resources of the country, there are a few others also who not only decry the literary work that has been done in the past, but insist that no field for literature is possible in the Dominion. We have received quite a paper on this subject, with the title given to the present article, which we should have returned to the author, without comment, only that it was submitted to us as editor of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, and for the purpose of publication. We notice it, furthermore, as the writer is a man of ability, whose verses have more than once graced our columns, and whose name often appears in the Toronto journals.

The paper is quite lengthy, and cast in a scornful vein. It lays down three grievances—the discouragement of a would-be author; the competition of English and American writers, and the lack of Canadian appreciation and patronage, but the real burden of the whole article is that literature does not pay in Canada, and that publishers and booksellers are in league against those who want to make a livelihood by writing.

Now, there is where the mistake is made, and where an injustice is done to Canada by invidious comparison with other countries. It is true that, in a young country like Canada, no man can make his living, pure and simple, by devoting himself exclusively to letters. But it is the same thing, in the vast majority of cases, in the United States and England, and, indeed, in all cultivated countries, like France and Germany. In the United States, with very few exceptions, there are none who live by their writings alone. A half dozen that had independent means, such as Helen Hunt and Mrs. Burnett, were able to publish their own books, even if they had not made money by their works of genius. But run through the long range of authors, and it will be found that they almost all had, and have, subsidiary means of existence. Longfellow was rich of himself, but he had a life-long professorship, too. So had Lowell. Holmes had a large profession and a professorship. Hawthorne, the greatest genius of them all, had to live on government official money during his whole life. George William Curtis, and the later authors—such as Aldrich, Stoddart, Ripley, Winter, Howells, Warner, and a dozen more, are all in receipt of large salaries for the hack work of editorial departments in newspapers and magazines.

There has been the same experience in England. The best men in its literature were employed in public offices, from the days of Charles Lamb down to those of Matthew Arnold, taking in a host of names, such as those of Hazlitt, Anthony Trollope, and Edmund Yates. George Augustus Sala, a man of extraordinary parts, will leave no work behind him that is likely to live, because retained for routine toil, of the most ephemeral kind, in the periodical press. The later generation of minor writers, such as Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang, are all dependent on this treadmill work. Literature, pure and simple, does not pay them, and though their other toil is useful, it is hackneyed, takes up all their

time, and does not enter into the domain of real and lasting literature.

In a narrower range, the state of things is the same in Canada. When a man has a clever pen, and can make the stores of a widely-read and scholarly mind interesting to the average readers, who are always eager for information and entertainment, he has a chance of being engaged on the press, where the salaries are generally adequate to his easy livelihood. The result is that we have proportionately as many able writers as there are in the United States and England, and while the field of native reading has, up till lately, been that of a young and struggling people, the change within the past fifteen years—or since the era of Confederation, indeed—has been most marked.

Then, again, as in Montreal, for instance, we could name a dozen young men devoted to letters, in which they have achieved a name, and who either have private means, or make a living out of their professions, as lawyers, notaries and medical practitioners. In Ottawa there are several engaged in the Civil Service, and not a few are professors in our seats of learning.

This subject might be pursued much further, but enough has been said to show that there is such a living, tangible thing as Canadian literature; that the prospects of a yearly improvement, going abreast with the material progress of the country, are clearly to be seen; and that, if a clever and successful writer wants to put forth a book, he ought to have pride and trust enough to do it, at least partially, out of his own pocket, with the chances all in his favour that he shall reap a measure of fame and profit therefrom.

THE RESOURCES OF CANADA.

While some of our own people are so far blinded as to run down their country, and work at the ruin of its institutions, it is a special compensation to find broad-minded and disinterested Americans laying the facts about Canada in their true light, and publishing them to the world with honourable truthfulness. At a late meeting of the Institute of Albany, New York, Professor Ralph W. Thomas read a paper, from which we have nothing else to do but to quote, the matter being altogether statistical and authentic.

The question asked is: "What is Canada?" Geographical Canada has an area of 3,360,000 square miles, of which the Basin of the Hudson's Bay alone is 2,000,000 square miles. Canada is forty times as large as England, Scotland and Wales. It is equal to three British Indias, and fifteen times as large as the German Empire. The excess of its area over that of the United States is greater than that of the whole area included in the thirteen colonies joining in the Declaration of Independence. A country of magnificent areas; unmeasured arable plain and prairie; of mountains rich in minerals; of lacustrine systems dwarfing those of the United States; of majestic rivers, wholly within her own borders, measured on the Missouri-Mississippi scale. This is Canada.

Industrial Canada is great in agriculture and minerals. Ontario raises the finest barley in the world and some of the finest draught horses. The vast Northwest includes 466,000 square miles of the wheat field of the world. From its situation it has two hours more of daylight than other wheat bearing regions on this continent. This means two hours more of forcing power every day. Droughts are never feared. Manitoba

claims 75,000,000 acres of wheat fields. The Canadian wheat crop for the first ten months of 1888 was valued at \$5,000,000. The Northwest regions are capable of supporting a population of many millions, and immigrants are already pouring in. Alberta is the ranch of Canada. Its climate is so mild, on account of the warm currents on the Pacific, that cattle and horses roam over the pastures the year round, and are found in spring to be in good condition for market. The Canadians exported \$10,000,000 worth of cattle during the first ten months of 1887. All these advantages are to be reinforced by transportation. The Canada Pacific Railroad is a fact, and the Hudson's Bay route is promised, by which Winnipeg is brought 783 miles nearer Liverpool than by way of Montreal, and 1,052 miles nearer than by Chicago. By this route Liverpool would be brought 2,136 miles nearer to China and Japan than *via* New York and San Francisco. If this route succeeds, Canada will hold the key to the markets of the world. Coal exists throughout Canada in abundance, the entire coal area covering 97,000 square miles.

The copper deposits are pronounced by Mr. Erastus Wiman to be almost beyond human belief. The Calumet and Hecla vein is twelve feet thick; the Canadian vein is 1,000 feet thick. The Geological Survey has located 557 deposits in the Eastern Townships alone. Gold and silver exist in great plenty, chiefly in Nova Scotia and British Columbia. In the latter province \$50,000,000 have been taken from the ground by unimproved methods, and this seems to point to vast deposits in the mountains.

In Beaver mine, at Port Arthur, discovered in March last, there is in sight, by actual measurement, \$750,000 worth of silver. Like bonanzas have been reported in British Columbia. Such exposures are unprecedented. Iron is found in unlimited quantities and of the best grade. Near Ottawa there is a hill of iron estimated to contain 100,000,000 tons. The railroad up the valley of the Trent runs through a continuous iron belt for 150 miles. Mr. Wiman is authority for the statement that at New Glasgow, in Nova Scotia, within a radius of six miles, there are found hundreds of tons of iron ore, of the best quality, side by side with limestone, chemically pure, coke in seams 30 feet thick, all directly on the line of the Intercolonial Railway and within six miles of the Atlantic ocean. This ore could be put on the wharf in Boston for \$1.50 per ton, which, to-day, costs from \$5 to \$6 per ton. The Ontario Government has recently sold 150,000 acres of land for \$2 an acre, covering an iron belt seventy-five miles across.

Commercial Canada has not as yet acquired that prominence which might be expected when the resources of the country are considered. Yet, in her merchant marine, Canada ranks fourth among the nations of the earth. Commerce is now being fostered by the Government, and in 1881 the American trade with Canada amounted to \$89,000,000. These facts partly answer the question "What is Canada?" and we hold with the Professor that they vindicate the Canadian's claim for the greatness of his country's destiny.

The Pacific coast is already buying 300,000,000 tons of Canadian coal every year, in spite of the duty. American manufacturers are compelled to go to Malta and Spain for iron, when it exists within a few hours' ride of their own borders.



ENCAMPMENT OF BLACKFEET INDIANS,

From a drawing by F. A. Verner.



WORSHIP OF MANITOU, LAKE OF THE WOODS.
From a drawing by F. A. Verner.

The manufacturers of this country are deprived of nickel, which could be used in many ways, were it not for the high price of the metal. It is better than steel for the making of ordnance. But there are only two deposits of consequence in the world. One is within a few miles of Detroit; the other in New Caledonia, half way round the globe. Americans hear much of the high price of lumber and much of the destruction of their forests. Anyone can see that a high tariff on lumber means direct destruction to their own forests. Canadian lumber by the million feet is annually going up in the smoke of forest fires, or rots into the earth. Ten million acres of forest exist in British Columbia alone.

SONNETS.

I.

ISAAC DE RAZILLY.

[Isaac de Razilly was a w (after the settlement of Acadia by the French, in 1602, by the treaty of Saint Germain), appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova-Scotia. Arriving at La Havre (La Have?) he was so charmed with the scene y, that he resolved to settle there. He, however, died shortly afterward.—*Campbell's History of Nova Scotia.*]

His eyes were charmed when, fresh from ocean's plain,
Acadia's forelands rose upon his view,
And his bark skirted where the waters blue
Wash her green isles; and all his heart was fain
To linger on enamour'd, and remain
In thy sweet shelter, beautiful La Have!
Yet one more voyage—its earthly port, the grave;
He sees no more his native France again.

So do glad eyes still greet thee—deem thee fair,
O my loved Country! Wanderers from the sea
Returning, to enrich thee with the stores
Of other climes; so glad will I repair
To gaze on scenes I love, to sing for thee,
To find my rest upon thy peaceful shores.

II.

UNDER DEATH.

I was a child; yet darkling one lone hour
All unexpected fell I under death—
Prone in his shadow, trodden, with spent breath,
Until to wrestle with th' dismaying power:
Cowering in his dark cave, I gazed forlorn
On blight and ravin: Then a Voice severe
Said—"Of thy warm companions none are here;—
Here silence dwells, and darkness veils the morn."
Then in that midnight vigil did my soul
Exhaust her horror; for I long have wept,
And called on Death, since in his shadowy homes
Bide my companions; and my dream of dole
Is broken where my wounded Conqueror slept:
O shall I fear Him when again He comes?

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

LITERARY NOTES.

A scholastic periodical, not known, of course, out of the Province of Quebec, but equal in beauty of outfit and literary excellence to any in Canada, is a neat 12mo., entitled *Le Courant*, published monthly at Joliette.

Jules Verne, in his new romance, has made Canada the scene of the plot and will bring in the events of 1837-8. The book is to be illustrated by Mr. Tiet Barquet, who visited Canada with the French excursionists.

The *King's College Record* says that, at the last meeting of the "Haliburton," Mr. Bliss Carman read the first part of a Trilogy on the death of Matthew Arnold, entitled "Death in April." The poem is unfinished, the first part out of three only being complete.

At the same meeting of the society the following well-known literary names were put up for membership and unanimously accepted: Arthur Weir, Watson Griffin and W. D. Lighthall, all of Montreal. The President, C. G. D. Roberts, read selections from Mr. Lighthall's "Young Seigneur," and the meeting closed with a general debate.

A beautiful new volume put forth by Frederick A. Stokes & Bro., New York—which we shall shortly review—is entitled "Songs from Béranger," and consists of versions in the original metres by Craven Langstroth Betts. By a letter received from St. John, N.B., we are of opinion that the translator is Lower Province born.

The *McGill University Gazette* is almost too much of a good thing, having been put forth fortnightly of late. The last number was specially rich in quantity and quality, the contributors being Mrs. S. A. Curzon, Messrs. Weir, George Murray, Talon-Leperance, and the bright particular charm of the whole being "Flowers from the Greek Anthology," by Mr. Murray.

Our friend, J. Theo. Robinson, is doing well, with his cheap reprints of popular stories. His choice is always wholesome, his workmanship good, paper, type and cover in proper taste. The latest of his publications, just issued, is "John Bodewin's Testimony," a western tale of the Arkansas Valley, full of adventure and interesting situations. The price is the nominal one of 30 cents.



HON. SENATOR DRUMMOND.—We offer our readers to-day a fine likeness of the Hon. Mr. Drummond, who has been raised to the Senate for the Division of Kennebec, in the room of Hon. James Ferrier, deceased. The name of Mr. Drummond is known all over the Dominion, but this is the first time that his features will be seen by readers of this paper in every one of the provinces. Although still in the prime of life, Mr. Drummond is already an old Canadian and citizen of Montreal, having come to Canada from Scotland in 1854. That was when the late Mr. John Redpath established the industry of sugar refining in Canada, for which purpose he called over young Drummond to assume the practical and technical management. For this he was thoroughly equipped, not only by education in all branches of study, but he had an additional scientific training in chemistry. The enterprise was a successful venture from the first, thanks to the concurrent labours of a number of able men, but chiefly through the intelligent and tireless energy of Mr. Drummond. In 1878 the fiscal policy and the tariff changes of the new administration were found to be so unfavourable to the refining of sugar in Canada that the Redpath establishment closed its gates and Mr. Drummond was enabled to spend five years abroad in travel, study and recreation. In 1878, on the establishment of the new policy, the works of the refinery were set up again and the immense machinery burst into active life. A large number of workmen were engaged, and, to this day, a colony of families are supported in ease from the wages at the refinery. The handling of raw material, chosen and brought from the utmost bounds of the earth, required great skill and capacity, while the capital involved was immense. By his successful methods of administration Mr. Drummond came to be known, and was elected Director of the Bank of Montreal in March, 1882, and Vice-President of the Board in 1887, a position which he still holds. Nor did the range of his energies stop there. He is President and chief stockholder in the vast coal and iron mines at Springhill, in Nova Scotia, and whether it be in the development of slate quarries in the Eastern Townships, or the introduction of the Jute industry into Montreal, or in the many other enterprises he is associated with, his practical mind exerts its influence and makes itself felt throughout the country. Although he is one of the pillars of the Conservative party, he has not coveted political honours, and was an unsuccessful candidate for Montreal West, in 1872, against the Hon. John Young, and since then he has steadily refused any such nominations. His natural place is in the Senate, where a wide knowledge of the wants of the country, of its business, and wisdom in providing for an increase of its already marvellous thrift, are required to promote useful and practical legislation. His connection with the Montreal Board of Trade dates back to 1884, when he was elected Vice-President, being re-elected in 1885. In 1886 he was chosen President, and, in 1887, was the first President under the Amended Act of Incorporation providing for the Amalgamation of the Montreal Board of Trade and Corn Exchange. In 1888 he was elected again, and it is mainly due to his intelligent and persistent energy that the port of Montreal, after years of long suffering, was freed from the heavy burden contracted by the deepening of the St. Lawrence channel. Mr. Drummond is not only a business man. His early culture has clung to him, and he has shown himself a constant patron of Literature and the Fine Arts. His gallery of paintings is one of the choicest on this continent, and his liberality has been displayed more than once by the loan of his best canvasses, "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter," by Marx, being the most notable. It is only the other day that he entertained the distinguished French artist, Benjamin Constant, of whom he possesses two masterpieces, "L'Hérodiade" and "Le Lendemain d'une Victoire à l'Alhambra." Mr. Drummond's walls are adorned by other great works of illustrious artists, Corot, Troyon and other masters. He is also fond of music, and successfully addicted to the sports of hunting and fishing, while the true Scotsman asserts himself on the curling rink and at the golf links. We cannot do better than close in these appreciative words of the *Star*:—"Mr. Drummond has been twice married. His first wife was a daughter of the late Mr. John Redpath, by whom he has five sons. He married as a second wife Mrs. Hamilton, a daughter of the late Mr. Archibald Parker, by whom he has one son. In person Mr. Drummond is of middle height, and quick in movement. He is spare and lithe in build, and his hair begins to incline to the senatorial colour. His mind is rapid and intuitive in decision and very practical. When he comes to a wrong conclusion he requires to be convinced of it, and, although open to conviction, he will require reasons. In business his manner is somewhat abrupt, with a disinclination to be bored; in society it is quiet, courteous and retiring. He is, in public matters, an infrequent speaker; but he speaks logically, forcibly and well. He will always command attention, for his information is wide and his mind is cultivated both by reading and observation. He is a man who is an honour to the city in which he dwells, and who will be a guardian of its best interests." It may be added that he will make his influence felt, in the Senate, for the good of the whole country. The *Witness* is equally compli-

mentary. It says: "All appointments to political office in a self-governing country should be in a large degree merely the official recognition of a confidence already shown by the people in the recipient. This is most markedly the case in this appointment." The *Gazette* says: "Mr. Drummond has qualifications which mark him out for public office. The ability, the prudence, the assiduity with which he has discharged the onerous duties of his various commercial avocations are sufficient assurance of his fidelity and zeal in the representative position to which he has been called, and we regard his appointment not only as a well-deserved compliment, but as a distinct gain to the public life of Canada." The *Mail* published a long summary of the *Star's* article, sent to it by telegraph. The *Journal of Fabrics* gives an outline portrait of Mr. Drummond, and likewise republishes the *Star's* discriminating paper.

BLACKFEET ENCAMPMENT.—Mr. Verner, the artist, gives at the foot of this sketch the following note: "Crowfoot watching a gambling party in front of him, before moving the tepees." The sketch was taken some years ago and thus these tepees of buffalo hides are likely the last of the kind, the buffalo being too scarce now to allow of the skin being used. Crowfoot is lying on the ground. The picture is characteristic of Indian lazy life. The drawing of the tent folds, chiefly toward the top, is very fine, the dark portions shining like velvet.

WORSHIP OF MANITOU.—Whoso gazes at this simple sketch will not gainsay the inborn knowledge and worship of the great First Being rooted in the inmost heart of even the lowliest of the wanderers in the woods? The artist calls it The Worship of Manitou by the Light of Keesas. It is moonlight, with the full orb, in undimmed silver, rising above the edge of the nether world and shedding its white light over hill, valley and stream, while in the ring, where the council are sitting, and two of the Chiefs uttering their flowery prayer, the fire-flame falls upon the copper faces, lighting them with spiritual intelligence. There is the full face of a young squaw to the left, which reminds one of Catharine, over against us at Sault St. Louis.

THE MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL.—The beautiful and comprehensive design which we publish in this number is the perspective Elevation of the Series of Pavilions intended to supplement and gradually to replace the buildings now composing the Montreal General Hospital. This design and the plans which it embodies have been laid out with the view of occupying the convenient site belonging to the Corporation of the Montreal General Hospital, fronting on St. Dominique street, and extending from Dorchester to Lagachetiere street and from St. Dominique to St. Constant street; the whole square with the exception of the north-east corner being now owned by the General Hospital. These plans are the outcome of years of study and consideration, having been begun as far back as 1873, and gradually worked up and perfected by one of the foremost hospital architects of England, with the constant advice and supervision of Mr. Peter Redpath, who was Vice-President of the Montreal General Hospital in 1871 and '72, and President from 1875 to 1882. These plans have been submitted to Miss Nightingale, Sir Douglas Galton, Dr. Sutherland, and other high authorities in England, and their suggestions were taken advantage of. In the Annual Report of 1875 we read the following allusion to these plans:—

"With the view of providing accommodation for the yearly increasing number of sick persons seeking admission, it has been deemed advisable to acquire additional property adjoining that on which this building stands, for the purpose of erecting thereon buildings on the most improved principles of hospital construction; it is proposed to undertake the erection of one pavilion, which will form part of a general plan that can be carried out gradually as circumstances require."

"An effort is being made to procure the necessary plans, and it is hoped the result will be an institution containing all the best features of the most approved modern hospitals, but it will take years to complete the design now contemplated."

"When we reflect that the body of the present hospital was erected 54 years ago, and the Richardson wing 43 years ago, and that it has been chiefly since the Crimean war that very much attention has been paid to the scientific principles upon which hospitals should be constructed, it will be at once evident that the citizens of this large city are bound by the highest considerations, the value of human life, the sanctity of human suffering, to provide for the sick an hospital as free from defects as can be constructed."

It was, however, only in February, 1884, that, by the purchase of the properties fronting on Lagachetiere street, the Governors of the Hospital were placed in a position to consider these plans and the propriety of building. In a letter to the Governors, written in April of the same year, Mr. Andrew Robertson, President, says:—

"The questions which I have to put before you are as follows:—First: Should the plans referred to and so carefully supervised by Mr. Redpath, be adopted, or if not, what steps should be taken in the premises? Second: The desirability of building one or more pavilions at once, or when? Third: Should it be deemed advisable to build, the question of increased income which will be necessary should be considered, and how it is to be obtained?"

"To the first question I may mention that the plans referred to are so arranged as to involve the greatest economy, in adapting them as required to the land now in our possession, and will cost per pavilion from \$50,000 to \$70,000, according to size and construction. The present main

building and the Morland wing may remain untouched for years to come, or so long as necessary, or may be considered desirable. The plans in their entirety are designed for the accommodation of about 300 beds, and the building will probably cost about \$400,000 when finally completed. In my opinion one pavilion at least should be built without delay, and a second also, provided the means can be found to sustain them. These additions would, I think, fill the requirements for twenty years to come, except for infectious diseases, which might require additional accommodation."

In 1883 Mr. George Stephen (now Sir George) had donated to the General Hospital the munificent sum of fifty thousand dollars to build a Pavilion which should commemorate the name of the late Dr. G. W. Campbell. About the same time forty thousand dollars were bequeathed to the hospital by the late David J. Greenshields, to be used also in the erection of a Pavilion. So that building might have been started at once. But the momentous question arose: How to meet the increased expenditure of \$20,000 or \$30,000 per annum for the maintenance of 70 or 100 additional beds? The ordinary revenue averaged \$35,000 and the ordinary expenditure exceeded \$36,000! In 1883, 136 beds cost nearly \$40,000, or 80 cents per bed per day. It was evident that a large endowment fund must be provided to yield a permanent revenue of at least \$30,000 in addition to the ordinary income; or that the citizens must contribute nearly double their annual subscriptions to justify the Governors in building. Sir George Stephen, on the 3rd of April, 1884, wrote as follows on this subject to Mr. Andrew Robertson:—

MY DEAR ROBERTSON,—Thanks for the perusal of your interesting letter on the Hospital matters, which I return herewith. If I were to offer an opinion, I should say that it is incumbent on those on whom the responsibility of deciding rests, to see a reasonable certainty of being able to provide for the maintenance and efficiency of the Hospital, before committing themselves to any extension. What is done should be well done. "Overhousing," so to speak, ought to be avoided, and rather than fall into that weakness, it would be better to devote attention to securing a capital fund for "running expenses," and only extend slowly as circumstances permit. Always yours,

GEORGE STEPHEN.

Mr. Robertson, who was elected a member of the Committee in 1872, Treasurer in 1873, Vice-President in 1878, and President in 1882, which position he still occupies, had promised Mr. Redpath in 1875 to devote ten years of his life to carrying out this most important work of Hospital extension. In the course of his visits to modern hospitals in Great Britain, he found that St. Bartholomew's, in London, had a yearly income from invested funds of \$450,000; that the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary cost \$1,750,000 to build, and had a large permanent fund to which, in 1883 alone, \$685,000 had been added by legacies. He took occasion to communicate these figures to the Governors of the Montreal General Hospital, and to urge that large additions to the permanent fund of the latter should be called for from citizens in a position to help the institution by donations or legacies. That his appeal was not without some result may be gathered from a glance at last year's report, where we notice that the revenue had increased from \$38,500 in '83, to \$42,500 in '88, notwithstanding the reduction of the Provincial grant from \$4,000 to \$2,800. So that although the average number of indoor patients had increased from 136 to 151, there was a surplus of \$950 in the treasury. We also notice a handsome legacy of \$20,000 bequeathed by the late Hon. John Hamilton.

Meanwhile the city, the country, and the world had been astounded by the announcement that one of the most magnificent gifts ever offered to their fellow men by private citizens had been placed at the disposal of the city of Montreal, and that one million dollars were donated for hospital purposes by those princes of princely benefactors, Sir Donald A. Smith and Sir George Stephen. It was at first supposed and hoped by many that this munificent dowry was for the old, useful and needy General Hospital, and those who had been labouring during so many years for that institution, and were even then praying for the means to build and endow the projected Pavilions, must have felt a pang of regret that the million was intended to build another and distinct hospital. Their hands were now paralysed indeed, and the building plans were once more in abeyance. But the difficulty and delicacy of the position they were placed in must have occurred to the great and good donors of the million. For we read in last year's General Hospital Report:—

"In compliance with a request from the President of the Royal Victoria Hospital, three members of the Board of Management of this Hospital were appointed to meet a committee of the Governing Board of that Institution, to consider the question of amalgamation of the two institutions."

But unfortunately, no definite result was arrived at, for we read further on:—

"With regard to the question of amalgamation of this Institution with the Royal Victoria Hospital, no further steps have been taken since the last quarterly meeting. The difficulties in the way of such an amalgamation remain unchanged; and the committee, while believing that the erection of one centrally situated General Hospital, with perhaps one or two receiving houses, and a branch for convalescent patients, would provide the more effective means of administering to the relief and necessities of the sick poor of the city, have not been able to see their way further to move in this direction at present."

"The other important question, as to the propriety of erecting buildings upon the property belonging to the Hospital, has not been decidedly dealt with by the committee, as they have thought it desirable that ample time should be afforded for the fullest consideration of any reasonable scheme which might be proposed for the fusion of the two Hospital Corporations."

There are comparatively few persons in Montreal acquainted with the History of the Montreal General Hospital. For such we will here consign some of the facts, names, dates and figures that have successively concurred in forming that history.

The Montreal General Hospital was granted a Charter on 9th April, 1822, a portion of which is as follows:—

Dalhousie, Governor,

George the Fourth, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith.

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Whereas our loving subjects, John Richardson, William McGillivray, and Samuel Gerrard Esquires, of our City of Montreal, by their humble Petition presented to our Right Trusty, and Right Well Beloved Cousin, George, Earl of Dalhousie, Our Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over our Province of Lower Canada, and read in Council for the said Province, on the ninth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-two, did, among other things in substance set forth that there had been a subscription set on foot by them for the purpose of erecting a General Hospital in our said City of Montreal, and that sundry public spirited persons influenced by principles of benevolence have liberally subscribed towards the same that, from the manifest utility of such an Hospital, further contributions and donations may be expected, if there be an assurance of permanency to the Institution and means provided for the management of its concerns, that very considerable progress has been made towards the object in contemplation, by the purchase of a spacious lot of ground in a central situation, in the Saint Lawrence Suburbs of the City, whereon is erecting a large building, for the body or centre part of the said Hospital, and susceptible hereafter of extension by wings upon a regular plan, which building is now in a state of advancement towards completion, &c., &c., &c.

The first Report of the Committee of Management was made on 6th May, 1823, from which we extract the following:—

In laying before the Members of the Corporation the first Annual Report of the proceedings of the Governors, during the twelve months just ended, it may not be improper for the information of some of them, to state, as briefly as possible, the circumstances which led to the erection of the Hospital.

From the increase of the population of Montreal, the Hotel Dieu Nunnery was found to be inadequate to the reception of the indigent sick. This inconvenience was still further augmented by the great influx of emigrants from the United Kingdom, some of them labouring under fevers of a contagious nature, and other diseases, that were not admissible into that Hospital. To remedy this, a subscription was made, in the year 1819, for hiring a house to serve as an Hospital. Though this was only on a small scale, the good, which was effected by it, was, after one year's trial, so evident, that it was deemed an object highly desirable to erect a building which might give permanency to the establishment.

To further this design, the Hon. John Richardson, the Hon. Wm. McGillivray and Samuel Gerrard, Esquire, in the month of August, 1820, purchased on credit, (which by a Notarial Deed executed by them was declared to be in trust for this purpose,) a lot of ground in the St. Lawrence Suburbs, as a site for the intended Hospital, well adapted to the purpose, both from its proximity to the Town and the salubrity of its situation.

A plan of the building to be erected, and an estimate of its probable expense, were ordered to be made, and laid before the Directors for their consideration. The plan submitted consisted of a centre building of 76 feet by 40, capable of containing 72 patients, and on an emergency, 80, and the two wings each of 70 feet by 30 to cross the entire building, and to project 15 feet on each side of it, each capable of containing nearly a like number of patients.

1823
May 1st—To amount of accounts paid as per detailed statement \$4,556 8 0
To cost of the land purchased from Marshal 1,300 0 0
Cost of the Hospital \$5,856 8 0

The number of patients admitted from May 1st, 1822, to May 1st, 1823, with those brought from the Temporary Hospital was 421
The number of patients that have received advice and medicine as out patients for the same period was 397
The total number of patients who have received benefit from the Hospital during the last twelve months was 818
The expenditure for the last twelve months was £832 6 3, or say \$3,330

It will be seen from the above that the Hospital has now been in existence 68 years. In the report of 1872, the "jubilee" year of the Hospital, we find that the number of patients treated within its walls in the 50 years was 55,948, an average of 1,076 annually, besides 192,948 applications for outdoor relief. To show the enormous strides the Hospital has made, from last year's report we find that 2,144 indoor patients were treated to a conclusion, and of outdoor patients 24,995 were treated in that year alone. The expenses for carrying this on were \$41,485. Over 250 people, between visitors and patients, physicians, nurses and students, visit the Hospital every day, making nearly 100,000 people who go to the Hospital every year.

No better argument can be urged for the necessity of a central and conveniently situated site.

As an evidence of the unsectarian character of the Montreal General Hospital, it may be here mentioned that of 5,920 new patients treated in 1887-8, 3,994 were Roman Catholics, 1,899 Protestants, and 127 of other religions.

The Hon. John Richardson was President of the Governing Body from 1821 to 1831; Hon. John Molson from 1831 to 1835; Samuel Gerrard from 1835 to 1856; the second Hon. John Molson from 1856 to 1859; John Redpath from 1859 to 1869; William Molson from 1869 to 1875; Peter Redpath from 1875 to 1882; Andrew Robertson from 1882 to the present day.

The Richardson Wing was erected in 1832 by means of a fund subscribed in Montreal, Quebec and Upper Canada, as the Richardson Memorial Fund. It cost about \$9,000. The Reid Wing was built entirely by the widow of the Hon. Chief Justice Reid, as a memorial to her lamented husband, and was completed in 1849. The Fever Hospital, built in rear of the Richardson wing in 1868, cost \$10,674, of which Mr. William Molson contributed \$5,000. In 1872

some friends of the late Thomas Morland, in his life time an active and zealous friend of the Hospital, subscribed \$10,000 to build a wing in commemoration of that gentleman.

There are now 302 Life Governors and 12 Elected Governors of the Montreal General Hospital. The office bearers for 1888-9 are:—

Andrew Robertson, President; John Stirling, Vice-President; Thomas Davidson, Treasurer; R. P. Howard, M.D., Secretary,

Committee of Management—Charles Alexander, J. T. Molson, R. W. Shepherd, William Cowie, J. P. Cleghorn, F. Wolferstan Thomas, Robert Craik, M.D., Samuel Finley, Charles Garth, W. M. Ramsay.

The medical staff consists of eight consulting physicians, four House physicians and three assistants, four surgeons and three assistants, three specialists, a medical superintendent, three resident medical officers, and an apothecary as dispenser. These thirty practitioners comprise the elite of the profession. Dr. R. P. Howard, the Secretary, has occupied that position for twenty-five (25) years.

We may be allowed to express, in conclusion, the hope that wisdom, generosity, self-sacrifice, and true Christian charity may so influence the counsels and conferences of the Governing bodies of the Montreal General and Royal Victoria Hospitals, as to bring about a fusion of interests; and that Montrealers may see the beautiful and commodious building erected of which we give our readers the perspective view, taken from the original in the possession of Mr. Andrew Robertson.

CAPE BRETON VIEWS.—It shall not be said that the historical and beautiful old Island of Cape Breton has been overlooked by the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, when "foreigners," like Charles Dudley Warner, have sung and joked about it in "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing." Here we have, on the one page, four lovely views of the neighbourhood of Baddeck—a mountain near it: Whycocomah, Bras d'Or; Salt Mountain, Whycocomah; and a stream, bridge and mountain, nigh Whycocomah, Bras d'Or again. Whycocomah Basin, a beautiful sheet of water in the Island of Cape Breton, is 16 miles from the head of Mabou Harbour, 10 miles long and 3 broad. The scenery, on the east and west, is very fine, Skye Mountain being 937 feet high, and Salt Mountain 742 feet. Bras d'Or, with the golden name, is a magnificent sea water lake, 50 miles long and 20 broad, with a depth of from 12 to 60 fathoms. The entrance is split into two passages by Boulderville Island; and one of these passages is to be bridged by the Federal Government at the cost of \$500,000, as the wire just informs us from Ottawa. Sea fisheries of every kind, taking in salmon, are carried on in these waters, and in several of its large bays ships are laden with lumber for England. These notes are taken from Lovell's valuable "Gazetteer of B.N.A.," edited by Mr. P. A. Crossby, of Montreal.

THE GYPSY.—This is anybody's girl, and yet no one seems to own her, even the artist not having signed his name. And still he has no reason to be ashamed of his—shall we call her Polly? Yes, Polly is rather dishevelled as to her full black hair and *décolleté* as to her rustic bodice. She is winding a wreath about her locks, and the roguish eyes and the saucy mouth are asquint and awry, as she haply sees a swain coming down the garth full upon her. She is not half as coy as Maud Müller, but every bit as pretty.

DOMINION NEWS.

The want of snow is hindering operations in the Eastern Townships woods.

A bunch of pansies, in full bloom, was picked in the garden of Mrs. M. Burke, Windsor, N.S., on Christmas Day.

Yarmouth imports this year aggregate \$640,000 and exports \$798,500. The town has 111,273 tons of shipping on its registry, a decrease of 5,169 tons.

A company is being formed at Gaspé, with a capital of \$500,000, to carry on the fishery trade of Labrador. They intend to construct special steam vessels for the work.

Captain R. C. Adams, of Montreal, confirms his report of the discovery of gold on property of the Anglo-Canadian Phosphate Company in Wakefield. Though giving a small average to the ton, the immense size of the vein of quartz may make it possible to work it. The vein measures sixty-nine feet in width, and extends into the valley on each side.

It is affirmed that the first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1642, during the civil war in Great Britain.

In England the first printed advertisement was gotten up by Caxton, the celebrated printer, who announced the completion of "The Pys of Salisbury," a book containing a collection of rules for the guidance of priests in the celebration of Easter.

The first authentic advertisement was published in *The Mercurius Politicus*, of 1652. In the year 1657, a weekly newspaper, devoted to the interests of advertisers, made its appearance in London. It was not until the Eighteenth century that newspaper advertising became the recognized medium between the manufacturer and the buyer.

In the republic of Switzerland the highest official of the government is the president of the Federal Council, who is elected by the Federal assembly, which meets at Berne. He holds the office for the term of one year, and enjoys a salary of \$3,000 per year.



DESIGN FOR THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL.

The Lady in Muslin.

I waited in vain, however; she stood for a few moments leaning against the verandah, and then suddenly with a swift movement entered the house, and I saw her no more. I lingered about the boundary stream all the morning, in hopes of making some further observations, but I was not successful. For about an hour I observed the Indian and an old woman hurry about the place, evidently arranging matters; but the lady was nowhere to be seen; and as the noonday approached, blinds and awnings were drawn down, in true Eastern fashion, bustle and servants disappeared, and perfect quiet reigned in the cottage.

I returned to the house, and in my usual occupations forgot all about our new neighbour, till just before dinner. I happened to go on the verandah, and my morning's curiosity was again recalled, by seeing all the windows and blinds of the cottage thrown wide open, while under the shade of an acacia sat the lady, in a pretty lounging chair with a cushion at her feet, her white muslin dress falling in cool folds down on the freshly-mown lawn, a small table beside her, bearing a coffee cup and a newspaper—the very picture of cool elegance and ease.

The careless, nonchalant attitude—for my lady had extended her limbs in a fashion that suggested much more the idea of luxurious ease than drawing-room decorum—and the soft muslin garments again vividly recalled my railway acquaintance; but in spite of the most studied attention during the whole quarter of an hour I stood on the verandah, I failed in once catching sight of her face. So singularly unsuccessful was I, that I almost fancied she purposely avoided looking my way.

She sat there till the sun set, at least I conclude so; for on my wheeling Gaunt to the verandah after dinner, as usual, I found her still there, in exactly the same attitude; and there she stayed, apparently quite unconscious of our presence overlooking her, till the dusk began to fall. Then, very much after the fashion of a cat rousing itself from slumber, she began to move, to stretch a little, and finally she arose and began sauntering about the lawn and garden, plucking flowers in an idle manner, and after examining them throwing them heedlessly down. As the twilight grew dusker, and we could only distinguish her movements by the glimmer of her white dress, we noticed she came wandering down in our direction, even to the very brink of the boundary stream, and there for some instants she stood. She probably could hear our voices well, possibly distinguish the words we said.

After maintaining her position for about five minutes, she returned slowly up the garden, entered the well-lighted drawing-room, and soon after we heard a soft but rich voice singing in a style that made us quickly reduce the romance of our new neighbour's ways and doings, to the eccentricity of some Italian Opera star.

Day after day, all this was repeated for more than a week. Apparently utterly careless of our overlookings and watchings, our neighbour pursued the even tenor of her life, only showing her regard of our presence by never once giving us the opportunity of seeing her face, or approaching our precincts till protected by the dusk of evening.

All endeavours at acquaintance, which Gaunt amused himself in making after his usual manner, were not only unsuccessful, but apparently unnoticed.

The rose, that one evening Gaunt threw at her feet, as she stood in the twilight just opposite us, remained where it fell; and in the morning he had the satisfaction of seeing it faded and dead, only marking the spot where she had stood.

In vain we sent Cecile wandering and watching, closer than we dared go, in hopes her childish beauty might attract the lady's friendship. Cecile always came back pouting.

In vain we endeavoured to enter into conversation with the Indian, who occasionally came to purchase provisions at the inn; he replied in the

brokenest of English, and in the most unencouraging of tones, to our politest questions. Then Gaunt's stratagem of commencing an acquaintance by one evening, in the midst of the singing, sending the chambermaid, with the gentlemen at the White Horse Inn's compliments, and they would be extremely obliged if the lady would give them the name of the last song she had sung,—was frustrated by her returning a message to the effect that she sang from memory, and could not oblige us.

The lady, whoever she was, seemed quite determined not to make our acquaintance. Of course this piqued us; and just as much as she drew back, we became more anxious and decided in our advances.

I believe most men, after they have once got over the effervescence of their teens, and early ties, require a little pricking to stimulate them to the exertion of love-making.

A little judicious mystery, just enough to stir without fatiguing the curiosity, or a little repulsion, obstinate enough to pique, but not wound the vanity, are weapons, of which, in the delicate handling of a pretty woman, she herself scarcely knows the force.

The child of nature, pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw, is decidedly the father of the civilized man.

I don't know whether our rather eccentric neighbour had studied human nature. As I consider now, at some distance of time, how events unfolded themselves, I more than think she had; and I can now fancy how that peculiar face of hers must have wreathed itself in triumphant smiles, as, behind the Venetian blind, she, in her turn, watched our constant watchings: how that impatient nature of hers must have wrestled with the cool reason that forced her to wait, and bide her time.

That solitary life behind closed shutters; that wearying romance of her twilight walks; how she must have chafed under it!

Had I had my usual occupations, most probably I should have troubled myself very little with my neighbour, or her doings. Even had Gaunt been in his usual health, it would have been different; we should have contrived to find some amusement for our long idle summer days; but as it was, not liking to leave the very impatient sufferer by himself, I was forced to remain lingering about the house and garden; and naturally the doings of our only neighbour assumed an additional piquancy.

When I was out on an occasional expedition, I used to leave Gaunt in the verandah; and naturally he watched and reported to me, on my return, anything that might have occurred. If I went lounging about, fishing in the boundary stream, I, in my turn, played spy; Cecile, too, assisted us. Indeed we vied with each other in collecting information; and it was quite a race between Dick and me as to who should first catch sight of that carefully turned-away face.

VI.

HOW I WON THE RACE.

One morning, to my agreeable surprise, I found a small parcel of what I immediately decided were books and periodicals, lying on the breakfast table, addressed to M. Owenson, Esq., Hazeldean. I was a little puzzled, as I had given no orders for the same, and was not aware of the existence of any editor, publisher, or friend, who was likely to pay me such a delicate attention. It struck me also as queer, that the address should be Owenson instead of Owen; still, as the initial of my Christian name was correct, and the parcel had come direct to my abode, I opened it without hesitation.

It contained some half-dozen magazines of light literature, a number of the "Fashions" for the month, and two or three of the newest novels; altogether, a selection that added not a little to my surprise at its coming to me.

As I turned over the leaves of the "Fashions,"—very much bewildered as to its use to me, or any one else, indeed, if other minds were as obtuse as mine in comprehending the explanatory

foot-notes attached to the bright engravings of females in all kinds of costumes, and in all stages of dressing—out dropped a note, bearing again the name of M. Owenson, Esq., and so of course, I opened it. Imagine my dismay at reading the following:—

"London.

"DEAR MARGARET,—I hasten to perform your request. I'm afraid, however, the selection may possibly not suit your taste; you should have said what kind of novels you like. I can quite believe you are almost ennuied to death down in that poking little village. I hope you don't mean to allow more than a month to the pursuit of your wild-goose chase, and that you will rejoin us in time to go and spend the autumn reasonably at some watering-place.

"All Indian news shall be duly forwarded; my eyes are on the alert, and always devotedly at your service.

"When you write, tell me your address. I suppose there is no danger of this not reaching you, yet, under circumstances, I should like to know the address as fully as possible, to avoid mischances.

"Yours in great haste,

"Caroline.

"M. Owenson, Esq.!!!"

"Read that, Richard," I said, in a very frightened tone to Gaunt, "and tell me what I am to do."

Dick did read, and then looked almost as perplexed.

"Mistakes will happen," he said, slowly, "but what the deuce did you go opening a letter addressed to Owenson," he added, angrily; "your name's not Owenson."

"You see, it came here, and there's my initial all right," I said, meekly.

"I don't envy your position, Mark, I tell you candidly," he said presently. "To have to explain to any one that you have opened their letters—and read their affairs is confoundingly unpleasant; but to have to front a woman, and tell her that you have by mistake taken a sight of her secrets, is more than my nerves would stand."

I made no reply, but sat down to my breakfast. Without any explanation, we both made no hesitation about M. Owenson being our fair neighbour, and of course the affair assumed greater importance in our eyes.

"With tact," I observed presently to Gaunt, "this accident may be turned into a very fortunate occurrence."

"Tact!" he answered, accompanying the word with one of those deep guffaws of his that always grated so irritably on my keen ear. "Try your tact over there?" he added, pointing in the direction of the villa. "I wish you luck."

I recollected pretty well the lady at the railway station, and I must confess if she and the lady of the cottage were one, as I conjectured, I had not much more faith in the efficacy of my "tact" than Dick had. However, I kept that to myself, and tied up the parcel again, with an assumption of cool indifference.

I am not, generally speaking, a moral coward; but I must acknowledge the going to the lady of the cottage, and explaining my mistake under the present circumstances, made me feel queer, not to say nervous. I remembered so well that steady unabashed gaze round the waiting-room, the calm rudeness with which my polite advances had been received, and I thought of the possible scene that might ensue with such a person, when justly provoked.

I thought of all that while I smoked a cigarette beside Gaunt on the verandah; and the result of such reflections was, that I determined to smoke another, and after that another. It was twelve o'clock when I screwed up my courage to the point of encasing myself in my most unimpeachable garments (our every-day attire being more airy than elegant), and absolutely prepared to go on my expedition.

(To be continued.)

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

It has been said that "of all the great literary figures who have loomed upon the latter part of the nineteenth century Lord Tennyson has been the most fortunate in his married life." In 1850 he married Miss Emily Sellwood, the daughter of a solicitor. The young couple lived for the first two years at Twickenham. Their first baby died, but in 1853 there was another a year old, "crazy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine."

Cardinal Newman, at 88, dines at one, and is a great believer in the wholesomeness of drinking nothing until meals are over. He is passionately fond of music, and always assists at the quartets and the chamber music performed in the house. The Cardinal always enjoys a good joke hugely, but cannot abide puns. At every musical festival his place is sacred to him, and his entrance is always the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm. It was an impressive sight to see M. Gounod and Mr. Santley publicly kneeling to him for his blessing before the performance of the "Redemption."

That sterling monthly, the *King's College Record*, pursues its series of "Canadian Poets," the second number being written on my old friend and fellow member of the Royal Society, the Gaelic bard, Evan MacColl; and the third, being the work of the keen editor, Goodridge Bliss Roberts, on his kinsman, Bliss Carman. I found the charge of obscurity amusing, as, so far, I see no "Browningism" in Mr. Carman.

From Mr. Roberts' review my readers will learn this of our new poet:—William Bliss Carman was born at Fredericton, N.B., on the 15th April, 1861. His father was a public man in the province, and his mother, Sophia Mary Bliss, is of the same blood as Ralph Waldo Emerson. Mr. Carman studied at Fredericton from 1872 to 1878, and graduated with honours at the University of New Brunswick in 1881, where he took his M.A. in 1884, after three years of study in the Universities of London and Edinburgh. In 1886 he took special courses at Harvard in old English, Philosophy and Economics.

I have received a neat booklet, bound in cream-coloured paper, with title in gold, called "Snow-flakes and Sunbeams," written by W. W. Campbell. There is no imprint of date or publishing house, but in a printed slip, fastened to the inner cover, we are told that the author is called "The Poet of the American Lakes," and announcing the publication of "Lake Lyrics." Mr. Campbell has obtained the right of city in several American periodicals. I read through the eighteen little poems, all racy of the soil, and found in nearly every one that pausing, interrogative vein which is the new fashion of studying Nature. The following is an instance:

RODODACTULOS.

The night blows outward in a mist,
And all the world the sun has kissed.

Along the golden rim of the sky,
A thousand snow-piled vapours lie.

And by the wood and mist-clad stream,
The Maiden-Morn stands still to dream.

The whole book is welcome and ought to find its place on the library table.

I am asked about the sonnet—the model one, and who is the best writer of sonnets in Canada? I set the 60th sonnet of Petrarch as the best that I know of:

SONETTO LX.

VORREBBE DARSI A DIO.

Io son sì stanco sotto 'l fascio antico
Delle mie colpe et dell' usanza ria,
Ch' i' temo forte di mancar tra via,
E di cadere in man del nemico mio.
Ben vene a dillirarmi un grande amico
Per somma ed ineffabil cortesia;
Poi volo fuor della veduta mia,
Sì eh' a mirarlo indarno m'affaticò.
Ma la sua voce ancor quaggiù rimbomba,
O voi che travagliate, ecco 'l cammino;
Venite a me se 'l passo altri non serra
Qual grazia, qual amore o qual destino.
Mi dara penne in guisa di colomba
Ch' i' mi riposi, e levimi da terra.

As to the second question, there is no need to pause. I published, several years ago, my view

that, now Longfellow is gone, Mr. John Reade, of Montreal, is the first writer of sonnets on this continent. And that opinion was endorsed publicly in several high quarters. A number of these sonnets are contained in Mr. Reade's "Prophecy of Merlin," and there speak for themselves; but since then the author has come out with others, as fitting occasion called, and the breadth, elevation and rich, ringing music, as of harp strings, are ever there.

The sonnet is one of the hardest shapes of rhythmic workmanship. It is a mosaic. The regular fourteen lines must bear, each for itself; never overlapping, and the last two must carry what may be called the epigram or carbuncle in the toad's head. According as the sonnet is sarcastic or otherwise, these last lines are said to be charged with poison or honey, like the tail of the snake or the bee.

In cauda venenum—aut mel.

TALON.

MILITARY GENIUS.

Lord Wolseley is right in saying that, of all great men, the military genius is the highest, because combining elements of mental, moral and physical gifts not found in any other class of mind. These are not the General's words, but our own. They mean the same as his, however.

For this reason we have put together, in short paragraphs, the appreciation of the distinguished British soldier on the great soldiers of history.

THE FIVE GREATEST.—I would instance Cæsar, Hannibal, Marlborough, Napoleon and General Lee as men who possessed what I regard as the highest development of military genius—men who combined with the strategic grasp of Von Moltke and the calm wisdom and just reasoning power of Wellington, all the power of Marshal Bugeand and of Souwaroff to inflame the imagination of their soldiers, and impart to them some of the fiery spirit of reckless daring which burned within their own breasts. The personal magnetism which such great men possess so largely, and can without effort impart to others was, I think, wanting in our "Iron Duke." The marvellous magnetic power of the great generous leader (Napoleon) over his men was certainly undervalued by Wellington.

NAPOLEON FIRST.—As the highest type of military genius, let me take Napoleon. If there be any one rule which may be said to sum up the science of strategy and the tactical art, it is that you should make your plans and carry them out so as to be always superior to your enemy at the point of contact. This rule, carried out with the utmost secret and celerity of moment, may be said to have been the great secret of Napoleon's success. The more one studies that grand campaign of 1815, the more one is unwillingly convinced that had Napoleon been physically the man he was at Rivoli he would have defeated Wellington as he had just defeated Blücher at Ligny. Napoleon failed because at that period of his life he lacked one of those qualities which are essential to military success. He was suffering from such terrible physical ailments that the marvellous energy of the past was at times altogether lacking in him.

CÆSAR SECOND.—Now let me take Cæsar. What few men not soldiers realize is that quality which Cæsar showed when defeated by no fault of his own at Dyrrhachium, or when, after almost all the world had deserted him, because of his apparent failure in Spain, he changed the history of the world by his calm facing of misfortune and his power of using his knowledge of men and his military skill undisturbed by the accidents of fate. It was probably this latter quality that Pompey, himself no mean strategist, lacked, and his want of steadfastness lost him the empire of the world. Unduly elated after Dyrrhachium, he abandoned himself to de-pair after Pharsalia.

MARLBOROUGH.—Let me now take Marlborough. No part of his life more perfectly brings out the varied qualities which went to make up the sum of Marlborough's genius than the campaign of Blenheim and the diplomatic

labours with the States General which preceded it. The large and statesmanlike political grasp of the whole situation is easily appreciated by the careful reader of his life. But what Marlborough was on the field of Blenheim itself, how in the moments of apparent ill success and failure, his presence, by its combined fire and calmness, re-animating the wavering and assured the victory—this may be recorded; but here, as elsewhere, I believe that not one man in a thousand who reads it realizes what it implies.

MOLTKE.—Field Marshal Von Moltke's character is so simple and winning, and his military genius of such a high order, that it is most probable he would have become a great leader of men in the field had any such command ever devolved upon him. At the same time it is quite possible that even Moltke does not possess the qualities which made the Tenth Legion love Cæsar and which made the Roman one of the few great leaders of armies whom the world has ever known.

BLISS CARMAN'S PROVENÇALS.

I.

On resuming the series of Provençal stanzas by Mr. Bliss Carman, of St. John, N.B., we have the pleasure of giving our readers two samples of the Dizain, a sort of shortened or truncated sonnet, consisting, as it shows, of Ten Lines, alternately rhyming.

PRUDENCE.

(DIZAIN.)

Within the sunset west a form appears,
With still grey eyes and hair like shadowed wheat,
Wearing the richest scarlet of the year's
Autumnal robe,—the misty afterheat
Of ripe October lingeringly sweet,—
Erect in guardian dominance, aureoled,
As an unmoving cloud with sunset gold,
Gazing alert across the night's blue'd bar—
Out through the spaces of the hours untold,
Till beams the pure light of the evening star!

II.

As a companion to the former Dizain on "Prudence," we have a second on "Justice," in iambic pentameter, and rhyming alternately, according to the rule of this framework of verse. The treatment shows the philosophic bent of Mr. Carman's mind, and the legend of the last line is so well put as almost to read like new.

JUSTICE.

(DIZAIN.)

Far in the East, in shining silver—grey
And pink spring morning lights that never wane,
But on her forehead, grave and dauntless, play,
Stands one whose waiting shall not be in vain,
While on the just and unjust falls the rain.
At hard misfortune's stroke on stroke dismayed,
Of throttling tyranny art thou afraid?
See those untired eyes that never sleep!
Read but the legend on that bright keen blade:
"What a man seetheth that shall he also reap."

III.

Here we have a second case of comparison—the Roundel of Callirhoë beside the Rondel of Leuconoë, given as the first sample, last week. It is hard to choose between them. The Swinburnian spirit is felt just a little, and no more, as is right.

SWINBURNIAN ROUNDEL.

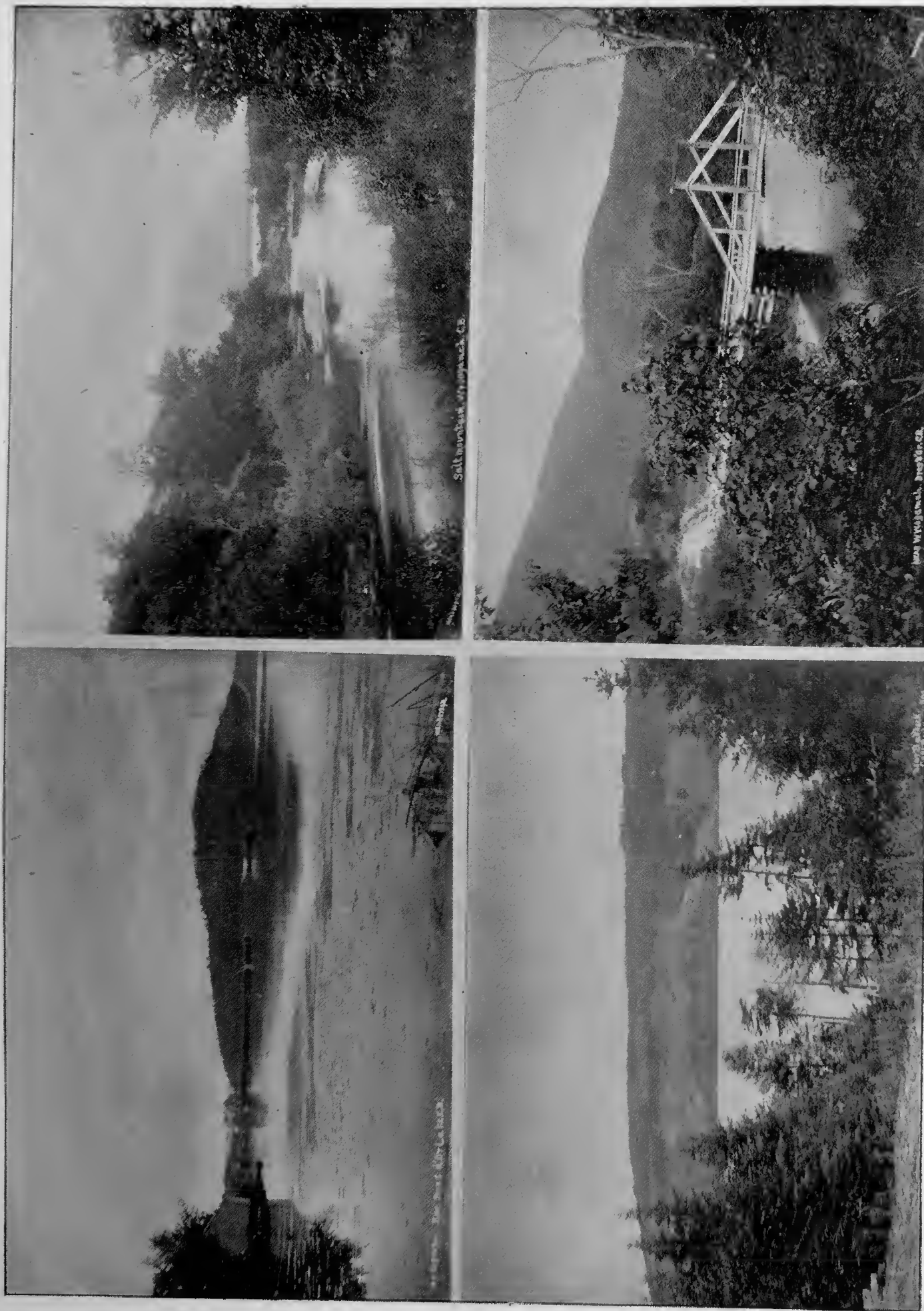
(IN FEBRUARY.)

Callirhoë, what laughing days along
The stream we wandered, through the shadowy
Fresh woods of May, nor wearied all day long,
Callirhoë!

For sweet arbutus, softly blown to lee,
With strange immortal woodnotes low and strong,
Warm summer dreams breathed over us, till we
Forgot the keen impulsive airs that throng
The morning; and we saw our day go free,
Floating far up the sunset, robed with song,
Callirhoë!

After enjoying these six poems, for which our readers are indebted to Messrs. Carman and Roberts, who gave them the firstlings or *primities*, and which, through our columns, will be read in every province of the Dominion, the conclusion must be that the author shall no longer delay issuing his book of poems. He owes it to himself. Without going outside of this little series, I pronounce Leuconoë and Callirhoë unsurpassed by anything of the kind so far published in English, even by Austin Dobson.

JOHN TALON-LESPEANCE.



CAPE BRETON SCENERY; NEAR WHYCOMAH AND BADDECK, INVERNESS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA.

From Photographs by Henderson.



THE YOUNG GYPSY.



We classify for our lady readers Professor Blackie's Matrimonial Maxims:—

HUSBAND'S TEMPER.—In your study to master your husband's temper, do not forget to keep a firm hold of your own.

HUSBAND'S LOVE.—To ensure the continuance of your husband's love, behave so in all points as to command his respect.

CHOOSE YOUR CHANCE.—When you wish to obtain anything from your husband, and have reason to anticipate his refusal, choose with delicate care a favourable moment.

NO OFFICIOUSNESS.—Don't annoy your husband with officious displays of loving attention in small matters when he is busy, and occupied with affairs of serious concern.

WISE OBEDIENCE.—Obey your husband in all reasonable matters. When he becomes imperious about crotchets, take your own way and smile bewitchingly.

KITCHEN AND NURSERY.—Always attend conscientiously to the kitchen and the pantry; also to the wardrobe, and, if you have children, to the nursery. But beware of becoming altogether a mere housekeeper or bringer up of bairns.

DRESS.—Dress well. Good dress is a sort of poetry addressed to the eye, which it is in the power of every well conditioned woman to compose; and a woman who has no taste for decoration is as much out of nature as a bird without wings.

SYMPATHY AND TRAINING.—What are your expectations of the married life? If you expect in it a paradise of delight and a field of clover you are sure to be disappointed. Expect from it only a more sacred sphere of moral sympathy, and the best school of moral training, and it is not in the power even of a bad husband to deprive you altogether of the rich spiritual blessing of the bond.

HUSBAND'S TEMPER.—Men are naturally less amiable and more intractable than women. The first point, therefore, to secure a woman's happiness, after the holidays of the honeymoon are over, is that she should study carefully the peculiarities of her husband's temper. Let no woman foolishly attempt to gain from her husband in a rough way what she can surely achieve by gentleness.

HUSBAND AND LOVER.—It is not in the power of the most sagacious young lady to discern the character of the future husband in that of the present lover. . . . Look, therefore, for a certain change in the character of your present admirer. The best woman in the world would be spoiled and become intolerable if she were allowed to receive such tribute and such service as lovers so lavishly offer on the shrine of their idol.

A FIRM HAND.—If your husband is a weakling, and cannot manage his own establishment properly, you are entitled to assume the reins by the law of the stronger, but in doing so be careful to use this superiority wisely, and to display it as little as possible. . . . No proper woman should wish to exercise any power over her husband, save that which is the natural and quiet result of conjugal love and loyalty, acting in harmony with the graciousness and the tact which are the characteristic excellence of the sex.

MODEST ESTIMATE.—Bear in mind also that your husband, though a very important person in your eyes, may be a very small person in the eyes of the world. Do not, therefore, be eager to bring him forward on all occasions, quoting all his opinions as if he were an oracle, and discussing publicly his small peculiarities, as if the manner

in which he smoked his cigar and shaved his beard were a matter of parliamentary concern. To parade your husband after this fashion is the surest way to make the man appear ridiculous and the wife petty. . . . Whatever his faults, a man naturally expects sympathy from his helpmate in the first place, and not criticism.

HERE AND THERE.

STATUE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—The Prince of Wales and other high personages have at last unveiled Mr. Boehm's new bronze statue of the Duke Wellington, which for days past has stood in swaddling clothes opposite Apsley House. The statue is equestrian, life-size, and life-like, full of energy, movement and ease, and is so treated that neither is art sacrificed to history nor history to art. Four bronze sentries, at the four angles of the red Aberdeen granite pedestal guard the great Duke—privates in four regiments, English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh. The spirit of Mr. Boehm's work is heroic throughout.

MAX MÜLLER ON RELIGION.—Professor Max Müller was, on the 12th ult., entertained at dinner by the Glasgow University Club. In reply to the toast of his health, Professor Max Müller said some who had heard his Giffard lectures in Glasgow were disappointed, because they were under the impression that the object of the lectures was to propound a new religion. This was not the sense in which he interpreted the will of Lord Giffard. Instead of propounding a new religion, Professor Müller thought that the best plan would be to expound the old religion, to show, not so much what religion should be, but what it had been. What was wanted was not a new religion, but a renewed religion, more especially when he considered that Europe was turned into a military camp, and that the best genius was spent in drilling and inventing new machines for killing our fellow-creatures.

VALUABLE ARCHIVES.—As may be supposed, out of the immense number of volumes in the Toronto Free Library, there are many very valuable works, many of which cannot be found elsewhere in the Dominion—thanks to the care and good judgment shown in the selection by the chief librarian. The Canadian department of the reference library is yearly growing more valuable, owing to the works therein that can be obtained but rarely elsewhere, and which are annually growing more scarce. About thirty volumes of manuscript, referring to the early history of Canada, are deposited in the vault, and students from all parts of the Dominion are continually coming to the city for reference to the records, which cannot be found in any other library.

WIGGINS AND SIR JOHN.—An amusing incident occurred in the course of the Governor-General's reception at Ottawa on New Year's Day. After Professor Wiggins had been introduced to His Excellency and was passing the Crown Ministers with a bow, Sir John nimbly stepped forward, and offering his hand, said, aloud: "Why, Wiggins, you go by like a comet!" This created a suppressed laugh, in which His Excellency joined, but the professor was equal to the occasion, for he said: "Comets always go swiftly by the sun." Subsequently he remarked that he was greatly obliged to the Prime Minister for catching him at perihelion.

A GREAT CANADIAN.—Dr. Osler, who is at present filling the chair of clinical medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, came to Montreal last week, where he is so well known from his professorship in McGill Medical School. Whilst he was in town he was a guest of Dr. R. P. Howard, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, and visited his Alma Mater and his old time *confrères*. Dr. Osler was surprised and pleased at the progress the old school had made during the years of his absence. He returned to the United States, and in March goes to occupy his new chair, that of the practice of medicine in Johns Hopkins University.

YOUNG SOLDIERS IN ACTION.

There is often much confusion in the use of the expressions "veteran" and "young soldier." The former is very commonly used as a synonym for an old man, and the latter to convey the idea of an imperfectly trained recruit not yet strong enough to bear the fatigues of war. This is a misuse of these two military terms.

The veteran is a soldier of from possibly twenty-five to about thirty years of age, inured to all the hardships and dangers of war, but still in the fullest vigour of manhood. When military men say they prefer the young soldier, they mean the fully-developed young man of from twenty-one to say twenty-six years of age, who, although with little or no war experience, is perfectly trained and disciplined.

The word veteran, as it is commonly used, brings before the mind pictures of hoary old fellows fighting to the death in defense of a standard, or of some wounded comrade surrounded by crowds of ferocious enemies. The principal figure in those charming battle pieces of Horace Vernet is generally a warrior with a bronzed face and a grizzled head. The portly white moustache of the chasseur à cheval represented in the act of passing his sword through the body of a somewhat theatrically equipped Kaby is meant to indicate that he is a veteran.

The apparent intention is to convey the idea that he is one to whom such a mode of procedure has been a matter of everyday life during a long period of military service. Had I been the painter, my experience of war would have caused me to represent this fiery sabreur as a very young man.

Miss Thompson—now Lady Butler—is one of the very few artists who has ventured to give a very youthful appearance to the foremost figure in her battle pictures. In her exciting picture of "Quatre Bras," the group forming the corner of the infantry square in the nearest foreground, is composed of beardless youths.

In their faces she has skillfully recorded the fact that the man who in that action drove back the old cavalry of the empire were very young soldiers. The veterans who then charged home with reckless devotion to that greatest and most wicked of men, whom they idolized, were repulsed by stripplings. They are shown in the picture with a dazed look of astonishment on their faces, more from excitement than any well understood feeling of triumph.

The officer well accustomed to the sharp "ping" of the passing bullets, and to the wild clash of the near bursting shrapnel shell, watches with keen interest the conduct of those about him who listen for the first time to this death concert. Its effect upon the uninitiated varies with the character of the man.

It is more the buzzing of the mosquito and the tension of nerves, occasioned by the anticipation of expected attack, than his actual bite itself, that hinders sleep. So in battle, it is more the wild whizz of the bullet, as it tears by you with lightning speed, always apparently close to your very ear, that startles and terrifies more than the sight of men falling dead or wounded around you.

I have come to this conclusion from watching the unmoved calmness of the deaf man when under fire. The swift, near-flying bullet is unheeded because unheard; it imparts no inclination to "bob" or "duck" to avoid its blow, because its proximity is unknown. The awe of sudden death, the dread of horrible wounds, only reach the deaf man's understanding through the eye, while those not so afflicted receive the impression through the sense of hearing as well as of sight.

The first time under fire is a memorable event in every young soldier's life. Some long for it as a new experience; all are curious to ascertain how it will affect them. A young comrade once described to me very fully what his feelings were in his first action.

The day had been one of rather feeble skirmishes, while the enemy kept falling back before us to a strong position he had prepared behind a broad, unfordable river, before which we halted toward evening.

The first man killed near my young friend gave him a little shock; it was a nasty sight, but did not strike him as much more horrible than the noise made by the butcher's poleax the first time he had seen a bullock slaughtered for food. This surprised him beyond measure, for he thought he had a very tender heart; he did not appreciate, however, the force of the excitement which fighting for the first time with his life in his hand arouses even in the man who does not know what nerves are.

To-morrow it would be the turn of another regiment to be in front, and the operations might be ended without having an opportunity of testing his nerve. He felt that nothing could make him run away, but could it be possible that he was by nature a coward?

Soon after the forces had halted for the night, the opportunity he longed for presented itself, and he sneaked away from his comrades unobserved to avail himself of it. As soon as the carts carrying the bridge equipment came up, the engineers began to construct rafts for use next morning. The enemy soon found this out, and opened a brisk fire upon the spot. There my young friend went to test the fibre of his nerve, and he realized the sensation of being shot at.

He rejoined his comrades after a short absence, furious with himself and with the soldiers he had found there. This was the cause. He had established himself in the zone of the enemy's fire, and was so absorbed in his own sensations whilst he thus, as it were, felt his own pulse, that he failed to notice some rocket tubes which the artillery brought into position close to where he stood. His mind was engrossed with stories he had heard and read of what men feel under similar circumstances, when he was suddenly roused from his self-examination in a very undignified fashion.

Whizz! bang! went a rocket rushing from its tube with all that horrible spluttering, fizzing, hissing noise which is one of its special and peculiar terrors. Its long, screeching roar spread panic among a large number of waggon bullocks standing close by, who, with heads down and tails up, charged straight down for where my friend stood.

He was just able to escape by rushing behind some waggons where there happened to be a guard mostly composed of old soldiers. One of these bronzed and decorated warriors seeing a stripling bolt in among them, and ignorant of the cause, said, in a comforting, fatherly tone, "Never mind, sir; don't be afraid. You'll soon become accustomed to it."

The young officer, furious, pointed to the passing bullocks, and, I am afraid, used strong language to little purpose. He rejoined his bivouac abashed, possibly a wiser but certainly a more irritable man than he had quitted it. For days he brooded over the horrible thought that any private soldier should conceive he feared anybody or anything. Nor was it until about a fortnight afterward, when he took part in the two storming parties in one day, that he again felt quite satisfied with himself, or could forgive the old soldier, whose kindly meant words made him wince as if tortured by the thumb-screw.

When, shortly afterward, as I sat beside him, I saw his natural strength and his youth fight, as it were, with death for his wounded body, he told me that of all the earthly delights he could imagine, all seemed tame in comparison with the ecstasy of charging at the head of a storming party.

Almost all those who composed the storming party which took the enemy's last position, were, like himself, undrilled, untrained recruits. He had forgotten his adventure with the bullocks, for he said with pride that some of the regiment who had so offended him upon that occasion had just been to ask about his wound.

One of the very pluckiest private soldiers I ever knew was my young servant in the Crimea. The day before Sebastopol fell, he came to my bedside in the hospital, where I was at the time, to ask leave to join his battalion. He had heard it was to be one of the two to lead the assault, and he said he could never in after life look any soldier in the face if he stayed in the rear. My heart went out to him as I told him to do as he wished.

Two years afterward we were again hard at work in the field, fighting our way into Lucknow against great odds. Whenever there was any difficult or dangerous duty to be performed, young Andrews—his name deserves to be recorded—was always the first to spring forward. The example he set of daring courage was invaluable in a company composed of very young soldiers. In all trying moments he was close behind his captain.

In the final assault that opened out communication with our besieged garrison, he was very severely wounded. Anxious to show the way to some men coming up with tools to break into the palace, he ran into a street swept by canister and by musketry fire.

He was at once shot down, and while in the arms of an officer who was taking him under cover, a second bullet, fired from a neighbouring loophole, went through poor Andrew's body.

He lived for many years, always in more or less pain from this last wound, which never healed completely, and which eventually killed him. He was a cockney, with the most amiable disposition.

His was a lion's heart, and he possessed in a curious degree all the fighting instincts of the bull dog. He was many times offered promotion, but, like many I have known, he preferred the freedom and irresponsibility of the simple sentinel. Peace to his ashes! If such heroes—the nobility of nature—have some splendid heaven of their own, he will there hold high rank, for no braver private soldier ever wore the Queen's uniform.

To illustrate the conduct of young men in action, I venture to pursue for a little longer the events which occurred after Andrews fell.

On that day every sort and condition of soldier fought as though he had been born an English gentleman. All knew well for what they were fighting; that within Lucknow a handful of gallant comrades, hard pressed for food, and by crowds of relentless enemies, were struggling with might and main to protect the lives of the many British families besieged there.

Sir Colin Campbell intended the companies that had stormed the "Mess House" to remain there for further orders. But the men were firmly impressed with the idea that this arrangement was made to favour a battalion of Highlanders that followed us. It was believed he desired his own countrymen to have the honour of actually opening out communication with the garrison fields.

The jealousy of Highland regiments was great wherever old Colin Campbell himself commanded, but at Lucknow the young soldiers who took the "Mess House" were determined, come what may, that no Highlander should that day get in front of them. Hence much of the haste and of the determined energy—brooking no delay and bearing down all obstacles—that was displayed by our leading companies. Refusing to stop, they pushed forward, resolved to be the first to join hands with their besieged comrades.

A rush was made for the great gate of the palace that seemed to separate us from our object.

Horror of horrors! It was built up with a great brick wall, and from the loopholes the enemy greeted us with a volley of musketry.

What was to be done? To get over a wall fifteen to eighteen feet high was impossible. We had no ladders, nor had we any powder-bags to blow it down. To remain in front of the gate was to be shot from within. Fortunately there was no ditch, so we could reach the loopholes.

Who were to hold them? The sepoys inside or the British soldiers outside? We decided the question in our own favour, but many fell before that decision was given effect to.

A rattling fire was kept up through the loopholes to clear the gateway inside, while our men worked like demons to break a hole through the wall. The captain in command went forward to search for an entrance he had been told of, but soon returned, having found it also built up.

I have heard him describe what he saw on re-joining his men. Every loophole double manned, and a heavy fire kept up through them, whilst crowbar and picks were plied by the strongest to widen the hole already made through the wall.

My friend said that what first attracted his notice as he hurried up were the soles of his young subaltern's boots as he struggled through the hole head foremost. "That," said he, "was the most daring act I have ever seen man do."

The enemy swarmed inside, and it has always been inexplicable to me how this young soldier did not have his head cut off the moment he pushed it inside the wall.

The hole was soon wide enough for others to follow, and so the palace and its spacious courtyards were quickly cleared of the enemy, a certain number of whom escaped by swimming the river under a heavy fire. It was not long before we joined hands with our besieged comrades, who made a sortie to meet us. While a desultory fire was maintained round the position, the memorable meeting between the two Generals, Lord Clyde and Sir Henry Havelock, took place in the courtyard of the palace that was taken as I have endeavoured to describe.—[GENERAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.]



It requires but little faith for a man to believe he is made of the dust after he had asked for credit and found that his name is mud.

A newspaper story is called: "The Head of Bacchus." Bacchus is responsible for many big heads and this may be one of them.

This was the answer given by Foote to a dissipated duke who asked him in what new character he should go to a masquerade; "Go sober."

A boy's description of having a tooth pulled expresses it about as near as anything we have seen: "Just before it killed me the tooth came out."

She (examining illustrations in Milton's "Paradise Lost"): "His satanic majesty looks thin. What do you suppose he lives on?" He, (grimly): "Fried soles."

It is said that a Minneapolis man who attempted to commit suicide the other day by taking poison, was saved by the active and indefatigable exertions of four directory canvassers.

Old benevolent gentleman (to little boy whom he has met on the beach): "What will you do, my little man, if I give you my blessing and a kiss?" Little boy: "I'll smash you in the snoot."

Jenkins, writing to thank his aunt for a large goose she had sent him for his Xmas dinner, says: "You could not have sent me a more acceptable present, or one that would have reminded me of you more pleasantly."

When on his death-bed in Bermuda, a caller said: "What a nice place for rest and change?" "Y-y-es," said Travers, "th-the waiters g-g-get the ch-change and the h-h-hotel k-k-k-keepers g-g-get the r-r-rest."

A tourist, who said to an idle Skyman: "Why do you lie there all day with your hands in your pocket," must have been taken back by the cool reply: "Cause she hasna been far enough south to learn to put them in other peoples."

A man about town said to a young lady: "No, I am not exactly engaged, but I have the refusal of two or three girls." He undoubtedly deserved the crushing rejoinder: "I suppose you mean you have asked them and they have said 'No.'"

An enviable quickness of repartee was shown by a French actor when the head of a goose was thrown upon the stage. Advancing to the footlights, he said, "Gentlemen, if any one among you has lost his head, I shall be glad to restore it at the conclusion of the piece."

Blood will tell: Lady (as a blood-curdling war-whoop is heard from the kitchen): "What is happening, Walters?" Maid: "That is Dinah. She always yells that way, ma'am, when she succeeds in turning the omelette without letting it drop on the floor. She's the daughter of a Zulu chief."

Mrs. Guzzler (who holds the purse-strings): "Do you mean to tell me you were not drunk last night, Guzzler?" Major Guzzler: "Well, perhaps I was loaded, my dear." Mrs. Guzzler: "I should say so. Now remember, Guzzler, the next time you come home loaded you are going to be fired."

A little dot of a girl asked her mother the meaning of transatlantic, and was told: "Across the Atlantic." "Does trans always mean cross, mama?" she then asked. "Yes," replied the mother, "but don't bother me any more." "Then I guess transparent means a cross parent," was the conclusion the unconscious little humourist came to as she lapsed into silence.

The man who finds fault when his newspaper is damp is equally dissatisfied when it is dry.

It makes a very stout man feel his stoutness more than ever to yield his seat in a street-car to a lady, and then have three of them plump into it and have plenty of room.

Mrs. Blifkins (time midnight): "Horrors! Husband! husband! I hear some one burrowing through the wall!" Mr. Blifkins: "Well, well! It must be that book agent. I knew we'd all be in bed by eleven o'clock, and I told him to call at half-past."

"I say, Bromley," said Dumley, "do you believe there is such a person in existence as the fool killer?" "Let me see, Dumley," replied Bromley. "About how old are you?" "I'm gettin' on toward 50." "No," replied Bromley, "I don't believe there is."

Mr. Seabury: Why that smile sweetheart? Mrs. Seabury: I was just thinking of mamma's last admonition to be careful of alligators after we got here. Mr. Seabury: Nonsense! We haven't seen one since we left her. (And the suspicion of an accent on the "her" marred what would have been a very pleasant afternoon.)

A cat sat on the old back fence, his comrades all had fled, And as a natural consequence things flew about his head; Bootjacks, bottles, stools and bricks the neighbours wild did fire,

But he his chops did calmly lick and loudly yelled "Ma-ri-a!"

The glass of fashion: "Ah!" said Mr. Scourplate grimly, as he adjusted his necktie, "We've to put hup with the airs of these society people hall day; but when evenink comes, me boy, they show wot the truly genteel is by put-ting on the dress that we wear all day!" "That's so," replied Mr. Crumbcloth, with a grave nod. "You 'ave a great 'ead, Tummis; we waiters be the real leaders of fashion."

YANKEE DOODLE.

Yankee Doodle comes to town,
Possessed of many a "pony;"
Bringing his lovely daughter with
A view to Ma-tri-mo-ny.
Yankee doodle-doodle-doo!
The dollars come in handy,
Even to Dooks who have too few
But know the *Ars Amandi*.

Yankee Doodle rails at rank,
That is for home consumption;
But at swell relatives the Yank
Don't kick—he's too much gumption.
Yankee doodle-doodle-doo!
Love is sweet as candy,
His daughters "reckon" blood that's blue
Scarce spoils the British dandy.



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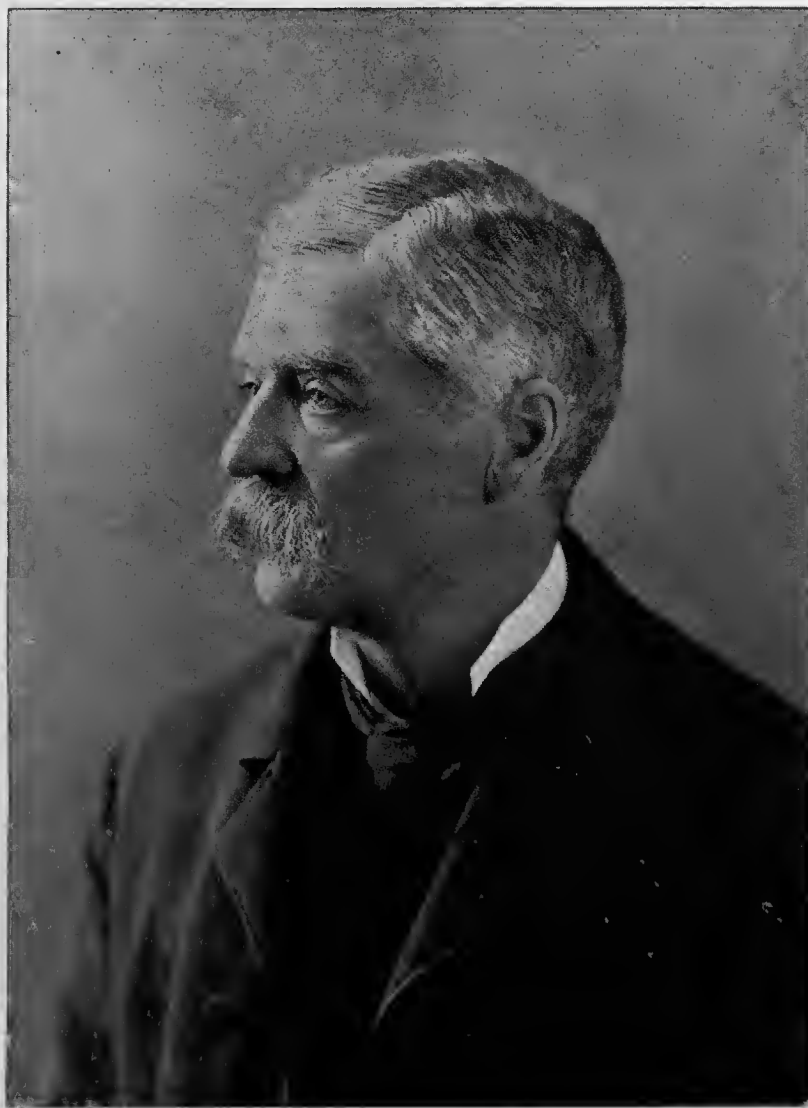
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From a Photograph by Norman.

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We are forming a joint stock company to own and publish this journal. Its success as a commercial enterprise is now beyond doubt. The reception given the paper by the Press and the Public has been enthusiastic. The subscription lists keep swelling day by day. The advertising is steadily improving and the outlook generally is excellent. We started the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with limited means, and have, single-handed, brought it to a period when the employment of additional capital is not only justified by the work done, the results achieved, and the certainty of success, but is required for the improvement, permanency and economic production of the paper. The proposed capital of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$100, a notable portion of which is already subscribed by good business men, whose names we are at liberty to communicate to intending investors. The limited time we can spare from the arduous labours connected with the publication does not allow us to call on, nor even to write to, the many friends and well-wishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, who may be both able and willing to assist in the enterprise. We therefore take this means of reaching them and asking them, as a particular favour, to send us their names, so that we may mail to them a detailed statement and prospectus. We would like to have shareholders all over the Dominion, and will be pleased to have applications for one share, five shares, or ten, from any of our friends. They will find it an investment that will be highly profitable and can only increase in value year by year. For prospectus and form of application, address the publishers.

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PERSONAL.

A London correspondent says that the name of the author of "She" is pronounced "Reeder Haggard," with the accent on "gard." Indeed!

Hon. Arthur Stanley, son of Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General, has left Ottawa for England, where he will fill a position in the Foreign Office.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says Bret Harte has a son just as lazy as himself, and able to write just as good poetry and borrow just as much money of his friends.

Mme. Albani is on the sea, making her way to Montreal, where she will appear in concert on January 26th and 29th. She is accompanied by a choice of artists, vocal and instrumental.

Sir John Macdonald began his 74th year, on the 11th inst., in the enjoyment of good health and buoyant spirits. He received despatches, letters and messages of congratulation from all parts of Canada, the United States and Great Britain.

At the Toronto Board of Trade yearly meeting, within hearing of the best men of the country, Hon. Mr. Mowat said, as will be seen in another column, these words, that should never be forgotten, as they contain the essence of Canadian patriotism: "I would rather be First Minister of Ontario than Governor of New York. I would rather be First Minister of Canada than President of the United States."



Some of the brick houses erected in England 200 years ago are so cemented together that the walls have to be blown down with gunpowder when the site is wanted for something modern. They knew how to build in those days. It is the self-same in the old towns of Canada and in New England. The walls of the houses were thick to fence out the cold and Indians. The log houses of the Southern and Western States, from Virginia and Kentucky to Missouri, were equally strong.

The *Petit Journal* of Paris states that a meeting of Panama canal bondholders have addressed a letter to M. de Lesseps offering him the chairmanship of a new canal company to be formed by shareholders in the present company. The *Journal* says the new company will have a capital of several million francs and will take over the concern from the old Panama company. We have always said that France, in some shape or other, will not forsake the Panama canal scheme, and will carry it through, as it did the Suez, in spite of the taunts and hostility of the world.

A large number of valuable manuscript documents relating to the early history of the country, which were in the possession of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, have been claimed by and handed over to the Provincial Government. That is right. No private society should be allowed to keep historical treasures which belong to the whole country. It is different here, however, in Montreal. We have three or four societies that do their own collections, without any thanks to the Government, and the latter, of course, must keep their hands off.

Good news. Instead of tearing down, enlightened men of science are unearthing the buried glories of the past, even if they have to remove families and modern houses to do it. The French School of Athens have discovered near the temple of the Proum Apollo a round building, six metres in diameter, which appears to be the Tholus of Apollo mentioned by Plutarch. Their excavations at Delphi will begin as soon as the inhabitants have been transferred to another locality. The houses to be demolished will cost the French and Greek Governments some 60,000 francs.

That contemplation and study, allied to temperance, lead to old age, is a matter of ancient history. St. Anthony lived to the age of 105 years on mere bread and water, adding only a few herbs at last; James, the hermit, to 104; Arsenius, tutor to the Emperor Arcadius, to 120—65 in the world and 55 in the desert, to which he retired during the persecution of the early Christians; St. Epiphanius to 115; St. Jerome to about 100; Simeon Stylites to 70; and Romualdus to 120. And Lewis Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman, after he had used all other remedies in vain, so that his life was despaired of at 49, yet recovered, and lived, by mere force of his temperance, to near 100 years.

Why, even Rider Haggard, who is always teaching a benighted world something new, has become a vegetarian. He found by experiment that he could work longer and to better effect on a meatless diet than when he indulged freely in beef and

mutton. He has become a convert to the theory that the imagination becomes more active when the body abstains from animal nourishment.

One of the secrets of the great Napoleon's success was the practical bent of his mind. He would not read his letters until they were six weeks old, by which time events had answered most of them. A Yankee wag asks whether this would not be a good scheme to try on the January bills? Private letters Napoleon wrote freely, however, but his handwriting was so wretched that only Josephine could make it out.

The Chinook winds of the Northwest are a meteorological mystery and blessing. They rise from the Rocky Mountains and flow over the east of the Regina Plain; down in the northern valleys of the Peace and Mackenzie Rivers; all along the Saskatchewan to the northeast, till its waters all reach Hudson's Bay by the Nelson at York Factory. Throughout this vast territory the Chinooks make their presence felt by constantly recurring visits during the inclement season of the year, and to these visits are due the mildness and comparatively high temperature of the winter, rendering life in the open air not only possible but enjoyable for man and beast.

Mr. Whittier's attention was lately called to the lines from his "Snow Bound":

"Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and sump
In trapper's hut and Indian camp."

And he was asked if he had ever visited that beautiful lake, and he said he had not, for he was not much of a traveller. He had never been further south than Maryland, further west than Pennsylvania and not so far north as Canada. His allusion to Lake Memphremagog, which lies one-third in Vermont and two-thirds in Canada, Mr. Whittier explained by relating a journey of his father into that country, and his funny experience with an Indian who was fond of rum.

The old teachers used to tell us that the child's first untaught word is ever, in all tongues, the call on the mother—"Ma." But it is not so. A society of learned Frenchmen lately tested the matter. Two infants were chosen and isolated with a deaf and dumb woman, who lived alone in the Alps, surrounded by her sheep and chickens. After six years the children and nurses were brought before the scholars, who were on the tip-toe of expectation as to the result; when lo! not a word could either of the children utter, but most perfectly could they imitate the crowing of the cock, the cackling of a hen, and the bleating of sheep.

Principal Grant, in reply to an address from his Kingston friends, writes these cheery words: "Though at home in the great cities under the Southern Cross, you can well understand the warmer feelings that the sight of Vancouver awakened. Sixteen years before I had stood on the shores of the beautiful inlet on which it is built. Then, seas of mountains declared impassable, trackless prairies and forests pronounced unfit for settlement and impracticable for railways, separated me from my own fireside. Now, I arranged by telegraph the day and the hour on which I could breakfast in Ottawa and dine in Kingston. In less than six days I crossed the continent, seeing signs of life, of progress, and all the promise of a mighty future. Not far from the grain elevator and the mill, everywhere stood the church and the school. *Laus Deo.*"

The foregoing words suggest these others from the *Witness*: "But Canada does not want annexation. Mr. Butterworth's mistake arises out of the gross darkness out of which he and a majority of his people look at Canada. They look on Canadians as a subject people panting to be free. They think the forms of governments of Canada and the United States are substantially identical, and that Canadians are inclined to think little of the difference, or even to prefer that of the United States. This is a great mistake. Our constitution is much more advanced and much more popular than theirs, and our Government is far more directly responsible to the people. It would be a retrograde step in Canada to accept the national government of the United States. If political union between Canada and the United States is ever to come about, there will have to be radical changes in the constitution of the United States in the direction of freedom and democracy or Canadians will not be satisfied with it. We are not accustomed to four-year irresponsible despots like the President, to irresponsible appointments to office, nor to irresponsible members of an executive, and would never be at rest under such a condition of things."

COAL IN THE NORTHWEST.

The wealth of the Nova Scotia coal mines is well known, and needs no special mention at this time. But the extent of the layers of this indispensable fuel, in the Northwest, is a matter of vital importance, in view of the fear which was felt, for a long time, that there would be a dearth of wood and coal in the mighty region. Providence, which rules all the behests of man, has provided otherwise, and scientific men have not been slow to discover that fact. Mr. Maltby, a distinguished mining engineer of Chicago, searched, last summer, a number of localities in Alberta and British Columbia, about which he came to Montreal lately, to make report to the Directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, for whom he had undertaken the examination. Mr. Maltby worked chiefly on the Crowfoot Creek, fifteen miles east of Gleichen, and a few miles off the "Cipiar." The operator continued the shaft—which had been unsuccessfully sunk in 1886—down to 470 feet, piercing four seams of coal, the first being eighteen inches thick; the second, nine inches; and the third and chief only nine feet. Mr. Maltby mined this last seam, and took several carloads of the coal, which were tested in the Canadian Pacific locomotives with most satisfactory results. This bed of coal extends from near the Canadian Pacific, where the outer croppings are seen, to the Red Deer River, a distance of thirty-five or forty miles. The coal is similar to the Lethbridge, but while it has a strong blaze, it does not emit any smoke, and is suitable for steam or domestic purposes. Mr. Maltby made an examination of the coal at Cochrane, where a company has been mining on the outcroppings. He says that good coal will not be obtained there until deeper shafts are sunk to the beds that have not been affected by the upheaval of the mountains. He also says that the Canada Anthracite Company made a mistake in working the outcroppings instead of sinking deep shafts. Mr. Maltby made an examination of land in the vicinity of Vancouver, and expresses the opinion that vast coal beds exist there, but at a depth of 1,000 feet. He thinks it is the same bed that crops out on

Vancouver Island. Being asked as to the probable extent of the coal beds in the Northwest, Mr. Maltby said there was sufficient coal in the country to supply Canada with fuel for centuries. The Canadian Pacific Railway will probably open mines in the Crowfoot district next year. Mr. Maltby has been engaged for years in coal mining in England and the United States, and understands the practical as well as the scientific branch of the business. He is now superintendent of several mines in Illinois.

EXPERIMENTAL FARMS.

According to the promise made last week, we shall give an account of the four Experimental Farms of the Dominion, with material drawn from official reports. In 1884, this subject came up in the House of Commons, and a committee was draughted to take evidence, with the result that these Experimental Farms were recommended, the Act passed, and the Farms established, under the direction of the present Minister of Agriculture, Hon. John Carling. Professor Saunders was appointed Director-General, and here is his report on the work after a visit to all the Branch Farms, made during the past few weeks.

At Nappan, N.S., the Farm embraces some 300 acres, and the work there will probably consist mainly of stock raising and dairying, the growth of native and foreign grasses, clover, and thus endeavour to work out for the people of the Maritime Provinces all that is desirable in fodder plants in order to increase the products of the land, and also improve their stock, and thus enable them to carry on their farming with better profit and advantage. Nova Scotia is celebrated for its fruits, and experiments will be conducted there with a view to introducing new varieties of fruit to be tested, and the information gained scattered over the different Maritime Provinces, so that every farmer may know what varieties he can grow with success. He will thus be enabled to beautify his home, add comfort to his table, and at the same time increase the attractiveness and productiveness of the country. At the farm in Ottawa a large variety of Russian fruits have been introduced. The climate in some parts of Russia is much like ours, and at times the temperature falls lower in winter than it does with us. The more tender varieties of American and European fruits will not endure very low temperature, but it is hoped that by introducing from colder climates fruits which endure there, valuable additions will be made to our fruit growing capacity here, and if these fruits succeed, we shall be enabled to increase very largely the area over which fruits can be grown successfully in Canada. In Manitoba efforts will be made to introduce new varieties of grain, especially early ripening sorts, for, notwithstanding the fact that occasional frosts occur, we may confidently anticipate that that country will continue to produce millions upon millions of bushels of wheat, tenfold more than it produces at present, as the country becomes more settled, and we have a sufficient number of farmers there to till the fertile soil ready cleared at their hands. Then, also, the question of stockraising and dairying will be considered, and the important subject of forestry receive attention. There are comparatively few trees in Manitoba, and the winds sweeping over the plains produce a condition of things not so agreeable as that which the shelter of the woods

and trees affords. Now, if this shelter can be provided—and there is no doubt that it can—it will add to the comfort of the settlers' homesteads, make them more beautiful, and by supplying a tempering influence to the winds, make that country more desirable to live in. The same class of experiments will be carried out at the Branch Farm at Indian Head, in the Northwest Territories. The land on this farm is all open prairie, and this spring, when operations began, there was not a shrub or tree in sight. By the introduction of trees it is hoped to make quite a change in this Farm in a few years; 20,000 young trees were planted there this spring, and from 40,000 to 50,000 have been raised from seed, and it is expected by the end of another year to have somewhere in the neighbourhood of 100,000 growing trees on it. These experiments will be instructive examples to the farmers of the districts in which the farms are situated, which they will not be long in imitating. Everyone there loves trees, and the feelings of the settlers of the Northwest are quite different from those of the early settlers in Ontario, who were obliged to look upon trees as enemies, and to be cut down in order to furnish space for agricultural operations. With a growing love of trees among the farmers, it is hoped, in a few years' time, to see plantations of trees all over the Northwest. In British Columbia the climate is milder. The Farm at Agassiz is situated below the coast range of mountains, and has a climate much like that of England. It is admirably adapted for fruit culture, apples, pears, plums and cherries growing there with a luxuriance surpassing anything we can do here. Many of these fruits are much larger than the same varieties grown anywhere in Ontario; and it is believed that in that province, although the quantity of agricultural land is limited, it will be possible to produce there a large quantity of fruits to supply the mining population of the mountains and the less favoured districts in the Territories.

LITERARY NOTES.

In spite of tempting offers Lord Tennyson refuses to write his memoirs. Who says Tennyson is not a great man?

Professor Roberts has a paper in the *Christian Union*, of New York, on "The Teaching of English," from which we shall give our readers a few extracts.

Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart, of East Corinth, but a Nova Scotian by birth and in heart, has sent the editor a thrilling account of the Miramichi Fire in 1825.

Who will inform us whether or not Cransworth Langstroth Betts, the translator of Béranger, is a New Brunswick man or not? "Carl," of St. John, N.B., who wrote to *Laclede*, of the *Gazette*, on the subject, may tell us.

The literary event of the week is the first number of "Can'diana," a new monthly issue devoted to the study of Canadian history—all original matter, out of the beaten paths. The editor is W. J. White, M.A. In our next we shall review it.

Our readers will hail the return to his own column of Aeus, with his bobbin full of sharp and shining "Points." Our friend has run the gauntlet of a professional examination and, from what we know of him, he must have done so with flying colours.

We have received from C. G. D. Roberts, M.A., the welcome news that the author of "Snowflakes and Sunbeams" is rector of St. Stephen, N.B. "He is very strong in a sort of impassioned lyric description, and his *soliloquy* verse is of our very best in that line." We shall now take occasion to have another look at his little creamy pamphlet.

A *Star* reporter has been shown a small pamphlet, printed at Mr. John Lovell's, in 1839, which contains the report of the proceedings at the trial of Cardinal, Duquette and Lepailleur, reported by a law student. The only survivor among the names it contains, apart from Mr. Lepailleur, is that of Mr. Justice Johnson, who is there denominated as "Francis Johnson, reporter." Apart from the evidence, the little volume contains an elaborate argumentative petition in favour of the prisoners, and signed by Mr. Aaron P. Hart and Mr. Drummond, their counsel. Copies of this volume are said to be very scarce.



RIGHT REV. M. S. BALDWIN, BISHOP OF HURON.

From a photograph by Frank Cooper, London, Ont.



VERY REV. CANON INNES, DEAN OF HURON.

From a photograph by Edy Bros., London, Ont.

MONTREAL IMPROVEMENTS.



THE NEW "BONAVENTURE" STATION OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, ST. JAMES STREET.

From a photograph by Notman.



THE PARTING OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.
Marble Group by Hamilton MacCarthy, A. R. C. A., Toronto.



BUST OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.
By J. Keiley, Sculptor, Toronto.



LUNCH TIME, IN THE WOODS, ON A HUNTING EXPEDITION.
From a Photograph by Capt. Imlah, R.C.A.



HIS HONOUR LT.-G. VERNOR ANGERS.—The Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec Province was born at Quebec on the 4th October, 1838, and after pursuing his course of studies at Nicolet College, began the study of law under his distinguished father, who stood among the foremost at the Bar of Quebec. He was admitted to practice in 1860, and soon attained to successful eminence in the firm of Casault, Langlois and Angers. In 1874 he reached the purple, and in 1876 he went into public life, winning the seat for Montmorency County in the Local House. In the same year, on the Hon. M. de Boucherville forming a new Cabinet, M. Angers was offered and accepted the portfolio of Solicitor-General. The year following, M. de Boucherville taking a seat in the Legislative Council, the leadership of the Assembly fell into Mr. Angers' hands, and, in 1876, he became Attorney-General. The two leaders understood each other thoroughly, and worked together. They resolved to build the North Shore Railway with the help of the Government and the municipalities along the line, which made liberal grants, while Montreal and Quebec allotted \$1,000,000 each. By his energy and eloquence M. Angers was greatly instrumental in putting the measure through, with the further result that Montreal and Quebec became the terminal points of the coming Canadian Pacific Railway. As a legislator, M. Angers ranks among the foremost men of the Dominion, the Electoral Act being allowed to be superior to the Dominion Act, and the Controverted Elections Act ranking equally high. The Superannuated Fund Law, applied to the children of Civil Servants, is also his. In 1876, M. Angers put a law through the Lower House giving Catholics and Protestants equal control over their educational interests. In 1877-78 a storm burst, which was sure to come, as in the Province of Quebec it is traditional that municipalities never pay a cent for public works, expecting, as a matter of course, that the Government will pay for them. The municipalities declined to plank down what they had subscribed, and M. Angers was defeated in the election of 1878, through the influence of Quebec, whose \$1,000,000 he had endeavoured to make that capital pay. Meantime the unfortunate Letellier crisis broke forth; M. de Boucherville was dismissed, and M. Joly called to form a Cabinet. M. Angers at once joined Hon. J. A. Ouimet (now Speaker) and the late Hon. M. Mousseau and M. Letellier was dismissed in turn. Then M. Angers was elected to the Federal Parliament by a large majority for Montmorency, but the second year following, 1880, he resigned and accepted a judgeship. In 1886 the Provincial Premiership was tendered him, but he refused on a question of principle and retained his place on the Bench till the 20th October, 1887, when he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of his native Province. M. Angers is possessed of splendid gifts of mind and strength of character, while his debating powers are of a high standard. He is a Canadian in the high and broad sense of the word, holding that every native of the country should strive toward making it a great nationality.

THE GRAND TRUNK'S NEW STATION AT MONTREAL.—The new Grand Trunk station at Montreal forms another step in the decoration of the city, and at the same time adds to the comfort of travellers who utilize it. It is situated on the site of the old terminus of the Lachine road, one of the pioneer roads of Canada, now forming a portion of the Grand Trunk Railway. The building itself has been designed for utility, and combines within itself the various requirements necessary for a terminal station. Its external appearance can be appreciated from our view, the materials being stone of the district for foundations and coursed work, with Credit Valley stone for base course; the superstructure, as well as the division walls, are of brick; the face and moulded brick are from Toronto, whilst the terra cotta panels and other decorative portions are from England. The roofs are covered with slate and galvanized iron, and flat portions with gravel. Cast-iron cresting and finials finish the sky line of towers. Capacious covered galleries and foot-way surround the building on its four sides. The station has a frontage of 240 feet by a depth of 100 feet, divided longitudinally into two sections, the larger or front one being utilized for offices on its upper and lower floors, and the smaller for a covered distributing platform, allotting and distributing passengers to their various destinations by means of distinct and separate outlets. A large waiting room 61 feet by 54 feet, by 44 feet high, forms the central portion of the building. Its walls and cornices are of selected and picked brick, with panels of terra cotta. The ceiling is bold in character, geometrically panelled, and is of wood, having large stained glass lights in its centre. Eight large windows with stained glass fanlights are placed on the upper and lower stages, and on the sides of the room are placed the ticket, news, and parcel offices, as also first-class waiting and dining rooms. The dining room and first-class waiting room are each 37 feet by 26 feet, by 20 feet in height; the former is finished with a highly decorated ceiling and frieze supported on ornamental pilasters in native woods, with the usual counter, mirrors and other arrangements requisite and required for this essential portion of the building. There is also a small and cosy room attached for use of private diners, etc.; over this portion are

the kitchen and other rooms. The first-class waiting room has a coved and plastered ceiling, and an extension room allotted to ladies, 23 feet 6 inches by 20 feet, with their retiring room beyond; these latter rooms are carpeted and fitted up with lounges, easy chairs, etc. It may be noted that five-places of special design are placed in dining-room, first-class and ladies' waiting rooms, having mantels of hardwood highly polished, with mirrors inserted. Fire-places have asbestos logs evidently meant to deceive the public, but really intended for and utilized as ventilators. The floors of the general waiting room, dining room and first-class waiting room are in Maw's encaustic tile work, specially designed for the building. The walls of these rooms are lined to a height of four or five feet with ornamental and panelled wainscoting of oak, ash and cherry. The smaller section of the building (i.e., general distributing platform) is a room 237 feet in length, 37 feet in width and 44 feet in height, the walls of which are of brick and the ceiling of pine, panelled and fixed in bays; there are windows on three sides of the upper storey, and on the lower, doors at either end, and on the sides sliding doors, the latter being outlets to the platforms from which start trains, west, east, north and south. Opening from this platform are baggage room, 54 feet by 26 feet, three storeys in height, customs rooms, retiring room, stairs to upper floor, parcels, news and ticket offices, second-class ladies' and second-class men's waiting room. Stairs to upper floor and agent's office in order named. These rooms are of dimensions to suit the requirements and are finished in a plain, strong and serviceable manner, wainscotted on the average to a height of five feet, and having hardwood floors. Upper rooms are allotted to Pullman and Wagner palace car offices, stationery, cashier, assistant superintendent, conductors and other rooms. The building is heated by hot water, the furnace being placed in a wrought iron watertight chamber, so that in case of a flood the heating arrangements will not be interfered with. Taken altogether, the building is well adapted for the purpose for which it is built, and its bold and striking outline makes it an important feature of street architecture, and an ornament to the city. The roadway in front of the station is 100 feet wide, extending from St. James street toward Chaboillez Square, giving an ample space for carriages, omnibuses, etc. The whole of the station yard has been remodelled to suit the requirements of the new station. The passenger tracks, ten in number, have been laid parallel to St. James street and placed in pairs, with a wide platform varying from 300 to 900 feet in length, and from 15 to 25 feet in width, between each pair. By the new arrangement each train is enabled to arrive and depart daily from the track specially allotted to it, thus preventing any confusion in the working of the yard and adding greatly to the convenience and comfort of the travelling public. We next cast a glance at the change in appointments and management about the station at train time. First to strike the attention is the row of cabs on the square in front of the station. This is the Grand Trunk's private property, and the fact has been taken advantage of to secure strict order and a good class of vehicles and drivers. The cab regulations require that drivers shall be on their vehicles on arrival of trains and shall remain there until passengers are clear of the station. Soliciting fares is rigidly forbidden and carriages are called from the ranks in turn. Overcharging and breaches of the company's rules are promptly punished. Sick and poor people and women with children are afforded the same facilities, when occasion requires, as the richest or those without encumbrance. Inferior cabs have been excluded, and passes to occupy the station stand are only granted after careful inquiry as to the general character and respectability of the applicant, who must also be the owner of the vehicle. At the north-east corner of the station stand the hotel runners in line with their coaches. On no account must a runner solicit passengers inside the depot. A police-man in uniform is always on duty at this point to maintain order and give information to travellers. Outgoing passengers are set down at the main entrance, on the east side of the depot, and their baggage is then taken round to the south side, where two doors open into the baggage department. Here is located the checking counter, attended by uniformed baggagemen. Canadian and American Customs' officers are also on duty to examine baggage crossing the boundary. Baggage, inward and outward, passes through separate doors from those used by passengers. On entering the general waiting-room (which is well heated and has seating accommodation for two hundred persons) from the main entrance, the offices of the Wagner and Pullman Car Companies are on the right side. On the left is the refreshment room, where meals can be had in the best style and quality at any hour. Next to the refreshment room is the commodious "parcel" and "inquiry" office—open day and night. Close by is a well-arranged news-stand. Across the room, on the right, is located the telegraph office, available at any time, operators being on hand during the twenty-four hours for the transaction of railroad and public business. Between the telegraph office and first class waiting-room is the ticket wicket. These offices are all designated by plainly lettered signs. The spacious first-class waiting-room opens out of the general waiting-room. This has also communication by a wicket with the ticket office. Beyond it is a handsome room for "ladies only," in charge of a matron, distinguished by a neat and appropriate costume, who is ready at all times to render assistance free of charge. Attached to this is a lavatory liberally supplied with toilet requisites. The "gents' lavatory" is in charge of a porter, and here also is found a supply of toilet necessities. A reasonable charge is exacted for cleaning boots,

but other services are rendered free. All the rooms are well-lighted, airy and easy of access. Two large swing doors on the west side of the general waiting room open into a spacious promenade, from whence entrance is gained to the platforms from which trains arrive and depart. Along the promenade enamel sign-boards indicate the offices allotted to the "Customs," "Parcels," "Stores" and "Stationmaster's" departments. Here is located the "Second-class Waiting-room," with lavatory for ladies. Adjoining this is the men's "Second class Waiting-room." Both these rooms will accommodate a large number of passengers and are very comfortable. Smoking is strictly prohibited in all the rooms and offices, and is permissible only on the promenade. A uniformed official announces the arrival and departure of trains in the various waiting-rooms and on the promenade, so that nobody need be left behind nor run any risk of missing incoming friends. Under the lights, which are numerous, are hung neatly and plainly-printed cards, announcing from what tracks the fifty odd trains per day will leave. The tracks are numbered in large white figures on a red background. At the doors on the north-east side of the promenade, nearest the position of departing trains, are uniformed ticket examiners, whose duty it is to inspect tickets and direct passengers to their proper trains. The doors nearest the platform on which a train arrives are thrown open to facilitate egress. No trunks, baggage, mail or express are allowed to be run down the platforms until the passengers are clear, excepting when a close train connection has to be made, and then not more than are actually needed. The risk of accidents and confusion are by this method made least possible. Express goods are kept in the cars and unloaded as quickly as possible after arrival on a special siding at the corner of Mountain and St. James streets, where a building has been erected for their reception. Promenading on the train platforms is strictly forbidden, and the general public are not admitted, but ladies accompanied by children, or encumbered with baggage, or sick persons, may have any desired escort or assistance.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.—We read in the *London Morning Post*: "Two groups of statuettes just completed by Mr. P. McCarthy at his studio win instant admiration by their felicity of conception and delicacy of execution. In the first, which represents the parting of Paul and Virginia, the sculptor has treated a familiar but ever attractive subject with simple, unaffected grace and touching tenderness of sentiment. The figures are excellently posed, and so tastefully draped as to set off to the best advantage the symmetry of either form; and the expression of grief in each face is regulated with nice regard to the sex and character of the respective personages. The sorrow of Virginia is intensely feminine in its air of disconsolate abandon, while that of her lover is thoroughly masculine, an anguish not demonstrative, yet all the more bitter on that account, the compressed lip and the wrong brow bespeaking 'that within which passeth show.'"

N.B.—Paul and Virginia was twice executed in marble. The original for Thos. J. Gibb, Esq., of Tunbridge-Wells, was exhibited in the Royal Academy, where it attracted very favourable notice, and replicas were afterward made for the Earl of Malmesbury, the Marquis of Abergavenny, the late Baroness de Rothschild, and other distinguished Art patrons.

BUST OF ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.—The value of this bust is that it gives a more real and pleasing view of the head and striking facial features of the late distinguished prelate than any portrait of his that we ever saw. The reason is that the bust stands without glasses, whereas the portraits of His Lordship were, so far as we know, taken full-face, with heavy spectacles. This bust was much admired and appreciated by all classes in Toronto.

LUNCH TIME—HUNTING.—A winter scene in the pineries, and thoroughly Canadian in all its appointments—the grey leaden sky; the straight, bare trunks of the trees; the sapling bent to a half moon; the fire of underwood and "brush"—precious fire! See how the "cook" bends over it for that indispensable hot water, which you must have in the wilderness as well as in the palace. The costume of the lonely hunters is also picturesque—the halmoral, the jersey, the "arroy" sash—*ceinture fléchée*—and the top boots of raw moose hide. Oh! the loneliness of the great woods and the calm solitude of these hunters.

QUEBEC VIEWS.—Quebec is the ever beautiful, excelling in sublime and varied scenery every site on this Continent. One never tires of the old town, inasmuch as, like Cleopatra,

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

The writer has often noticed that, if you drive in a caleche or cab, with your back to the horse and your face to the square opening behind, at every turn of the hill or street you have a new picture in the same old frame. The group of Bras d'Or scenes were much admired last week, but they were of the unpruned forest and wild nature. In the four views of Quebec, to day, you glance at historic ground as your eye slowly passes over the landscape. The top left picture is taken from the old Jesuits' Barnacks looking down Fabrique street, with the River St. Charles on the left; the beautiful village of Beaufort full in sight; the glorious Côte de Beaufort, past Lake Beaufort and winding at the foot of the Laurentian Hills. Directly on the river front are the Princess Louise Docks. On the right hand side the eye gazes from the Esplanade, with the venerable house and gardens of the Ursulines straight before you; the new Court House a little lower to the right; still lower to the right, the rocky Heights of Levis; in front the graceful

shapes of the Isle of Orleans; and, on the far left, St. Anne's Mountain and Cape Tourmente. The third view, on the lower left, is drawn from the Parliament Buildings, with the Grande Allée sweeping beneath, and a row of palatial houses opposite, that of Mr. Shelvyn being one; St. Louis Gate, spanning the street. On the right the scene is taken from an outer rampart of the Citadel, with old Dalhousie Gate opposite; the glacis and moats of the Citadel; the Barracks and the Officer's Quarters, with Notre Dame de Lévis, on the other side of the river. It would be impossible in such a small compass to see so many noble and historical sights.

BUFFALOS IN PRAIRIE FIRE.—This is another of Mr. Verner's spirited sketches of the Northwest. It represents the stampede of a herd of buffaloes before the overwhelming rush of a prairie fire, the noble herd seemingly swelling with fear: the eyes rolling red; the nostrils wide open; the huge hump rounded in muscular boundings, and the tufted tail swung high in air. We almost hear the thunder of their iron hoofs on the prairie grass and the roar of the flames sweeping onward like a whirlwind. It is a noble sketch, for which Mr. Verner deserves thanks, as it suggests to the Governments of the Dominion, Manitoba, and the N. W. Territories the propriety of keeping up the breed of the buffalo of our prairies, in ranches and public parks, so that the type of the grandest wild beast of America may not be wholly lost. While on this subject, we may reprint the hope, which we put forth editorially a few weeks ago, that the Hon. Mr. Dewdney may see his way to purchasing the last surviving whole herd of bison belonging to Major Bedson, for the National Park at Banff. The whole country would applaud the appropriation.

ON THE HUMBER RIVER.—The Humber is a river of considerable length, emptying into Lake Ontario about ix miles west of Toronto, and in conjunction with the Holland River, which flows into Lake Simcoe, formed the great canoe route of the *voyageurs* from Fort Rouille to Lake Huron and the north in the old historic days. It forms one of the favourite holiday resorts, within easy distance, of the citizens of Toronto.

RECEPTION AT THE FRENCH ACADEMY.—This picture is given to show our readers the interior of the renowned institution called the French Academy, and how the proceedings of the reception of a new member are conducted. The speech of welcome is made by the Perpetual Secretary, and the "recipendary" is the Count d'Haussonville, a member of the Legislative Assembly, and a writer on Social Economics.

We regret that, despite our best efforts made, we could not get any biographical notes of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Baldwin, Bishop of Huron, and Rev. Mr. Innes, of the same diocese, in time for this issue. But we shall publish them in our next number.

CANADIAN CAROLINE.

Mr. Thomas A. Gregg has been connected, at different times, with almost every newspaper published in Toronto, and has for some time been managing editor of the *Daily News*. He has recently published a poetical version of the legend of Caroline, the Algonquin maiden, and her murder in the Chateau-Bigot, near Quebec, which contains some very good descriptive lines. Mr. Gregg does not follow the legend, as told by Amedée Papineau, very closely, but supposes the murdered girl to be the daughter of Bigot's brother-in-law and friend by an Indian woman. Bigot discovers the relationship after he has won her heart, intending to ruin her pure young life, and that strange thing called "honour," which would not prevent his dishonouring an innocent girl, compels him now to abandon his marked design, because he promised his dying friend to find this half-breed girl and place her with her father's sister, his own neglected wife. His better nature having overcome his evil passion, he conducts the beautiful girl to the Chateau Bigot, intending to take her to his wife in the City of Quebec the following day. After bidding her good night, he sits by the fire, musing, until he falls asleep there. Meanwhile his jealous wife in the city, hearing stories of a new mistress brought into the chateau, rides swiftly to the place, murders the sleeping girl, and escapes, carrying with her the maiden's locket, containing the portrait of her brother. When Bigot, discovering his wife's crime, meets her and explains that she has murdered her brother's child, her reason almost forsakes her; but husband and wife seem to be drawn closer together by her crime, which is soon followed by his own political downfall, and they sail for France together, never reaching home, as the ship goes down at sea. Mr. Gregg's story is not historically accurate. Bigot was a bachelor, and his ship was not lost at sea. The first error may be pardoned, for it makes the story more interesting, but there seems to be no good excuse for the other.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale"
—Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

To enter upon a business career is looked upon by the Blue Bloods and the Blue Stockings as a prostitution of talents. At the risk of being considered almost sacrilegious, I shall venture to question the intellectual superiority of the successful author over the successful business man. In the complications of business, a retentive memory is no less serviceable, nor less frequently found, than in the labyrinths of literature. The rigid integrity, proverbially characteristic of the successful man of business, forms a strong contrast to the profligacy too often characteristic of the devotee's art. The business man requires, I think, a more accurate judgment than the author. The errors of the author are merely a matter for the critics; but the blunders of the business man mean ruin. And so, of stern necessity, the latter sees clearer and thinks straighter than the former; and, while the author is actuated by the unsubstantial consideration of a posthumous fame, the business man labours for the surer and more tangible object of ministering to the present necessities and luxuries of himself and those who may be dependent upon him.

The decrepitude and imbecility of age are generally denominated "second childhood." But the contrasts between age and childhood are more numerous than the points of resemblance. Maturity never, I think, approaches nearer to juvenility than in the sympathies of Christmas time. The model of a modern major-general waives his prowess for the time, and is easily vanquished by a boy with a tin sword; and the smiling labourer, whom one sees drawing home a cheap little sled on Christmas Eve, experiences no doubt as much pleasure from the toy as its prospective recipient. Christmas, in short, is like some youth-giving fountain of which the exhilarating waters bubble forth but once a year. And it is there that humanity enters upon its real second childhood.

The game of progressive euchre still continues to "progress." It has been disapproved of by some as being a mild form of gambling. But it lacks this characteristic of gambling, that nothing is forfeited by the player; the prize for which he plays is not the result of any deposit by him; he loses nothing anyway. Progressive euchre admits of some talking and considerable stir generally. For my own part I am such a restless spirit as to like the change of tables and of partners, and scores of other young hands at cards so far agree with me as to keep the game alive. Last session an elderly Senator expressed my views exactly: We were spending the evening at the house of a mutual friend, and the Senator was asked if he would like a game of whist. "Thank you," said he, "but I think I would rather talk."

In the temperance agitation, as in other agitations, the truth lies between extremes. The truth lies between the extremes of total abstinence on the one hand, and dipsomania on the other. The abomination of the liquor traffic is the outcome of the system of treating. Not long ago a gentleman, by no means averse to his glass, said that if I would start an anti-treating pledge he would be the first to sign it; and a prominent physician once said in my hearing that, in his opinion, treating should be made a penal offence. The opinion is gaining ground that the great evil of the liquor traffic is the outcome of treating. And along this line a new and, I think, a successful movement could be inaugurated. Any pledge for the personal abstinence of the inebriate is very likely to be broken; but a pledge simply to refrain from tempting others might, I think, be kept with comparative ease. When this is accomplished the cause of sobriety will have achieved a most signal triumph over a most formidable foe.

There are now three vacancies in the section of English Literature, which the Hon. Secretary, John G. Bourinot, has written to the members about, advising them to see to the choice of successors. The vacancies were caused by one death and two resignations.

MILITARY GENIUS.

We complete Lord Wolseley's estimate of the five greatest soldiers of history with Gen. Lee, of the Confederate Army, and give other bright observations of this keen student of the art of war. He says:

GENERAL LEE.—And lastly, let me glance at General Lee. Lee's strategy when he fought in defence of the Southern capital, and threatened and finally struck at that of the United States, marks him as one of the greatest captains of this or of any other age. No man has ever fought an up-hill and a losing game with greater firmness, or ever displayed a higher order of true military genius than did he when in command of the Confederate army. The knowledge of his profession displayed by Gen. McClellan was considerable, and his strategic conceptions were admirable, but he lacked one attribute as a General, without which no man can ever succeed in war—he was never able to estimate with any accuracy the numbers opposed to him. It was the presence in Lee of that intuitive genius which McClellan lacked which again and again gave him victory, even when he was altogether outmatched in numbers.

Small and large armies have each had their day. The present age is one of large masses of fairly trained soldiers, but it is by no means certain to me that the time may not yet come again when all nations will once more resort to small standing armies of the most highly trained and disciplined soldiers. We may find that the soldier, to be at his best, or to be even thoroughly efficient, will require such long and, above all things, such constant training, that an army consisting of a people in arms will be impossible. In fact, we may find out by and by that a comparatively small standing army of carefully selected men, the flower of the nation, highly skilled in all manly exercises, in all military arts, and kept in a constant state of perfect training, is a more effective weapon for fighting purposes than the slow-moving and more or less unweildy armies of the present day. It is only by a deep study of military history, of the military arts and sciences in all their phases, that heaven-born genius can be converted into the successful commander. Not even Jomini was more thoroughly conversant with all the great campaigns of Cæsar, Hannibal, Terence, Marlborough and Frederick the Great than Napoleon was. Yet what is the lesson the history of the American war teaches us? All those whose names will be forever remembered in connection with it by the English speaking race throughout the world were educated soldiers. Lee and Grant, Stonewall Jackson, Sherman, McClellan, Sheridan, Longstreet, Johnson, Hill, and a host of others whose names are and will long be household words in their own States, were all graduates of West Point, that most excellent of military colleges.

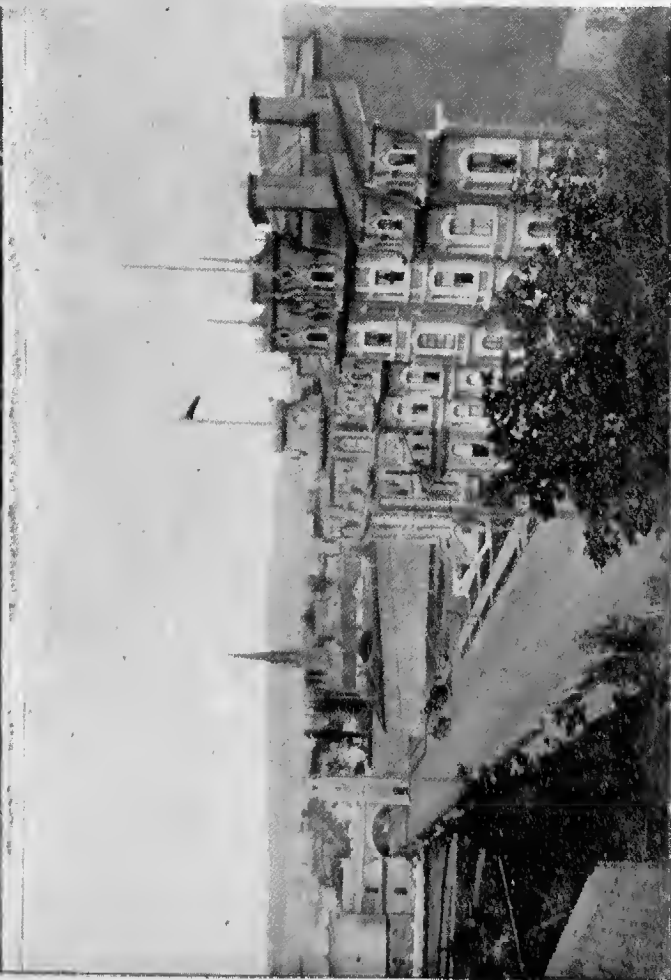
WONDERFUL VANCOUVER.

Less than four years ago the site of Vancouver, B.C., was a dense forest; to-day a flourishing city is located there, and it is rapidly becoming a place of commercial importance. The Customs returns of last month are indicative of Vancouver's prosperity. From the *News Advertiser* we learn that the value of the dutiable imports in November was \$32,537, against \$14,925 in November, 1887. The value of free imports in November last was \$15,317, against \$10,888 in November, 1887. The exports for last month were \$71,234, against \$54,305 for November, 1887, or an advance of over 31 per cent. The *Advertiser* points out that in the exports of last year there were included shipments of anthracite coal from the Banff mines to the value of \$15,000. There are no shipments of this coal being made at present, and, therefore, the general exports have really increased by \$15,000 more than appears by the returns, or at the rate of 81 per cent. The amount of the Customs receipts last month were \$13,094.43, against \$4,253.59 in November, 1887. These figures are indicative of Vancouver's commercial prosperity, and they are only part of the evidence that is forthcoming to show that the youngest city of the Dominion is making rapid strides in the highway of growth and progress.

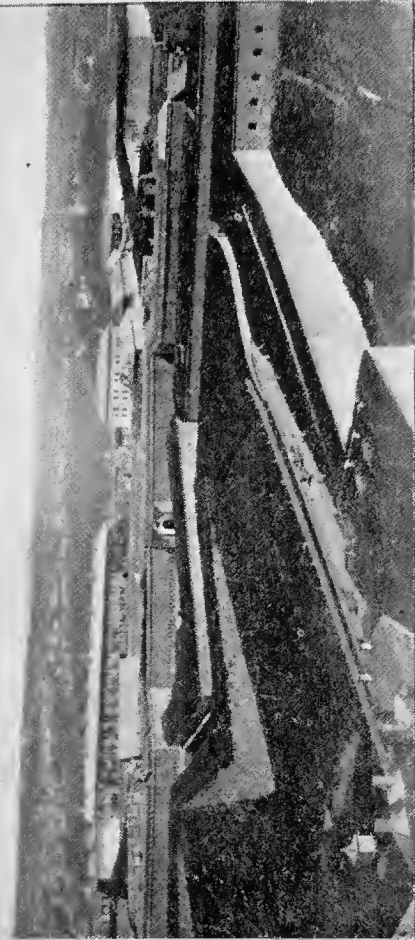
FABRIQUE STREET, LOOKING TOWARDS BEAUFORT.



FROM THE FORTIFICATIONS, NEAR ST. LOUIS GATE; the Island of Orleans and Point-Levi in the distance.



GRANDE ALLÉE AND ST. LOUIS GATE.



THE CITADEL AND GLACIS: Levis in the distance.

VIEWS IN QUEBEC.

From photographs by an Amateur



STAMPEDE OF A HERD OF BUFFALOES IN A PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

From a sketch by F. A. Verner.

The Lady in Muslin.

"You're sure, Gaunt, you've all you want within reach?" I said, coming back to his side with affectionate solicitude.

"Quite sure," he said, indifferently enough, and raising his eye-glass to survey my person, with perhaps just a touch of jealousy. "You're determined to do the thing in style," he added; "good luck."

"Good-bye," I replied with dignity.

I went along at a quick pace, the parcel under my arm, and soon arrived at the entrance of the cottage. As usual at that hour, all the blinds and awnings were closely drawn, and not a sound from living thing broke the stillness reigning around.

With rather a hesitating hand I gave a feeble ring, which received no answer; so, after patiently broiling in the sunshine for about five minutes, I rang again; another five minutes of patient suffering, then a rather more vigorous pull at the bell. Still no answer, till my patience exhausted, and my courage revived, I gave a tug which sent a good peal through the house.

This summons was answered by the Italian servant, who, evidently aroused from sleep, did not greet my appearance more civilly than usual. On presenting my card, and requesting to see his mistress on business, he gave me a sleepy, wary smile, and ushering me into a large well-shaded apartment, carefully closed the door on me.

I stayed there long enough to begin to feel a little nervous as to what I should say when in the presence of that mysterious lady, and how I should say it, and to listen eagerly to the closing and opening of doors, and the movement of feet along the uncarpeted floors, when the Indian returned, and with a lower bow than ordinary, requested me to follow him to his mistress's room.

He led me quite across the building to the room from which our interesting neighbour gave us nightly the pleasure of listening to her magnificent voice, and throwing open the door, admitted me into that mystic apartment. It was so closely shaded by Venetian blinds, that coming as I did from the glare of noon, it seemed like passing from day to night; the temperature was agreeably cool, and the sweet scent of flowers came not overpoweringly from the conservatory, which stood with its doors thrown open on one side of the room. The furniture was all of the lightest, airiest description; and the luxury of coolness seemed the only luxury admitted there, with the exception of a handsome rosewood piano, and a kind of sofa settee, from whose soft and abundant cushions my lady had evidently only lately risen, probably roused by myself from her usual midday slumbers.

I had time just to note all this, and to seat myself with studied ease on one of the chairs, when I heard a slight swishing in the adjoining room, and the door communicating opening slowly, in came the lady of the cottage—and—was it the lady at the railway station? The same filmy, cloudy style of dress, she had certainly; but then in summer most women affect that; she had also the same careless attitude and bearing; but then that profusion of blonde hair, worn drawn back from a brow that was particularly smooth and beautiful, and collected in the net at the back, gave a youthfulness to the face that was altogether wanting, and strikingly so, in that of my railway acquaintance. There was certainly a something which recalled her vividly; but then, curiously enough, in comparing the remembrance to the reality, the very peculiarities recalling her seemed to deny her identity. The expression resembled, but it certainly was not the same; the cast of the features, the complexion, resembled, yet were different, and I could no more have sworn to the lady at the railway station being identical with the lady at the cottage, than I could have sworn to the identity of the man in the moon.

I was so utterly bewildered with this strange resemblance, and non-resemblance, that as I stood bowing before her I almost forgot my errand, and in my curiosity lost sight of my embarrassment.

She stood before me in the shady light of the

apartment, calmly leaning one hand on the table, and waiting for me to speak, with the dignity of a queen giving an audience.

"I trust you will pardon my intrusion," I began politely; "I come to explain and apologize for a most unfortunate mistake on my part." As I spoke I pointed to the packet of books and unopened envelope, which I had laid on the table.

"Ah!" she exclaimed quickly, and snatching up the letter, she read hurriedly the address, flushing deeply, I don't know whether through anger or any other emotion.

"My name being so similar"—I began again; but I stopped short, for the lady was running her dark eyes with intense anxiety over the letter, and apparently utterly heedless of my presence.

When she had finished she laid down the paper on the table; her eyes and expression seemed to quiet down, and with a smile she said:

"Make no apologies, pray; I see this is pure mischance, which, however, harms no one. A lady's correspondence generally contains no very great intelligence."

As she spoke she looked into my face with the same steady eager gaze which recalled my railway acquaintance strongly, and an expression of triumph, which, however, was but momentary, giving place to one of doubtful inquiry, came suddenly, making the resemblance so perfect that once again I felt convinced of their identity.

I proceeded to make some remarks explanatory, apologetical, etc., during which the lady, or as I suppose I may call her now, Miss Owenson, turned over her magazines, lingered lovingly over the fashions, and merely condescended to fill up the pauses I made to take breath by short "Oh, yes-es" and "oh, noes."

When, however, I took my hat, preparatory to departure, she suddenly threw off her indifferent and ennuied manner.

"Some evenings ago," she said, "you sent in to me for some music; you or Mr. —, I forget your friend's name."

"Oh, yes, Gaunt admired the song you were singing," I replied, in my turn, assuming the indifferent and careless.

"He seems a great invalid," she said, in an interested tone, going toward a pile of books and loose music, and beginning to turn it over. "I was sorry not to be able to give him the information he required. However, yesterday, by chance, I came on the very piece. Do you think he would care to have it now?"

I was perfectly aware that Dick knew as much about music as he did of metaphysics, but I did not hesitate to accept my lady's civil offer with enthusiasm, and to prophesy Gaunt's unutterable pleasure at the possession of such a treasure.

"He's an uncommonly good-hearted fellow," I said, alluding to my friend; "but he makes an abominable patient."

"He seems to have plenty of occupation certainly," she replied, "and his little girl, too; I suppose he is a widower."

"His little girl?" I exclaimed, smiling in spite of myself, and noticing how earnestly the lady listened and how earnestly she seemed to examine my smile. "My friend is not married; little Cecile is his niece and god-daughter."

Miss Owenson half drew back a step, not in a surprised or startled manner, however, and she said "Oh," in a low tone.

Suddenly changing the conversation, she pointed to the conservatory.

"Have I not made the most of my time?" she said; "when I came here there were six little geraniums, and now look."

I followed her willingly enough among her flowers, and certainly she had reason to be proud of the show they made. They were arranged with great taste; and amongst them I found some rare exotics, that evidently belonged to the hand of her Indian servant, and, I could not help suspecting, of her own too.

Of course I admired, and behaved as a gentleman similarly placed should behave, and would behave, when he has a very vivid idea that he is in company with a handsome, romance-loving opera star; but to my surprise my compliments

and soft speeches fell on very stony ground. My companion neither encouraged nor rebuffed such, she simply disregarded them; only now and then she addressed me some pointed question, concerning my own life, Gaunt, or little Cecile, that at last I woke me to the certainty of what I had at first dimly suspected, viz., that the lady of the cottage was merely spinning out her conversation on flowers, music, etc., that she might have the opportunity and leisure for what in school days I used to call "pumping" me.

Such a conviction was not flattering; but my curiosity as to her reason for so doing being piqued, I conquered my desire to make my bow and dignified exit, and allowed her to continue her game for a little longer.

When I did at length make my adieu, she held out her hand—a very creamy, plump hand, I remarked—in a friendly manner. And I left her presence, having certainly seen her face, and won the race of Gaunt, but more than ever puzzled as to who and what she was.

All that I could announce with any certainty to my friend was, that Margaret Owenson, Esq., was one of the most peculiar but beautiful women I had ever seen.

VII.

FISHING IN THE BOUNDARY STREAM.

That evening we were prevented talking about my morning call by the presence of the celebrated surgeon who had undertaken the cure of Gaunt's ankle. His presence also prevented our usual attentive observation of our neighbour, very much to my annoyance, for Cecile came once privately to inform me that the lady, dressed in black silk, was walking about the garden, and that she had nodded to her (Cecile). Of course I considered this friendly demonstration entirely owing to my own conduct and "tact."

To my great satisfaction the surgeon found Gaunt's foot so far recovered that he no longer ordered such strict rest; he gave us leave to try a short walk in the garden the following day, prophesying from the present state of the ankle a now speedy recovery.

For the next few days, if the lady of the cottage cared to cast her eyes in the direction of our verandah, she must have found it very frequently deserted. Gaunt, only too glad to make as much of his freedom as he could, had hired a light chaise, with a pair of capital ponies, and these animals he kept in perpetual motion, bearing him and me about somewhere or other. Cecile generally was of our party, except when we drove to the town of — (which was tolerably often, both of us tiring of the picturesque), or when we visited an old acquaintance of Richard's whom he had discovered on some distant expedition quite by chance.

I noticed all this silently; for I kept most rigidly to our tacit agreement that I should not seek to penetrate Gaunt's secret; but nevertheless I noticed it.

I was becoming very much accustomed, however, to the mystery, and it ceased to harass me. I accepted Cecile's presence without further questioning, and became so accustomed to hear her call Dick "Uncle," while she addressed me more familiarly as Mark, that I had almost forgotten that it was *not*, all things considered, the most natural thing in the world.

I dare say a woman's penetrating eye, in watching Gaunt's manner and behaviour to the child, would have guessed with tolerable precision Gaunt's actual connection with her. To my mind he seemed to treat her very much as I did myself. She was not a petable child, her greatest delight being to affect and be treated as the young lady. With a strange precocity, too, she appeared almost to understand that her position in our regard was strange and embarrassing; and, with true female delicacy, I have often noticed her remaining and evidently wearying herself in the garden for hours, rather than join us, when she fancied we were talking confidentially and didn't want her.

(To be continued.)

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

In *The Literary World* "George" asks: Who was "Sir Walter Vivien," of Tennyson's "The Princess?" And his son Walter? Was the latter a college friend of Tennyson's? Where is the mansion described in the introduction to "The Princess?" Am I wrong in stating that, to my knowledge, there are at least two scholars in Montreal who are able to answer these queries.

In Britain copyright runs for forty-two years from the date of first publication, or for the author's life and seven years from his death, whichever term should be the longer. The problem, then, is to find the date of publication of the poem, which you will probably be able to do by consulting the author's works in some library.

Frederick Noel Paton, in his *Chaucer*, of "The Canterbury Series," says that, with all his faults, Chaucer is the "Father of English Poetry," and that, "surpassed in versatility only by the unapproachable genius of Shakespeare," his writings pre-eminently belong to what De Quincey defined as the literature of power.

Madame Craven, of the La Ferronaye family, author of that extraordinary work, in two volumes, "A Sister's Recital," *Le Recit d'une Sœur*, has just published in French the life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the eminent writer, sister of Lord Granville. Another work of this most gifted French writer, who was married to Mr. Craven, an Englishman, is "The History of a Soul," lately set into English.

I offer my readers the following quaint and touching bit of verse, from a warm friend and admirer of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

LIL.

[The so-called flower of the Calla is not a blossom at all. It is a blanched leaf. Nature is full of these freaks.—*Grant*.]

There is a flower, so precious and so frail,
That Nature, fain to fence it all she can,
Hath bid unfurl a lovely leaf, snow-pale,
To shield it from the ruder touch of man.
Thus, like a rosebud in a priceless bowl,
Thine own bright purity outshines thy soul.

F. C. EMBERSON, M.A., B.C.L.

All Hallows E'en, 1885.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Stewart regards the collie as the old indigenous dog of the British Islands—at once the deerhound, otterhound, terrier and shepherd's dog of the Scottish Gaels. Fingal's dog Bran, he says, was just an exceptionally strong and clever collie; nor would it be easy to persuade him that the faithful "Argus" of Ulysses, in far-off Ithaca, three thousand years ago, was other than the genuine collie of the same breed as the Fingalians, more than a thousand years afterward, in the hunting-grounds of mediæval Scotland and Ireland.

In her last book of Essays, Mrs. Craik, author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, has some odd sayings. In spite of a slight prejudice against medicine, or rather surgery, as a profession for women, she has some eminently practical remarks to make on that subject, and her belief in woman's "business faculty" leads her to point out several branches of usefulness in which unmarried women might earn their living. On the marriage question she has certainly the courage of her opinions, and in the article "For Better, for Worse," she makes the wife's duty, under certain circumstances, almost the exact contrary to what is ordinarily inculcated.

The venerable Ontario judge who wrote "The Legend of Marathon," reviewed some weeks ago in these columns, will perhaps be interested to learn that, at the age of eleven years, Elizabeth Barrett Browning composed an epic on "The Battle of Marathon," of which Mr. Barrett, her father, was so proud that he had fifty copies printed and distributed. Its author criticizes her early work in later years, but the epic was evidently a noticeable piece of work for her age.

Professor J. S. Blackie contends that, while Latin, in its relation to Italian is a dead language, modern Greek, in its relation to ancient Greek, can in no sense be called a new or a different language. He seeks to prove this by copious quotations from a Greek translation of "Hamlet"

received by him from Athens the other day. The versatile Professor is certainly doing his best to create an universal interest in the language of Greece, but whether he will slay that "Hellenism" he so much detests is doubtful. It is a strange feat of the Professor's to write a few words in Greek on all his envelopes.

In the historic Isle of Iona, where St. Columba's monks copied and illuminated many Psalters and Gospels, a press has now been established which should revive something of the island's ancient glory in that direction. Several curious books have already been sent out, including forms of prayers used by ancient Hebridean sailors and Ossian's "Address to the Sun." All these works are roughly printed in outline, and then illuminated in water colours by the girls of Iona. This is a repetition of history of which the old monks of the "island of the waves" little dreamt.

TALON.

THE LAMENT OF DELILAH.

BY AMY ELEANOR HULL.

Naught now is left me but to mourn and weep,
And sob, and sigh, and grieve in troubled sleep;
No hope again to lie 'neath whispering trees,
Lulled, sweet and soft, to rest by evening breeze.
For I have done to death a nation's pride,
And God of all the Hebrews have defied—
And woe to Sorek sweet, that she should bear
On her green smiling breast a child so fair
To look upon, so black and false within,
So weighted down with guilt and hateful sin.

His form was like a mighty forest tree,
And his strong arms, when they enfolded me,
Like clinging ivy, which doth never fail,
And against which nor winds nor storms prevail.
His skin was like the polish'd iv'ry, fair
And smoothed by the soft hand of Time; his hair
Was black and burnished as the raven's wing,
His voice was sweeter far than song to sing.

As from the rising of the East's clear day,
I felt from out his eyes a mystic ray—
A ray that pierced my soul and set it free.
As love-sick youth doth seek the trysting-tree,
Or "panting hart" the limpid, "cooling streams."
I sought his heart and there forgot in dreams
All else beside its throbbing, pulsing beat,
Which filled my burning veins with rapture sweet;
And night and day and all eternity
Seemed merged in blissful rapturous ecstasy.
Thus all to each, we loved, and envied not
Our Father's perfect Paradise, nor wot
We that a noisome reptile there some day
Would drag its loathsome, dank and slimy way.

The Philistines him from my circling arms
To steal then came. To tempt me of my charms,
They conversed much and long, nor thought to spare
In offering jewels rich, and silver rare.
But the sweet spell of love lay on my soul,
As dew-drops in the pure, white lily's bowl,
Or in the rainbow's shimmering tints a beam
Of purest sunshine; so their silver's sheen
Did nought avail, until its gleam laid bare
The deepest secrets of my soul, and there
I saw an all absorbing wild desire,
Prompted by vanity, to be still higher.
To equal him in all the world most high,
Whose might cried from the earth unto the sky;
And as mad mothers do their loved ones slay,
I sought the power of my beloved to stay.

Three times his god-like head unto my breast
I did entice, and there made my request.
With lips pressed close unto his own, he said
Were like pomegranates, rich, and ripe and red.
As if beguiled, he answered as I bade,
But ever rose up, strong as staunchest blade,
Scuttling the vain Philistines as he moved,
And e'er resistless to the foe he proved.

At last he spake, his head upon my knee,
His tender eyes raised softly unto me
With love and rapture scarcely ever known,
As if he felt but me, all thought else down.
Lulled, then, by sweet caress he, smiling, slept,
While, from the shadows, quick his enemies crept.
I raised a gleaming steel with cursed hand,
And on my knees his back fell, strand by strand,
And seemed, the tendrils, as they quivering fell,
To pulse, and throb, and breathe of pains from Hell.
"Awake, my lord! Samson, awake!" I cried,
"The Philistines be on thee now!" he sighed,
And stretched his goodly limbs, then stood as one
Bereft of mind, by woman's guile undone.
Then slow he turned to where I, cowering, stood,
And gazed with loathing in his glance, so good
And kind erstwhile, and I, in wondrous dread,
Did prostrate fall, and bid him strike me dead.
Unfit to touch, he spurned me from his side,

And e'en the lords, mocking, did me deride,
And called me false, though I had tamed their foe,
And cast their silver back. In deepest woe
I saw them then strike out those eyes, whose light
Had led my soul to dreams from darkest night,
And drag him from me, as the sun from day,
Or from its mate some wounded bird of prey.

I hide myself from out the mocking crowd,
Whose laughing daughters now are all too proud
To even touch my trembling form; whose men
Do, jibing, fitly call me "one of them,"
"A warrior bold, the mightiest in the land,
Conquering, not by sword, but woman's hand."

I wander in lone groves untrod by man,
Where o'er my brow the pitying breezes fan;
I look for rest by rushing streamlets, where
The pebbled waters sing forever, "false and fair,"
And shudd'ring tree-tops murmur back; and stare
The wildest beasts; the birds do pass me by,
And brush I the sweet flowers' dew they die,
For I am cursed and scorned by them as well
As God, whose home is Heaven, whose footstool Hell.

The hair he loved to smooth is streaked with care,
For the hand of Sorrow hath been revelling there;
The light within the eyes he oft hath said
Were sweetest stars of night is quenched and dead;
The lips are pale that once his lips did press,
And wan the cheeks that flushed to his caress.
For gaunt despair forever there hath wrought,
In furrows deep, her agony of thought.
But worse than all, this heart, whose sweet
Glad throbs were all for him, for him each beat,
Is black, and sore, and scorched within my breast,
With but a single prayer—for peace—for rest.

MILITIA NOTES.

Colonel Villiers, D.A.G. of the 10th Military District, is spending his holiday among his old Hamilton friends. He is most enthusiastic about his new Winnipeg quarters.

Lieut.-Col. J. W. McGlashan lately died at Palestine, Texas, and his remains were brought to his old home, Montreal. He was the father of Captain McGlashan of the 38th Dufferin Rifles, Brantford.

The Lansdowne challenge cup, won by the New Brunswick team at the last Dominion Rifle Association matches, has arrived at Ottawa. There are one hundred and thirty-three ounces of solid silver in it and it cost four hundred and twenty dollars. The duty on it would be over eighty dollars, but an order-in-council will probably be passed admitting it free, as is customary in such cases.

"Linchpin," in the *Canadian Militia Gazette*, says that the two first regiments to enter Quebec after its capitulation by the French in 1759, were the last to leave it in 1871. To an officer and detachment of the Royal Artillery, escorted by the 6th Royal American Royals, was given the honour of hoisting the British flag at the Conquest, and upon the withdrawal of the Imperial troops from Quebec the Union Jack was handed over to Col. Strange by a detachment of the R. A. and the 60th Rifles.

The death of Colonel Francis Duncan, C.B., D.C.L., took place on the 16th ultimo, in the 52nd year of his age. Col. Duncan studied at Aberdeen University, from which he received the degree of LL.D., and subsequently the degree of D.C.L., from Kings College, Windsor, N.S., as the *Record* informs us. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1855, and served with distinction on many occasions. During the Nile expedition Col. Duncan commanded at Wady Halfa on the line of communication, and for his services was made C.B., and received the war medal. He is the author of "The History of the Royal Artillery," "The English in Spain," and several works on military and colonial questions.

His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General of Canada, has been pleased to make the following appointments upon his Staff, viz: To be extra aides-de-camp—Lieut.-Col. Philippe Landry, 61st Montmagny and L'Islet Battalion; Lieut.-Col. John Russell Armstrong, New Brunswick Brigade of Garrison Artillery; Lieut.-Col. James Pennington Macpherson; Lieut. Arthur Edmund Curren, 1st Halifax Brigade of Garrison Artillery; Lieut.-Col. George Dudley Dawson, 10th Battalion Royal Grenadiers; Lieut.-Col. Edward Gawthorpe, British Columbia Brigade of Garrison Artillery; Major Charles John Short, Regiment of Canadian Artillery; Major Hector Prevost, 65th Battalion Mount Royal Rifles. To be honorary aides-de-camp—Lieut.-Col. Hewitt Bernard, C.M.G.

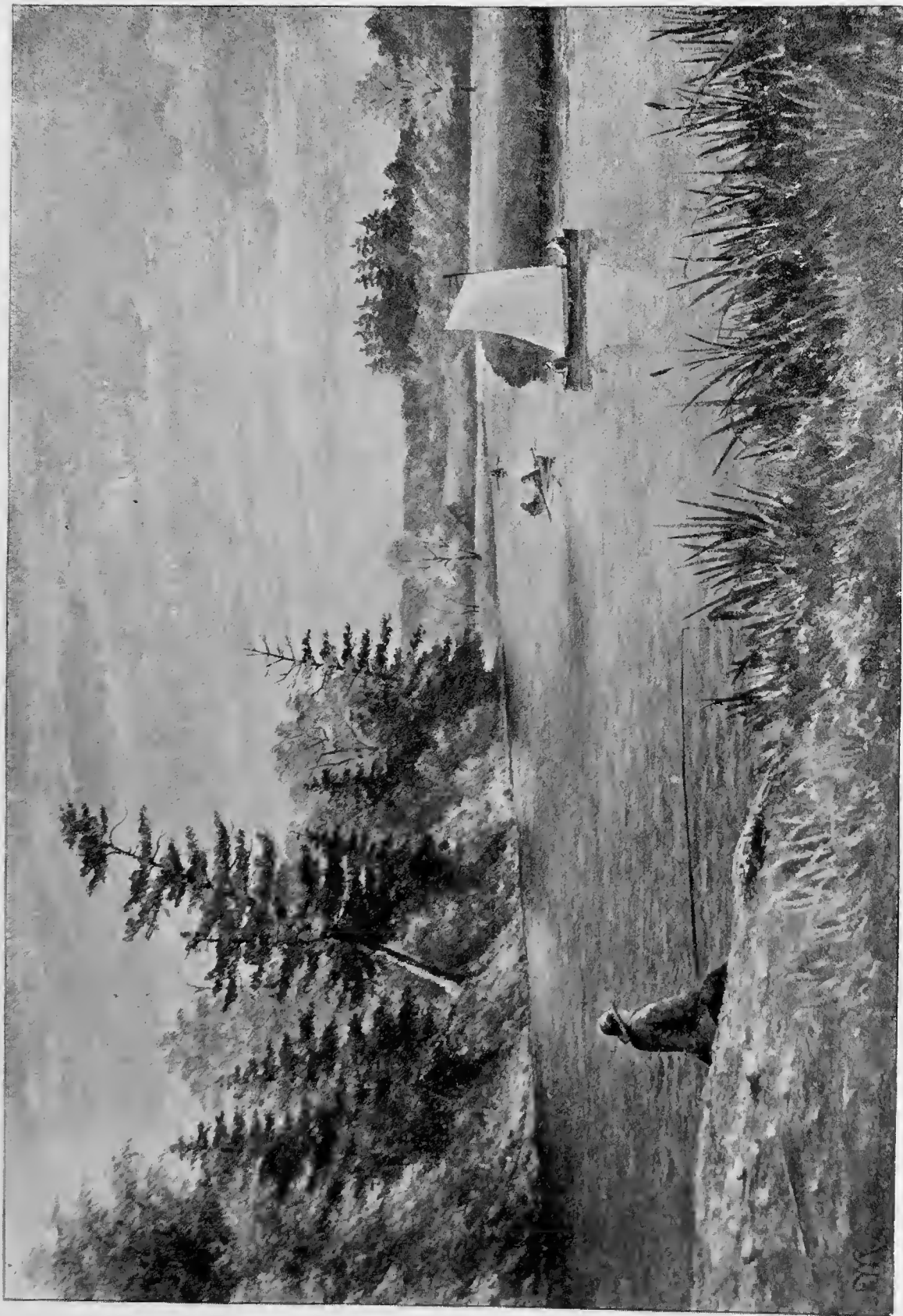
The first indication of domestic happiness is the love of one's home.

"There is no good substitute for wisdom," says Josh Billings; "but silence is the best yet discovered."

Take a piece of steel, that man is the strongest and most elastic who always retains his temper.

The sinner is the devil's miller, always grinding; and the devil is always filling the hopper, that the mill may not stand still.

No man or woman of the humblest can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it; without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.



ON THE RIVER HUMBER, NEAR TORONTO.

From a sketch by Wm. Revell, A.R.C.A.



A RECEPTION AT THE FRENCH ACADEMY.
From *Le Monde Illustré* of Paris.



IMPERIAL WEEDS.—The dress worn by the Empress Frederick, which is the dress of a German widow, is very picturesque, though simple and severe. The gown, which is a long, plain one and covered entirely by crape, is only relieved by two long bands of white lawn, which go down from the neck of the gown in front to the feet. The widow's cap is black, and worn in a stiff point, which comes down low on the forehead, and to which is fastened a long black veil, falling almost to the feet behind. The three Princesses wear the same deep veil and cap, without the white bands which are the distinctive widow's dress.

CARE OF THE BODY.—Most of those who die between twenty-five and sixty, unless they die by accident, die by some indiscretion—such as the over-indulgence of appetite, or the neglect of food when needed, or the overstrain of business, or exposure to changes of temperature without corresponding changes of clothing. It is intelligent caution that saves sickness; and this caution ought to be in possession and exercised before middle-life. It is so much easier to prevent serious sickness than it is to secure recovery from it. Hence it is that many who are deficient in vigour in early life outlive the vigorous and careless.

A PRETTY CUSTOM.—For generations a certain Japanese family had a box, into which they put percentages. Said one of them: "If I want to buy a garment that costs one dollar, I buy it for eighty cents; or give a feast that would cost five dollars, I give it for four dollars; or to build a house for one hundred dollars, I build it for eighty dollars, and put the balances in the box. At the end of the year we meet, open the boxes, and give the contents to the poor. It costs us some self-denial, but we are always prosperous and happy." They call this worshipping "The Great Bright God of Self-Restraint."

EVERLASTING YOUTH.—One who saw Patti the other day in Paris could see no visible change, no mark of the past ten or fifteen years upon her. She was still as slim and rounded, still without a grey hair in her head or a wrinkle upon her. There had not come under her chin that small break in the contour of the throat, which is the first knell of dead youthfulness. Her hair lay in rich, plentiful black locks about a brow where not one line was to be seen. Her eyes were clear and bright as a child's, her cheeks smooth and pink, her teeth snowy and faultless, and the delicate lines of her figure just what they were a score of years back.

GREAT WOMEN.—The *Pull Mall Gazette's* request for lists of the world's twelve greatest women has produced this collective vote, given in order of preference:—

Joan of Arc.....9	St. Theresa.....2
George Sand.....8	Aliah Bae.....1
Queen Elizabeth.....7	Deborah.....1
Maria Theresa.....6	Helen of Troy.....1
George Eliot.....6	Aspasia.....1
Mme. Roland.....6	Mme. de Maintenon.....1
Catharine of Siena.....5	Monica.....1
Sappho.....4	Emily Bronte.....1
Mrs. Browning.....4	Jael.....1
Esther.....3	Empress Helen.....1
Charlotte Bronte.....3	Zenobia.....1
Mme. de Staël.....3	Lady Rachel Russell.....1
Elizabeth Fry.....3	Marguerite of Navarre.....1
Mary Somerville.....3	Boadicea.....1
Semiramis.....2	Mme. de Sévigné.....1
Catharine II.....2	Susannah Wesley.....1
Isabella of Castile.....2	Mrs. Stowe.....1
Margaret Fuller.....2	Josephine Butler.....1
Mary Wollstonecroft.....2	Miss Willard.....1
Jane Austen.....2	St. Elizabeth of Hungary.....1
Maria Edgeworth.....2	Grace Darling.....1
Florence Nightingale.....2	Louise Michel.....1
Judith.....2	Mrs. Bentham.....1
Cleopatra.....2	Charlotte Corday.....1
Rosa Bonheur.....2	Hemba Stretton.....1
Mrs. Booth.....2	

HERE AND THERE.

THE STUART EXHIBITION.—The Stuart exhibition opened in London on the 30th ult. Over one thousand articles, more or less intimately connected with the royal house of Stuart, are on view, and the collection includes portraits, rings, gloves, body linen, autographs and snuff boxes. The relics of Mary, Queen of Scots, are the most interesting. There is a beautiful silver draught board, upon which she used to play, and a broad, silken leading string, which she or her nurse was wont to tie round the waist of little King James I. to keep him out of mischief when he was learning to walk.

THE CARDINAL NOT A POLITICIAN.—Cardinal Newman has always held himself aloof from politics, but he is known to entertain broad Liberal views, although, of course, on the education question his sympathies are with the Conservatives. At the 1885 election he was the very first to record his vote at the polling station close to the Oratory. His last appearance in the dignity of his office was at the festival of St. Philip Neri, the founder of the Order of the Oratory. Cardinal Newman has held St. Philip's character in the deepest reverence. He has written of the saints in words of sweet affection, and he always preached the sermon at the Saint's festival.

A GRAVE WITH A HISTORY.—There is a little hillock, overgrown with grass and weeds, in a Georgia cemetery, which has a curious history. Georgia voted for William Henry Harrison in 1840. This State was one of the most closely contested battle grounds in that campaign. The people of Laurens County were ardently for Harrison. When the President died, in 1841, a casket was interred in the cemetery in honour of Wm. Henry Harrison, and for many years it was visited annually and decorated by the ladies of the place. Since the war the grave has been neglected, but the election of the grandson to the Presidency has revived interest in the little mound.

EUGENIE'S ENGLISH RESIDENCE.—I see it is stated that the physicians who attend the Empress Eugenie have informed her that she would have "good health" if she would decide to leave England. The fact is that the Empress is just as well in England during half of each year as she would be in any other country; but some of her relations, and the Bonapartist party generally, are excessively apprehensive that the Empress will bequeath a large part of her fortune to Princess Beatrice, who is a great favourite. The Empress, however, has much resented these attempts to withdraw her from England, and probably foresees that, once a resident on the Continent, she would be as much worried by her anxious and expectant relations as was Miss Crawley when she had Mrs. Bute attacking her on one side and Mr. Pitt and Lady Southdown on the other.

BEAR DISCIPLINE.—A traveller who was crossing the Rocky Mountains overheard a teamster tell the story of a mother bear and her cub, giving what he called a good example to human mothers in family government. The teamster was going up the mountain for pine logs, driving a waggon. On the top of a large rock, by the side of the road, was a young bear. The mother had started up the mountain as the team approached. "The cub looked so cute," said the teamster, "lying there with its paws dropping over the edge of the rock, watching the horses as they came up. Presently, the old bear came bounding back to the cub, and, giving it a nudge with her nose, started up the mountain again, expecting the 'young one' to follow. But the cub made no move. The old bear then came back the second time, and, taking up the cub in her arms, gave him several cuffs. This time the cub obeyed orders and followed the old bear in a gallop up the side of the mountain. He knew, that cub did, that he'd better mind, for the old bear wouldn't stan' any more foolin'."

Friendship has steps which lead up to the throne of God, though all spirits come to the Infinite; only love is satiate, and, like truth, admits of no three degrees of comparison; and a simple being fills the heart.

BRAVE WORDS.

At the late banquet of the Toronto Board of Trade, among other speeches, equally national and loyal, the Hon. Mr. Mowat made a speech that is so thoroughly satisfactory and encouraging as to deserve to be treasured in the columns of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, which is devoted to the same mission. Our report is taken from that of the *Globe*:

Hon. Oliver Mowat, who was received with loud cheers:—My name was associated with that of the Premier of Canada in the toast that you have just drunk. It is not often that we are associated together. (Applause and laughter.) He has reminded you that twenty years ago there was an association between us, and that I assisted in framing the Constitution under which we live. That accounts for its being so good a Constitution. (Laughter.) But no human work is perfect, and I would like to see that Constitution improved a little. (Applause.) We have had twenty years' experience of its working, and if the Premier would only deign to adopt some suggestions I might make I am sure it would be very much improved. He has had the confidence of this country for a great many years, and has exercised a very important influence over its affairs; he has yet, I hope, many years of official life before him, and I believe I could suggest to him some improvements, the making of which might be the crowning act of his political career. He has said a good deal with which I heartily agree. When he speaks of loyalty to the Dominion and to the Old Land, he says nothing in which I do not heartily join. (Applause.) I speak on this occasion for the whole Legislature, my opponents as well as my friends, when I say that we are agreed upon the importance of the Board of Trade, the integrity and ability, the enterprise and public spirit of the merchants of Toronto. (Applause.) We agree also in our attachment to the Old Fatherland. During the many years that I have sat in the Ontario Legislature I have never once heard one member of that House say one disloyal word. (Cheers.) I have never heard one member of that House express one disloyal sentiment. (Cheers.) I have never once heard one man express discontent at our British connection. We all rejoice that we are British subjects. We all rejoice to know that Canada is a part of that great nation. It stirs our hearts to know that British history is our history—(applause)—that the glory and civilization of the Fatherland are our glory and our civilization—(applause)—that its great men, its patriots and its statesmen, its soldiers and its philanthropists, its poets and philosophers, all belong to us—(great cheering)—because we are of the same blood. Our Constitution is the best that at that time we could frame—and taking into account our power of improving it, it is the best Constitution that any country ever had. (Applause.) I agree with him that, on the whole, it is a better Constitution than that of the United States—(applause)—and because it is so good, I would like to see it still better. (Applause.) Canada has made great progress, and that progress has led to discussions in regard to our future. Some think that our Constitution, as it is, may be a permanent one. Some speak of Imperial Federation. Some speak of Independence and friendly alliance with England. Some speak of Annexation. I am not for Annexation, as I am glad to know that you are not for Annexation. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) You and I love our country better than any other country. We prefer being British subjects to being the subjects or citizens of any other nation in the world. For myself I would rather be Premier of Ontario than Governor of the State of New York. (Applause.) If I had any higher public ambition, which I have not, I would rather be Premier of Canada than President of the United States. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) No one can help respecting the United States; but it is one thing to respect, it is another thing to join them. One great obstacle to union, one which I would like Canadians to regard as fatal to consideration of the subject, is the fact that we cannot but regard

that nation as a hostile nation. There are many American citizens who do not share in that animosity. But we have had such proof lately that we would be blind not to see that as a nation they are hostile to us. (Applause.) There ought to be perfect amity between the two great nations, and when perfect amity exists Annexation may be looked at in a new light. But Canada will never give nor sell herself to a hostile nation. (Applause.) Mr. Mowat concluded this part of his speech by expressing in the strongest way his conviction that the loyalty of Canada was so firmly rooted that it could stand the strain of improved trade relations with the United States.

OUR EYES MET!

Eyes that loved to meet
Star sisters answering under crescent brows.

—Cyril.

Once in a fairy shallop,
That plied from shore to shore,
Chance voyagers we floated;
A maiden rowed us o'er,
Together for a minute,
Doomed evermore to part;
Your mien was cold and stately,
And I was sad at heart.
You gazed toward the sunset,
I watched the wavelets roll;—
Our eyes met, one swift moment,
And flashed from soul to soul.
We parted at the willows,
And never changed a word,
But from your eyes, O Sweet Heart,
A madrigal I heard.
It whispers low at matins,
By noon it fails the ear,
In moonlight and at sunset
It carols true and clear.
And when your white soul wingeth
Its flight to heaven above,
Think, ere from earth it springeth,
That our eyes met, my Love.

2 a.m., All Hallows' Eve, 1885. F. C. EMERSON.

KOMOH.

When shadows interwoven grew,
And earth put on a sterner hue;
Slid softly o'er the waters dark,
As feathers light, a birchen bark.
Fleet is the foot of caribou,
When skims he o'er the frozen wild;
And thou, morose and tawny child,
With hand to bough and paddle true.
Lightly o'er the wave thou slidest,
Like a meteor on thou glidest;
'Neath the veiling of the night,
Indian doth his vengeance light—
Indian vengeance burneth bright.
Winding o'er the forest ground
All day long, the noséd hound,
Tongueless, ran the scenting round,
Nor a print of Indian found.
Lies he stretched upon the sward,
A faithful watch, a warning guard;
Cause but one dry twig to part,
From his whining sleep he'll start.
Arrow standeth in his heart!
In the fort, the fair is sleeping,
Calmly lieth on her bed;
Slumber o'er the senses creeping,
Sinketh heavily like lead.
Fancy cometh, hand in hand,
Walk they in the long'd-for land;
Sunny land of mirth and dance—
Pleasant, sunny land of France.
Feel the hour of trial nigh,
The long black line is fading fast;
Feel the breeze and breathe a sigh:
She ploughs the wave—at last! at last!
Now a dream of yesterday,
When her lord, to bring surprise
To the savage, sped away,
See! the tears are in her eyes
Tears of anguish. Lo! the night,
Like a phantom or a fear,
Fleeth from the wings of night;
Dawn is breaking, he is near.
Soon, caressing and caressed,
Breaks the truant spell; her eye
Sees an arm uplifted high.
God! the knife is in her breast!
From the bone the flesh is torn,
Bloody scalp in triumph borne;
With its flood of yellow hair,
Komoh at his belt will wear,

Quebec.

Fox.

A WELCOME LETTER.

The two beautiful sonnets which we published last week, entitled "Isaac de Razilly," were sent us in a letter, most complimentary to the author and ourselves, from Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia. It is the Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart himself who writes us as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Whittier, Mr. Pickard (who is, by marriage, a relative of the Bard of Ameshbury), Mr. Lighthall, and yourself, have made a pretty effectual appeal (pray, mention not this aloud), to the vanity of your correspondent. I am desirous, not very effectively, of doing something by which our Canada may be more, as was Burns for dear Auld Scotland's sake; but as one of my literary confreres observes: "The fate of a writer who can tell?"

One thing—I am delighted with the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED and your editorship of it. I show it to everybody, and it is looked upon with a sort of astonishment, because of the beautiful pictures and the elegant grace of the whole thing. The illustrations are an attraction to me, but it is more that I am brought *en rapport* with the literary and poetic cults of the Dominion, yourself conspicuously among others. Before I had seen his book, I had noted the strength of certain of John Reade's sonnets, and thought him then, as I do now, one of the foremost of our verse writers. Weir has a rich flowerage, coming to fruit; and why should I mention Mair, Duvar, Roberts, Lampman, Sangster, and the others, save to acknowledge well established excellence?

By the bye, Lampman's "Among the Millet" is a very notable contribution to our letters. I hope you will notice it shortly in your appropriate department for such things. He deals felicitously with Nature, and loves her much, and there is luxury and Keatsian richness of phrase in his descriptions of her. His sonnets are particularly fine in some instances.

Your poem, and Mair's, Reade's and Miss McLellan's are very attractive features this week, and Duvar's Egyptian picture, of a former issue, were bewitching in their artistic realism.

I thank you most heartily for your friendly notice of my volume. I have found a most brotherly welcome among Dominion authors hitherto. Mr. Lighthall and Mrs. Curzon have made me feel indebted for many kindnesses, and I must ever hear their names and read their words with peculiar pleasure.

With high regard,
Yours fraternally,

ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

East Corinth, Me., January 4, 1888.

P.S.—Since I wrote this have read your song, "Empire First," and account of it. I jumped and clapped my hands. So did Mrs. L. Why, that beats all. A Methodist can't help shouting "Hallelujah!"

THE STAGE.

This week Nellie McHenry and the Salisbury Troubadours are administering fun in a varied programme to the frequenters of the Academy.

Madame Albani, our own Canadian prima-donna, is coming. She is on the way hither across the ocean now, and is expected to sing at the Queen's Hall on the 26th and 29th inst. No comment is necessary. Seats will be at a premium.

The Stetson Opera Company have been performing "The Yeoman of the Guard," "Ruddigore," and "The Mikado," at the Academy. The company has a good bass voice in Brocolini, and a good contralto singer and actress in Miss Alice Carle. Miss Lamont's soprano is very ordinary. The chorus is weak, but works well together. The orchestra is good. "The Yeoman of the Guard" is a pretty play, but a poor opera. Apart from the prayer chorus, in the execution scene, and the glee-like quartette, in the second act, there is no remarkable music in it. It is not to be compared to "Patience" or "The Mikado."

The M. A. A. Dramatic Club played H. J. Byron's comedy of "Old Soldiers" in the Gynnasium Hall, on the 10th and 11th inst., most creditably. The stage setting was good and the ladies and gentlemen—all amateurs—that took part in the play, shewed histrionic ability and careful study. The principal parts, *Lionel Leverett*, by Mr. D. Rennoldson; *Cassidy*, by Mr. J. B. H. Rickaby; *Mary Moss*, by Miss Phemie Allan, and *Mrs. Major Moss*, by Mrs. Rickaby, were filled in a natural and easy manner, that would have done credit to professionals. Miss Mary Prowse, Mr. J. D. Miller, Mr. S. Brodie and Mr. S. M. Baylis, each did well, the constraint exhibited by one or two depending probably on the ungrateful nature of the characters they were portraying. The Club is to be congratulated on the successful opening of its season's entertainments.

"My boy," said a father to his young son, "treat everybody with politeness, even those who are rude to you. For remember that you show courtesy to others not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."

There is a sunshine of the mind, a happy temper of disposition, which far outweighs all external advantages; but this sunshine of the mind the man of honour and probity alone experiences. No bribe can purchase it for the unjust.



A good woman is seldom the cause of any evil. It was not Eve, but a crawling reptile, that dispossessed the Adam family of its pleasant pre-emption.

"Do you like poetry, Nellie?" "Yes, George." "What kind do you like best?" "Well, whenever I see you walking I admire the poetry of motion."

"Ah!" exclaimed a dude to a somewhat noted dudine; "why have you dyed your hair?" "Oh, because George wished it. He wanted my hair to match the colour of his horses."

A Milwaukee man has struck an excellent idea. He charges the barber at the rate of a dollar an hour for time spent in waiting for his turn, and generally comes out even at the end of the year.

With this regard be ever turned away
And lost in bliss or living? Soft you now;
O critics, scribblers, in your comments
Be all pros and cons remembered.

A Michigan woman practised with a revolver until she could hit a suspender button at eight paces. Then there came a burglar into the house, early one morning, and she sent a bullet pinging through her husband's left ear.

Mr. Fickleby: "Do you know, Miss Dewitt, you looked charming at the ball the other night." Miss Dewitt: "Nonsense; I don't believe it." Mr. Fickleby: "Oh, but you did. Actually, I didn't recognize you at first."

"I know I've got a vein of poetry in me, sir," confidently asserted the young man to the editor, "and all I want is a chance to bring it out. What would you suggest, sir?" "I think you had better see a doctor and have it lanced."

Cowboy (by moonlight on the prairies): "The preachers say as how folks die and go to live in the stars. Can you b'lieve that, pard?" Partner: "It mought be, Bill. Now there goes a shootin' star; some cowboy must hev got sent thar."

Philadelphia editor: "I understand you have bought a newspaper in the West. Is it a well equipped office?" Old friend (from the West): "I should smile. There are seventeen Winchesters in the composing room and two gatling guns at the head of the stairs."

Citizen (to Uncle Rastus, who is driving a mule with a heavy load on): "Oh, I say, Uncle Rastus, I want to speak with you a moment." Uncle Rastus: "Kaint do it now, boss; 'deed I kaint. I got dis yere mule sta'ted, 'an ef I stop him now he'll neber go agin."

Before the first baby is four months old its photograph must be taken, and copies sent by its doting parents to relatives and dear friends. The second baby, although it may be as beautiful as a poet's dream, is a mighty lucky youngster if it gets its photograph taken before it is four years old.

Some gentlemen once urged upon Mr. Lincoln that Secretary Chase was ambitious and should be removed. Mr. Lincoln's reply was a story of a boy who was trying to whip a fly from a horse with which he was ploughing. The father said: "Let that ere fly alone; it's what makes the old horse go."

The dialogue between the United States and Canada in regard to their future relations would, if the idea of a proposal by the former is negatived in Congress, take the shape of the nursery rhyme:

"I'll not marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

Young sister: "Mother, I think it is too bad. I am sixteen, yet you make me wear such short dresses that it mortifies me terribly." Mother: "My dear, you cannot wear longer dresses till your elder sister is married." Younger sister: "Well, she is as good as engaged to Mr. Doolittle, and I think I'm entitled to an extra flounce."

Two friends, G. and H., are in the French Cathedral in Montreal. G. notices a number of pews near together, each ornamented with a large white card, containing the words A Louer, and remarks, in all seriousness: "H., this man A Louer must have a very large family. See how many pews he has." H. explains, and takes great pleasure in showing G. the various houses owned in Montreal by the same man, A Louer. (Fact).

A lady once visited the Hon. James Bridge, a famous Augusta lawyer, who acquired a large fortune and was a power in his day and generation, and asked him to subscribe to a certain charity. A liberal donation, she told him, would redound to his honour. "I must disagree with you, madam," said Bridge. "My experience has taught me that in this world people are respected more for what they have than for what they have given away."

"Your story, Mr. Winterkill," said the magazine editor to the rising young author, "suits me very well. I observe some trivial faults, however. For instance, you describe the heroine's canary as drinking water by 'lapping it up eagerly with her tongue.' Isn't that a peculiar way for a canary to drink water?" "Your criticism surprises me," said Mr. Winterkill, in a pained voice. "Still, if you think your readers would prefer it, perhaps it would be better to let the canary drink its water with a teaspoon."

"A capital wine that, sir," quoth Mr. Meanways, as he passed the port, which had been in a decanter for the last six months; "you'll find that there's body in it, sir."
 "So I perceive," replied the gloomy guest, as with a spoon he reverently fished the carcase of the Last Fly of Summer out of his glass and laid it on the side of his plate.

"Wait a minute, young man," said the eminent statesman to the reporter, who had finished holding an interview with him and was about to go. "You have not asked me whether or not I would accept a Cabinet office if it were tendered me." "Sure enough, I forgot. Well, senator, would you?" "That is a question, my dear sir, that I prefer not to answer," replied the senator, modestly.

Young doctor: "Yes; I expect that it will go pretty slow when I first open an office until I get started a little."
 Old doctor: "Well, you bet it will. Why, when I first hung out my shingle I sat in my office for three months, and only had one case." Young doctor: "Whew! That was pretty tough, wasn't it? Only one case; and what was that a case of?" Old doctor: "A case of instruments."

CHINESE TEA SONG:

Ole ometo th ete asho pwit hme
 Andb uy a po undo fthebe st,
 'T willpr oveam ostex cellentt ea,
 Itsq na lit yal lwi lla tte st,
 'Tiso nlyf oursh illi ngs apo und,
 Soc omet othe teama rtan dtry,
 Nob etterc anel sewh erebefo and,
 Ort hata nyoth er needb uy.

Chaplain: "So poor Hopkins is dead. I should have liked to speak to him once again and have soothed his last moments; why did you not call me?"

Hospital Orderly: "I didn't think you ought to be disturbed for 'Opkins, sir, so I just soothed him as best I could myself."

Chaplain: "Why, what did you say to him?"

'Orderly: "'Opkins,' sez I, 'you're mortal bad.'"

"I am," sez he.

"'Opkins,' sez I, 'I don't think you'll get better.'"

"No," sez 'e.

"'Opkins,' sez I, 'I don't think you can hope to go to 'caven.'"

"I don't think I can," sez he.

"Well then, 'Opkins,' sez I, 'you'll go to 'ell.'"

"I suppose so," sez 'e.

"'Opkins,' says I, 'you ought to be wery grateful as there's a place perwided for you, an' that you've got some-where to go. And I think 'e 'eard, sir, and then he died.'"



NOT ALLOWED TO TALK AT TABLE.

EUGÈNE: Ma, may I say something?

MOTHER: You know that you are not allowed to talk at table.

EUGÈNE: Can't I say one word?

MOTHER: No, Eugène,—When Pa is through reading his newspaper, we will hear what you have to say.

(PA, after reading awhile, puts the paper aside, and questions Eugène; and the family await pleasantly the pent up speech of the prodigy.) Now, Eugène, what did you wish to say?

EUGÈNE: I wanted to say,—that upstairs, in the bath room,—the water pipe's burst! Tableau!

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HON. J. G. BOSSE,
JUDGE IN THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH AND APPEALS.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING
COMPANY.

We are forming a joint stock company to own and publish this journal. Its success as a commercial enterprise is now beyond doubt. The reception given the paper by the Press and the Public has been enthusiastic. The subscription lists keep swelling day by day. The advertising is steadily improving and the outlook generally is excellent. We started the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with limited means, and have, single-handed, brought it to a period when the employment of additional capital is not only justified by the work done, the results achieved, and the certainty of success, but is required for the improvement, permanency and economic production of the paper. The proposed capital of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$100, a notable portion of which is already subscribed by good business men, whose names are a guarantee of efficient and successful administration. Among these are:

Andrew Robertson, Esq., Chairman Montreal Harbour Commissioners; President Royal Canadian Insurance Company; President Bell Telephone Company; President Montreal General Hospital.

Hon. Geo. A. Drummond, Senator; Vice-President Bank of Montreal; President Canada Sugar Refining Company; President Canada Jute Company; President Montreal Board of Trade.

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Gust. W. Wicksteed, Q.C., Ottawa.

The limited time we can spare from the arduous labours connected with the publication does not allow us to call on, nor even to write to, the many friends and well-wishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, who may be both able and willing to assist in the enterprise. We therefore take this means of reaching them and asking them, as a particular favour, to send us their names, so that we may mail to them a detailed statement and prospectus. We would like to have shareholders all over the Dominion, and will be pleased to have applications for one share, five shares, or ten, from any of our friends. They will find it an investment that will be highly profitable and can only increase in value year by year. For prospectus and form of application, address the publishers.

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Montreal.

It is not generally known that the father of Mme. Albani, M. Lajeunesse, dwells at Chambly, in a villa given him by his daughter, who is so much indebted to him. The father is an old friend of the editor, to whom he gave all the family and artistic history of his Emma.

The biography of the illustrious Canadian artist, from the notes just mentioned, was published by the editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, several years ago, when Albani was here before. He will republish it in these columns, to accompany a portrait of the *dieu*, when the time comes, bringing it down to our day.



Professor Wiggins is upholding his name as a weather seer. He states that he knew, so far back as November last, that the winter was to be mild. When asked by the contractors, at Ottawa, for shovelling snow, he told them that there would be little or no snow. The Professor says that there will be little or no snow during the remainder of the season.

We congratulate Lord Salisbury once more on having upheld the dignity of Great Britain in the Sackville matter. A minister to the United States will be sent after Mr. Cleveland's leave, and on the inauguration of Mr. Harrison. As to Mr. Phelps, American Minister at London, his departure, on January 31st, will be the occasion of a friendly display among his English friends.

Ottawa has set a good example. The Sunday closing of drinking haunts was carried out on the last two Sundays. This is not owing to the License Inspectors, who never could enforce the law, but to the free act of hotel and saloon keepers, sixty-eight of whom lately signed an address to their customers that they meant to close their bars from seven on Saturday night, and keep them closed till six o'clock on Monday morning.

We have kept our eye on those Mormon immigrants at Lee's Creek, in the Northwest, ever since they settled there, last summer, warning the Government and the public that they would be sure to carry out their abominable polygamy. They prevaricated at the start, but that was only a blind. Now the Lethbridge *News* charges that, really and truly, the outrage is openly practised, and it remains for the Government to stop the scandal at once.

That social reformer, Miss Emily Faithfull, finds fault with the so-called exchanges for women's work, on the ground that they hinder "poor gentlemen" from turning their toil to the best account, and keeping up a false pride that looks down on working for money as something beneath them. Of the craving for "home work," it is out of the question, except for artists and authors. This state of things exists, after a fashion, in Canada also.

Sir Charles Tupper took advantage of the banquet to the American Minister to refer to the actual state of the Anglo-American controversies. Public opinion in England, so far as it has matured on the subject, seems to be with Sir Charles Tupper when he declared that the 1888 Treaty will form the ground of a fair and honourable settlement. Sir Charles Tupper was well received. The *St. James Gazette* says Englishmen are agreed that the two peoples are friendly at heart, and each is proud of the other's greatness.

The proposed China-Japan mail service is to be pushed even beyond what was first meant. A movement is on foot to induce the Imperial Government to make the service from Vancouver fortnightly, instead of monthly. A strong opinion is entertained among some members of Parliament that Imperial recognition should not stop at the annual subsidy of \$45,000 already promised, but that the route would be made really efficient by establishing a first-class fortnightly service, as

originally proposed. The movement has, of course, to overcome the strong economic scruples of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The ages of the members of the Federal Government present quite a contrast. Sir John Macdonald attained his 74th birthday on the 11th inst. He is by far the oldest member of his Cabinet. The next Minister in age is Mr. Abbott, who will be 68 next March. Mr. Frank Smith comes next with an age of 66, and the other members of the Cabinet follow in this order: Mr. Bowell, 65; Mr. Pope, 64; Sir Hector Langevin, 62; Mr. Carling, 60; Mr. Costigan and Mr. Dewdney, each 53; Mr. Haggart, 52; Mr. Chapleau, 48; Sir Adolphe Caron, 45; Sir John Thompson, 44; Mr. Foster, 41, and Mr. Tupper, 33.

There is a deep lesson in the short lived governments of eighteen years of France in the last 115 years, since the death of Louis XV. Louis XVI. was beheaded in the eighteenth year of his reign. Napoleon I. was banished to St. Helena just eighteen years after the glorious conclusion of his Italian campaign. Seventeen years after the restoration of the Bourbon line, its representative, King Charles X., was forced to abdicate. King Louis Philippe was overthrown and exiled in the eighteenth year of his reign. Napoleon III. reached Sedan eighteen years after the *coup d'état*. Just eighteen years have now elapsed since the establishment of the Third Republic, and Boulanger will soon be dictator.

Dr. Freams' report on Canadian agriculture, issued this week by the Imperial Government, is sure to attract much attention. Dr. Freams strongly deprecates the movement against cattle quarantine in the Northwest, and says: Abolish quarantine and the British markets will be closed against Canadian live stock. As regards butter Dr. Freams urges the Canadians to first supply the home demand for first-class butter before trying to compete in the British markets. He reports gratifying progress in the Quebec cheese industry, and laments the abolition of Manitoba crop bulletins as most harmful to Manitoba's interests in Great Britain. The report speaks hopefully of the progress of the apple trade with Great Britain.

Now that there is no real French brandy imported, there was a pretence that, at least, Canadian whiskey was pure. This is not so. Indeed, the bulk of Canadian rye is rank poison. The statistics of the Inland Revenue Department show that, during the years 1887-8, of the 94,243,866 pounds of grain used in the manufacture of spirits (which is whiskey), only 11,622,004 pounds were of the kind that gives the name to the greatest part of the production. No one buys corn whiskey, yet 74,285,000 pounds of Indian corn were consumed in the process of distillation. The other material used was 4,606,000 pounds of malt, 2,256,000 pounds of wheat, 92,000 pounds of barley, and 1,380,000 pounds of oats. Our whiskey must be something truly terrible in its effect upon the human constitution.

The British Columbia papers are eagerly putting their special fish before the people of the East. The skil is chief among these, and it is praised as something above the common. The skil can never be a rival of the codfish in any respect. They are altogether a different fish. It is as reasonable to speak of pork as the rival of venison, or of the potato as the rival of the vegetable marrow, as of the skil being the rival of the codfish.

The fish that the skil is likely to compete with, or to be a substitute for, is the mackerel. They resemble each other in many respects, the skil being the more delicately flavoured fish of the two. Those who relish a fat, juicy, finely flavoured and in every way palatable pickled fish, cannot but be pleased with the skil. So far from resembling the codfish as food, it is, in almost every respect, the exact opposite.

AN ENGLISHMAN ON CANADA.

That capital paper, the *Canadian Gazette*, published in London, lately laid before the public the notes of a young English traveller on his rambles through Canada. The following observations on Eastern Canada will be found entertaining. He goes first to Ottawa, and a very beautiful city he found it. Its buildings are remarkably fine; in fact, the Parliament buildings compare favourably with St. Stephen's, except, of course, in size, and moreover, the Canadian structure has the great advantage of keeping clean, for, though built of white stone and erected twenty years ago, there is not a sign of blackening or decay. This must be due to the beautiful clearness of the Canadian atmosphere, an atmosphere far removed from the moist, satisfying fogs to which Englishmen are accustomed. The Houses of Parliament are next visited, and one thing which particularly attracted his attention was the fact that each member of Parliament is provided with a locker, with pegs for his hat and overcoat and a miniature stand for his umbrella. What a boon it would be to the English member if he knew that when the day's duties were over he would be able to take home the same coat and umbrella that he brought with him, and not inferior ones. What a blessing, too, it would be if English members had a seat and a desk all to themselves, as have the chosen representatives of Canada. Such a rush and a scramble for seats as is to be seen amongst the smaller fry at our St. Stephen's is as indecorous as it is unnecessary. The free library attached to the Houses of Parliament is one of the most unique and comfortable that can be imagined, thus exemplifying the Canadian's principle of being comfortable whatever he does. His next adventure was a fishing expedition up the Gatineau. As for the fishing, it was enough to make a fisherman's mouth water. They caught in a day and a half over six dozen fine trout, weighing up to 2½ lbs. each. It fell to our tourist to be stationed in a punt with an accomplished and ardent fisherman, and, as he had never before caught a fish larger than a minnow, and was, moreover, provided with a very large salmon-rod which he could not control, friendly relations were at first somewhat constrained. His tackle at each cast would become effectually and affectionately entwined with that of his friend; and when, after manifold struggles, he did catch a fish, his want of control over the manœuvres of the rod was such that he invariably landed it upon his companion's hat at the further end of the punt. The whole expedition was entire novelty and a very pleasant one too. Driving home they had the good fortune to be caught in what Canadians called a "shower," but what seemed more like Niagara Falls let loose. They had no coverings, so he had to sit in the carriage and look pleased while a good-sized trout stream was coursing down their necks. On leaving Ottawa he travelled through the night to Toronto, and thus made his

first acquaintance with the sleeping cars of Canadian railways. They certainly are most luxurious on the Canadian Pacific system, with every convenience that can be desired. There is, however, this drawback to calling them sleepers. Each engine, instead of being provided with a whistle, has a large bell on the engine, much of the same quality and sweetness as that of suburban churches, and this monotonous ding-dong the stoker most zealously and continuously keeps going just as you are trying to get your first doze. The party arrived at Toronto just in time to see the great Exhibition, and of course the town was *en fête*, and crowded with strangers and sightseers from every portion of the Dominion. Thereby they were afforded an excellent opportunity of seeing what a free country Canada really is, for, prior to the opening of the Exhibition, the police scoured the town high and low, arresting all persons who looked at all seedy or suspicious, and taking them before the magistrate, their only crime being that they were "toughs"—a somewhat similar expression to the English word "roughs." Those of them who looked very wicked were at once sent to gaol till the close of the Exhibition, while the more respectable ones were banished from the town for a similar period, in order that they might not be tempted to commit any offence. This would certainly seem to justify the well-known American description of a free country—viz., one where everybody looks after everybody else's business. He then went to Niagara, quoting the lines of the gentleman from New York, with the flowing locks:

O Niagarer! Niagarer!
Be sure you are a staggerer!

In many things, our tourist thinks, Englishmen might learn from Canadians. Their general use of fruit at every meal is as healthful as it is enjoyable; and fruit, vegetable and provisions are in Canada generally very good and cheap, though it is not so with clothing, furniture and other necessities of that kind. The people were found to be most hospitable; indeed, their only regret seemed to be that they could not do more for one. Then there are curious and amusing phrases in general use in Canada and the United States sufficient to write a book upon.

THE BATTLE OF THE SWASH.

Such is the title of a little book meant as an addition to the literature of the relations between Great Britain and the United States, with the fate of Canada thrown in as a sop for the whale. The author is Samuel Barton, who is represented by a New York newspaper reviewer as a nephew of Chauncey M. Depew, and the youngest looking man of his age in the great metropolis. The book consists of two parts—an historical one of events prior to the grand feat of arms; then "the Battle of the Swash" proper, wherein the ironclads of England are knocked out of time off New York harbour by two little dynamite rams "costing only \$50,000 a piece," whereat there was a fearful "funk" in England and a whirlwind of delight in the United States. But the tables were soon turned. The British ships came back, and, standing out in the offing, beyond the dynamite rams, Admiral Freemantle, commanding H. B. M.'s fleet, issued a proclamation that he was going to bombard the Empire City, bidding all the non-combatants to get out of the way at a double-quick. And he bombarded. The Brooklyn Bridge was

knocked into splinters; the Navy Yard was riddled and the whole of lower New York was a confused pile of ruins. Congress got scared, negotiations were opened and "the only serious question of difference grew out of the insistence by the British Commissioners that the United States should assume the indebtedness of the Dominion of Canada."

At the first glance, the Battle of the Swash seemed to have been a disaster for the United States. England got all the glory and all the money, and the United States got Canada and all the experience. But the latter proved to be infinitely more than it cost, in that it exploded the absurd system of miscalled "economy" which only "saved at the spigot to waste at the bung." The book ends in this wise:—Let us rejoice that this year of grace, 1930, we have so profited by the errors of our ancestors, that we now occupy unchallenged the foremost position among the nations of the earth; and that with our 200,000,000 of intelligent, prosperous and contented citizens—we can afford to look with indifference upon the wars and struggles of our less fortunate contemporaries on the other side of the Atlantic.

Too late, alas! had the truth and wisdom of these words—written by that great founder of the Government, Thomas Jefferson—become manifest.

"Our navigation involves still higher consideration; as a branch of industry it is valuable; but as a resource of defence it is essential.

"The position and circumstances of the United States leave them nothing to fear from their land board, and nothing to desire beyond their present rights.

"But on the seaboard they are open to injury, and they have then, too, a commerce which must be protected.

"This can only be done by possessing a respectable body of artists and citizen seamen, and establishments in readiness for shipbuilding.

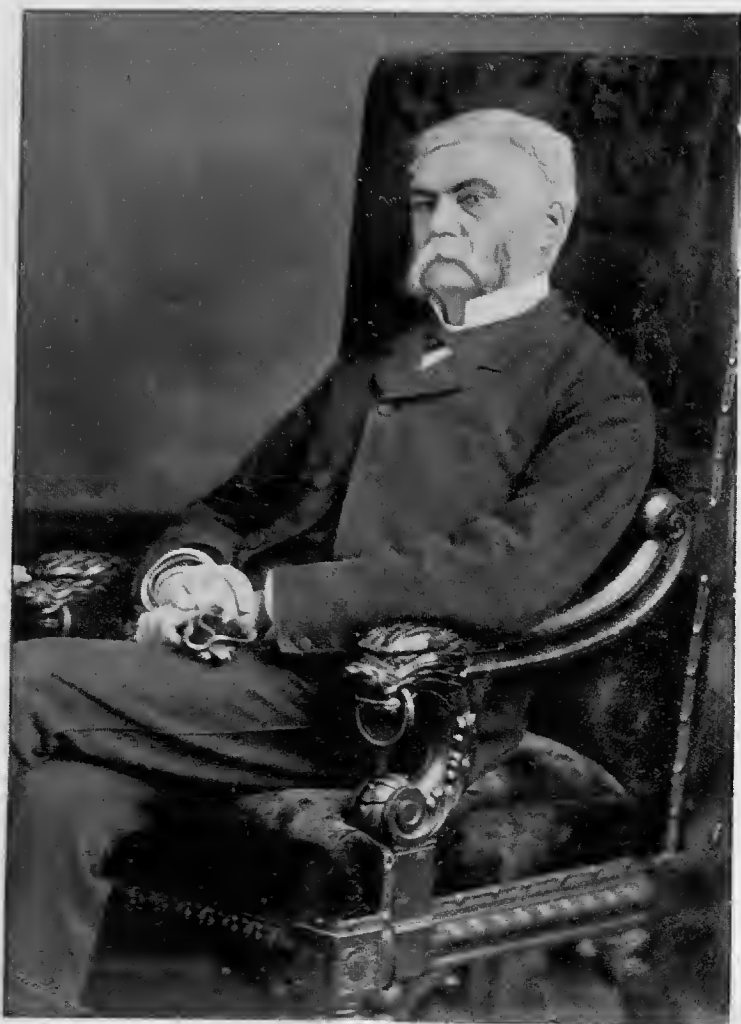
"If particular Nations grasp at undue shares of our commerce, and more especially, if they seize on the means of the United States, to convert them into aliment for their own strength and withdraw them entirely from the support of those to whom they belong, defensive and protective measures become necessary on the part of the Nation whose marine sources are thus invaded, it will be disarmed of its defense, its productions will be at the mercy of the Nation which has possessed itself exclusively of the means of carrying them, and its politics may be influenced by those who command its commerce.

"The carriage of our own commodities, if once established in another channel, cannot be resumed at the moment we desire.

"If we lose the seamen and artists whom it now employs, we lose the present means of Marine defence, and time will be requisite to raise up others, when disgrace or losses shall bring home to our feelings the evils of having abandoned them."

The "disgrace and losses" incurred by our ancestors in this brief but disastrous campaign, had indeed brought "home to their feelings the evils of having abandoned" the great interests thus earnestly pleaded for by the greatest statesman of his day; and the absurd folly of the so-called "economy," which prompted its abandonment, was at length reluctantly conceded by the noisiest and bitterest advocates of free trade throughout the land.

From these outlines, the reader will see for himself what manner of a book this is. As a trick of



THE LATE ALEXANDER MURRAY.

From a photograph by Notman.



THE LATE JUDGE BADGLEY,

From a photograph by Notman ;



HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S POST, RED ROCK, LAKE SUPERIOR.



THE ABBÉ H. R. CASGRAIN.
From a photograph by Livernois.



GRAND CHIEF BASTIEN, OF THE HURONS, LORETTE.
From a photograph by Livernois.



HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S POST, NEPIGON HOUSE, LAKE NEPIGON.

the mind—a *jeu d'esprit*—it cannot hold a candle to the "Battle of Dorking," which was clear-cut, artistic, pointed, and a pattern of the kind. We should have liked something really entertaining on this current question which busybodies and marplots, on the other side of the line, backed by a few on this side, are trying to foist upon a people conscious of their strength and who will not allow themselves to be bullied, humbugged or wheedled out of their sense of propriety. *Quia non movere*, gentlemen. Canada can take care of herself.

From the trade point of view, and with an eye to supply our public with cheap and handy reprints of the current literature of the day, our friend, J. Theo. Robinson, of Montreal, deserves to be greeted and encouraged for the publication of this little book, which is further made interesting by the cathartic antidote of Dr. Beers on "Professional Annexation." The book is tastefully printed and published at a nominal rate.

POINTS.

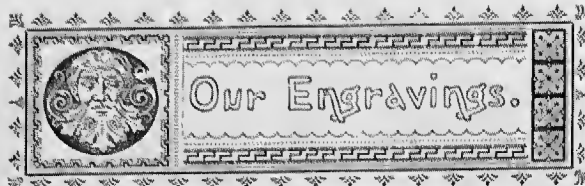
BY ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."
—Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

If the free and independent elector depends upon the ward meeting for his knowledge of political economy, it is hardly likely, I think, that he will be made mad on account of his much learning. But, if the ward meeting is not the best exponent of political economy, it affords, at least, tolerably good facilities for the study of human nature. A ward meeting without enthusiasm is like plum pudding without brandy sauce. It may be admitted, however, that the loudest shouters are generally the non-voters. The red hot nature of the enthusiasm is evidenced by the clouds of smoke which proceed from every mouth. When it falls to the lot of a young politician to make his maiden effort at a ward meeting, he is apt to fall into the error of endeavouring to get off something after the style of Demosthenes. Nothing could be more injudicious. Sublime passages are apt to be taken as capital jokes, and pathetic touches are met only with crocodile tears.

This winter has one possible point in its favour—"It's so English, you know." In England, I believe, they have so far enjoyed an unusual degree of frost and snow, while our own sombre season has been an unusual experience for us. To swap climates, crossing an ocean, is evidently as unsatisfactory as to swap horses crossing a stream. Our next great national arbitration may have to consider the protection of our climate instead of our fish. It is satisfactory, however, to know that our climate is still on British soil. Probably our best weather prophets are the Indians. They are reported as saying that we may expect very little snow until about the end of February. Speaking of Indians, we have had our Indian Summer; perhaps this is our *Indian Winter*.

When an article is selling very cheaply, some persons are inclined to buy it for no other reason. This is a mild type of extravagance; because anything is expensive one does not want. Other persons have an irrational objection to buying a good thing which is cheap, simply because they object to cheap things. Here is an instance: A gentleman entertaining some friends, offered them such cigars as he had. They relished the cigars very much, gave them high praise, and, being unacquainted with the brand and strangers in the place, requested their entertainer to purchase a box apiece for them. For this purpose each put down his ten-dollar bill. The owner of the original box replied that it was a cigar that he personally was very partial to, but really it was only a five-cent cigar. Straightaway each prospective purchaser re-pocketed his ten-dollar bill, and expressed his unwillingness to purchase such cheap cigars. *Vanitas Vanitatis*.



HIS HONOUR JUSTICE BOSSÉ.—On our first page we give the likeness of the Honourable Joseph G. Bossé, Administrator of the Province of Quebec, to open the Legislature in the room of Lieutenant-Governor Angers, temporarily indisposed. He was born at Quebec, on the 4th August, 1836, pursued his law studies at Laval University, did office work with Messrs. Stuart and Vanover, and admitted to practice at Montreal on the 20th January, 1860. Making a trial of public life, he was beaten for Montmagny by Justice Fournier, in 1876. He was created a Queen's Counsellor in 1873, chosen Batonnier of the Bar of his section from 1880 to 1885; and Batonnier of the Provincial Bar in 1883. Tempting political fortune once more, he was returned to the House of Commons for Quebec Centre in 1882, keeping his seat until 1886, when he was raised to the Bench, and now sits in the Court of Appeals. Judge Bossé's father, who was a judge of the Superior Court before him, was returned, in 1862, as Legislative Councillor for Ladurantaye, and appointed a Senator on Confederation Day, 1st July, 1867. He accepted a seat in the Superior Court in 1868.

THE LATE MR. ALEXANDER MURRAY.—Mr. Alexander Murray, well known in marine and commercial circles, died on the 29th ult. in the 63rd year of his age. The news was received with much regret. Mr. Murray was a prominent man in Montreal's trade affairs, of good business ability, outspoken and straightforward in his manner, and of a nature that made him many friends. As head of the Canada Shipping Company, which his father and brothers founded, he has been identified with the prosperity of an institution that has grown with the growth of Montreal. Commencing with the well known iron clippers, the "Beaver Line" was soon compelled by the development of the trade to adopt steam vessels. These finally superseded altogether for the St. Lawrence trade, the sailing ships, and now constitute a well known and favourite shipping line between this port and Liverpool. Its success and present position are largely due to Mr. Murray's business foresight and energy. Possessed of a goodly fortune invested in a very large number of enterprises, his business capacity was widely availed of in their management. He was for several years past a Director of the Bank of Montreal, and succeeded Senator Senecal in the Presidency of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co. He was President of the Dominion Type Founding Company and Vice-President of the Dundas Cotton Company and the Canada Jute Company, and a Director of the Empire Insurance Company. He was an active member of the Board of Trade and took a warm interest in all matters affecting the commerce of the port. Though well fitted for its duties, he never sought to enter public life, except as a member of the Cote St. Antoine Council, in which municipality he resided. Mr. Murray was married but leaves no children. Mr. Murray's will was filed as an exhibit, last week, and proves an interesting document in several ways. By this will, dated the 14th day of June, 1883, Mr. Murray gave, devised and bequeathed all his property, estate, rights and interests of whatsoever nature, or wheresoever situated, to his beloved wife, Dame Jane Macdonald Bridges, and to his two brothers, William George Murray and Henry Esson Murray, in trust as follows: Firstly, for the payment of his debts, funeral and testamentary expenses; secondly, to pay to the society of the Montreal General Hospital the sum of \$2,500; thirdly, to the Protestant Home of Industry and Refuge, of Montreal, the sum of \$2,500; fourthly, to the Presbyterian College, Montreal, the sum of \$2,500, to be expended in adding to the library; fifthly, to the Hervey Institute, Montreal, the sum of \$1,000 toward paying off the debt of the building, or if that were accomplished, toward the endowment fund for the said institution; sixthly, to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals the sum of \$500; seventhly, to the Protestant Infants' Home, of Montreal, the sum of \$2,000. The residue of his estate, after the payment of certain private bequests, save and except his house and grounds of Cote St. Antoine, and the furniture and effects therein, testator directed to be realized and the proceeds invested to pay the income thereof to his wife, half-yearly, it being his desire that her income should never fall below \$4,000 a year, and in case it should fall short of that amount, he directed the deficiency to be made up from that share of his late father's estate which was left to his testator's disposal; such income to cover the income of \$2,500 secured by his marriage. His house, grounds, furniture and effects, he desired his wife to use so long as she elects to reside therein, but otherwise the same to be sold, with certain exceptions as to articles belonging and to be selected by his wife, and the proceeds to form part of his residue. After the death of his wife, as he had no children, the residue is to become the absolute property of the Society of the Montreal General Hospital, subject to two small annuities, the same to be applied to the erection or maintenance of a Convalescent or Children's Hospital, in the discretion of the Governors of that Institution. By a codicil, dated May 16, 1885, Mr. Murray, in consequence of the possibility of his losing a large sum of money by becoming security, together with John Rankin, for a large sum of money from the Bank of

Montreal to the Montreal & Sorel Railway Company, and also of the large temporary diminution in the value of his investments in the Canada Shipping Company and the Dundas Cotton mills, revoked all the specific legacies given by his will, but should the result be better than his anticipation, it was his intention to make some good if he survived, and even after his death his executors were authorized in their discretion to make donations to the several institutions and persons named to the extent provided in his will, or in diminished amounts *pro rata*, if his private estate would warrant it, without risks to the provision which he had made for his wife. It is estimated that the estate will realize upward of a million of dollars, consisting of, among other assets, 600 shares in the Bank of Montreal, a large number of shares in the Canada Shipping Company, the Montreal Street Railway, the Dominion Tye Founding Company, the Montreal Telegraph Company and other corporations, as well as real estate. The result of the whole cast of the will secures to the Montreal General Hospital fully one million of dollars, a princely bequest which is the more welcome, in the good cause of benevolence and the alleviation of human ills, that it will enable the zealous and self-denying President and Governors of that Institution to carry out to the full the magnificent plans of buildings, an engraving of which appeared in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of the 12th January, 1889, No. 28.

HON. WM. BADGLEY.—The late Hon. William Badgley was born in 1807, in this city, and admitted to the Bar in 1823. Like his father, who had occupied a prominent position here, having sat in Parliament as the successful opponent of Mr. D. B. Viger, Mr. Badgley at an early age took an active part in public affairs. A staunch Conservative throughout his life, after his return from a trip to Europe in 1834, he naturally sided with the authorities against the popular movement, which he felt tended toward severing British connection. He was, however, an earnest advocate of reform, and, with Hon. Mr. Moffatt, framed bills relating to registry offices, education, etc., which were rejected by the Lower House. A founder of the Constitutional Association, he, with Mr. Moffatt, Hon. Peter McGill and Mr. Andrew Stuart, of Quebec, was one of the exponents of British opinion here. With Hon. Peter McGill he contributed largely to the establishment of a Protestant University. He saw the abolition of the Seigniorial Tenure and the Union of the Provinces, both of which reforms he had advocated. As a lawyer he had a lucrative practice. In 1840 he was appointed Commissioner of Bankruptcy; in 1844, a Circuit judge, and in 1847 was Attorney-General for Lower Canada, contesting Missisquoi successfully. In 1851, he opposed and defeated Mr. Larocque and Hon. L. J. Papineau, in Montreal. His tenure of office was pregnant of many good results for his country. On the breaking up of the old parties in 1854 he announced his retirement from public life, but having been induced to run again in Montreal, he was defeated. In January, 1855, he was raised to the Bench, when he retired. He always took an active interest in scientific and charitable organizations, and was at one time President of the Natural History and St. George's Societies. McGill and Lennoxville Universities both conferred on him the degree of LL.D. He was a Past Grand Master of the Masonic Order, under the English register. The late judge leaves four sons, one of whom is an officer in the British army.

HUDSON'S BAY POSTS.—The Nepigon Lake and River, on which these Hudson's Bay posts are situated, are full of interest to the sportsman and explorer. The lake is in Ontario, 30 miles northwest of Lake Superior. The land is fit for tillage; the timber is varied and plentiful, and the fishing is inexhaustible. The Indians fish in upward of 100 feet of water, not a stone's throw from the shore. Nepigon is a contraction of the word meaning "Deep Clear Water Lake." Nepigon River is in Thunder Bay district, Ontario, issuing from Nepigon Bay, being 30 miles long and the greatest territory of Lake Superior. It may be looked upon as the continuation of the St. Lawrence beyond Lake Superior. This river affords the finest trout fishing on the continent. Its water is very clear. Red Rock is a Post Village in Algoma, at the mouth of the Nepigon, and here is one of the Posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, of which we give an engraving to-day.

ABBÉ H. R. CASGRAIN.—The mention of this name awakens the memory of some of the best, most elegant, varied and useful work, in the broad range of the letters of French Canada. The Abbé Casgrain's life is almost wholly in his books. He began by the "Légendes Canadiennes," a simple series of light touches; then wrote the "History of the Mother of the Incarnation," one of the greatest figures of New France. A similar work is the "History of the Hotel Dieu." He is one of the original Fellows of the Royal Society of Canada, and his contributions of late have been devoted to the Expulsion of the Acadians. His work, called "Un Pèlerinage au Pays d'Évangéline," embodies a first draught of information, in which the Massachusetts Colonists are held solely responsible for the deed, and since then he has gathered fresh material from archives in Paris and London further confirming his theory. Abbé Casgrain has furthermore written biographical sketches of leading men, such as Messrs. Chauveau, Garneau, Falardeau, the painter, Parkman and others. He has also been a constant contributor to the newspapers and periodicals of the province.

CHIEF BASTIEN.—We have the promise of interesting notes on Chief Bastien, of Lorette, from the pen of the best authority in Quebec, and whose name will be attached to the article.

THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.—We seize the opportunity of the opening of the Ontario Legislative Assembly to publish a grand group of portraits of all the members and officials during one of the sittings. The picture is of value and worthy of being kept as a memorial of Ontario representative men.

THE VALLEY OF THE CREDIT RIVER.—The view in the valley of the Credit River is in the township of Caledon, about 39 miles north-west of Toronto. The spectator is standing near Church's Falls, on the Credit River, looking down stream and with back to the large flouring mills of Messrs. Wheeler Bros., who do a vast business with Montreal and the East. The valley of the Credit is the source of a large portion of the building stone of the city of Toronto, including the new Parliament Buildings. The principal quarries are a short distance lower down the valley than our present view. This part of the country is opened up by two lines of railway both operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway, one of which follows very closely the course of the Credit River.

THE PARTING.—The artist of this gem of design bears an Italian name, F. Andreotti, but he must be living in Paris, as his work is distinctly of the French School. It is furthermore a scene from old Alexandre's "Three Musketeers," starting on one of his gay and valiant adventures, and bidding farewell to his sweetheart before going forth to a possible doom. He is clad in the full array of his time, the costumes of the Louis' of France and Charles II. of England, which are so perfectly beautiful that it is a thousand pities they have been allowed to die away for "steel-pen" coats, tight "pawnts," waistcoat, displaying an ocean of starched linen, and a shirt collar tightened around the neck like a halter. Our musketeer has his doublet and shorts of velvet, and his buff leather hose, drawn with studied negligence around the calves. The hat and feather are dashed with grace over a shapely brow and face; the left hand holds the sword hilt at rest, while his right is clasped in the right of the beauty from whom he is about to part. The figure of the girl is drawn in full lines of grace, in her simple white gown and scarf of gauze. By looking at the attitude of the twain, we can fancy what is passing at that solemn moment. We have not published a finer art engraving in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

THOMAS S. BROWN.—The subject of this portrait was a character in his day, who sided with the insurgents in 1837-38, and who figured in an equivocal manner at the battle of St. Charles, whence he rode away for St. Denis, at the beginning of the action, leaving his deluded followers to be mowed down by the artillery and bayonets of Wetherall. Mr. Brown was very honest with the writer about this, admitting that he saw it was a foregone conclusion and a lost cause, and he had to save himself, as a price was set on his head. Thomas Storrow Brown was born at St. Andrews, N.B., May 7, 1803, of U. E. stock, and came to Montreal in 1818, going into business. In 1837 he became conspicuous against the Imperial Government, in the way we have described. On obtaining his pardon and coming to Montreal, he engaged in the iron trade and was an official assignee and worked hard for the cause of temperance. He was twice married and leaves a daughter, Mrs. R. A. Blake, widow of the late William Blake, who dwelt with and cared for him fondly to the end.

GEORGE MIGNON INNES, Dean of Huron and Rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ontario, is the second son of the Rev. John Boutet Innes, and was born at Weymouth Dorset, England. His eldest brother is the present Sir John H. K. Innes, and we learn from a sketch of his youngest brother, Colonel P. R. James, in the Biographical Magazine, that he belongs to the family of the Duke of Roxburgh, Earl Innes. Dean Innes received his early education at Mill Hill Grammar School, studied for the army and passed examinations at Sandhurst Military College, receiving a commission in 1849. Though devoted to his profession, evidenced by his holding the position of Adjutant of his Regiment for several years, up to the date of his Captaincy in 1867, he gave much of his time and thought to theological subjects, and his earnest efforts in behalf of every good work were given, not only to the men of his Regiment, but are still remembered in the cities in which he was stationed. In 1862 he was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Huron, the Right Rev. Dr. Cronyn, priest by the same bishop in the following year, and was appointed first Incumbent of Christ Church, London, in 1862. In 1863 he accepted the appointment of Assistant Minister of the Cathedral, Quebec; resigned and returned to London as Assistant to the Very Rev. Dean Hellmuth, in the Cathedral, in 1868; in 1870 he was appointed Canon, and in 1871 Rector, succeeding the Coadjutor Bishop on his assuming the full charge of the diocese; in 1888 he was preferred to the dignity of Dean of Huron on the death of the Very Rev. Dean Boomer. The Very Rev. the Dean is Master of Arts of Bishop's College University, Lennoxville. On several occasions he has acted as commissary of the Diocese during the absence of Bishop Hellmuth and Bishop Baldwin.

Plasters made of ordinary soap greatly relieve painful corns and bunions; and a wash of weak alum water frequently does the same for tender feet.

The "sea-foam" shampoo is composed of the following ingredients: Cologne water and ammonia water, each one ounce; alcohol, one-half a pint; water, one pint. This is a very good application, both cleansing and stimulating; after using it, it is best to rinse the hair well with warm water.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

"Old Grimes," that familiar "little felicity in verses," which caught the popular fancy as far back as 1823, was a sudden inspiration of the late Judge Albert G. Greene, of Providence, R.I., who found the first verse in a collection of old English ballads, and, enjoying its humour, built up the remainder of the poem in the same conceit.

I received a little oblong envelope, bearing a postal stamp, with Umberto's bristling hair and ferocious mustachio, and the railway stamp from Naples—Napoli, Ferrovia, and containing the card of my friend, H. Beauprand, who is doing his great rounds of Europe. *Buono viaggio!*

A dear London friend reminds me that, in speaking of the high names dwelling at Chelsea, in aforetime, I might have included: Thomas Carlyle and the Cheyne Walk, renowned for ever more, and the house where Joseph Mazzini lived for years, charming them that called on him by his sparkling Southern speech.

Somebody sneeringly says that all the Philistines have not passed away with Matthew Arnold. And he instances Tennyson, who writes to the English papers against a railway, in the Isle of Wight, invading his poet's paradise. The Laureate says: "By such an extension no end would be served which could in any degree compensate for the loss of what remains to us of quiet beauty in this our narrow peninsula." The narrow peninsula alluded to is a quiet corner of the Isle of Wight formed by Totland Bay.

Eundo collige in prato flores. Seeing the following rare "antique" in that fit frame work, the *King's College Record*, I have plucked it for my readers to whom the name of the author is a household word:

BROWN OF ENGLAND'S LAY.

The villains clustered round the bowl
At merrie Yule to make good cheere,
And drank with froth on beard and jowl:
"Was haël to the Thane!
May never Breton taste our beer,
Nor Dane—"

Till the red cock on the chimney crew,
And each man cried with a mighty yawn,
As the tapster one more flagon drew;
"To the Saxon land was haël!
May we never want for mast fed brawn
Nor ale."

The Thane took up the stirrup cup
And blew off the reaming head,
And at one draught he swigged it up
And smacked his lips and said:
"Was haël to coultier and sword!
Was haël to hearth and hall,
To Saxon land and Saxon lord
And thrall."

JOHN HUNTER DUVAR.

I have another point for the venerable author of "The Legend of Marathon," and Mr. G. W. Wicksteed, his *amicus curiæ*, at Ottawa. It is a query addressed to *The Literary World* about the authentic source of the words *Chairomen kai chairete*, used by the war messenger from Marathon. The same querist asks for the first mention of Julian the Apostate's dying words, "O, Galilean, thou hast conquered."

Another question is about the authorship of very fanciful lines quoted by Carnegie in "A Coaching Tour Through Britain":

The Sea is toying with his bride, the Shore,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decks her tawny brow with shells, and
Drawing back a space to see how fair she looks,
Runs up with glee to cover her with kisses.

In one of these paragraphs recently occurred the words: "OUR FATHER lames but to heal and takes away but to benefit and restore." "Lyster," of Dunham, returns the sentence heavily underlined as above, and asks: "Where did you get this?" "It is on a *prie-dieu* chair in the Cathedral at St. Malo with the signature William Thomaseau." "Did you copy it in your fleshy tablets during your visit to St. Malo in 1865? Wherever you got it, it occurred literally to me. Struck by a tree, a year ago, the calf of my leg was so lamed that it nearly had to be amputated. But now, after only thirteen weeks confinement to the house,

I find some varicose veins, which have troubled me nearly all my life, obliterated and my limb is healed.

I am delighted to be among the first to announce the forthcoming publication, in February, by Ginn and Company, Boston, of An Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning, the work of my friend, William John Alexander, Ph.D., Munro Professor of English Language and Literature, Dalhousie College and University, Halifax, N.S., and formerly Fellow of Johns Hopkins University. The book opens with an account of Browning's most striking peculiarities in method and style, and attempts to find an explanation of these in the conditions amidst which the poet has worked, and in the nature of the themes which he treats. In the next place, an exposition is given of those general ideas pervading his work, which can only be gathered from the study of many of his poems, and yet are needful for the full understanding of almost any one of them. This exposition is contained in a series of chapters treating of "Browning's Philosophy," "Christianity as presented in Browning's Works," and "Browning's Theory of Art." These chapters are followed by a brief chronological review of his writings and characterization of his development. The various points treated throughout the introduction are illustrated by a series of selected poems furnished with careful analyses and copious critical comments. It is hoped that by thus unfolding, in a few typical examples, the characteristics and merits of Browning, the reader may at once be enabled to acquire a real knowledge of his poetry, and be prepared for further unassisted study of his work. The attention of those already familiar with Browning is especially directed to the Analysis of Sordello, much fuller and more exact, it is believed, than any heretofore published. TALON.

AT AN ORGAN RECITAL.

Midway we sat between the nave and door,
Between the worldly tumult of the street
And the calm silence of God's pure retreat.
We heard the hidden organ pipes outpour
Their mighty waves of music. More and more
The melody encompassed us. The sweet
Tones woke my soul to see life incomplete
And strive towards God on those pure strains to soar.

Midway between the world and God we sat,
While through the dim, arched vault the music stole,
And in its rustling garments wrapped us twain.
Of thy pure soul, so free from wrong and hate,
Then woke my soul to hear the grand refrain,
And yearned to reach, like thee, life's heavenly goal.
Montreal. ARTHUR WEIR.

LITERARY NOTES.

"My Own Canadian Home," is the title of a stirring national song, with words by E. G. Nelson, and music by T. Morley, and dedicated to Lady Tilley. We shall cite the words of the song next week.

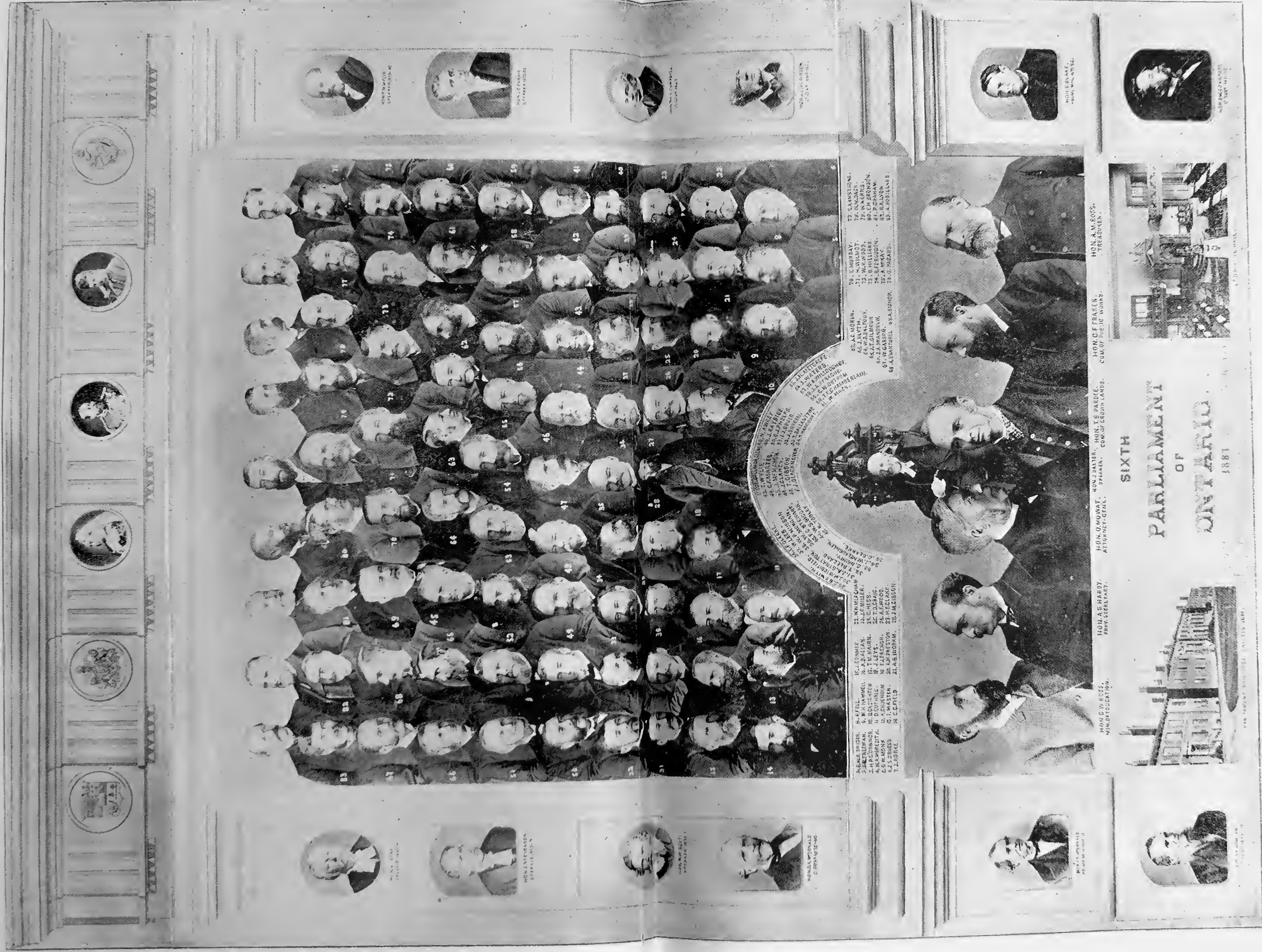
There is question of a new literary society to be attempted in this city, with the general view of fostering the movement of letters, bringing the workers together, and getting the French colleagues to contribute their large share.

The *Canadian Horticulturist* for January is further proof that we no longer want Vick's or other American publications of that kind. The illustrations are perfect in their way, and the choice of matter is such as even an outsider would enjoy. The office address is Grimsby, Ont.; yearly subscriptions, \$1; single copies, 10 cents.

"Canadiana" is the name of the new monthly, devoted to the pursuit of Historical Novelties and Curiosities, and edited by Mr. W. J. White, Founder and Vice-President of the Society. The price is only \$2 a year, and, beside individual subscriptions, it is expected that learned societies and educational establishments will patronize it.

Professor Schurman, the distinguished Canadian, who fills an important chair in Cornell University, has been invited to deliver a lecture on Canada in different cities of the United States. In accepting a splendid post in the educational world of the neighbouring country, Professor Schurman has not abandoned his principles of a loyal British subject.

President J. Seath, B.A. of Toronto, thinks that, as a means of culture, the modern languages are quite equal to the classical tongues. Particularly did this apply to the English. He eulogized the literature of the latter and dwelt on the importance of its linguistic history. French or German should be made obligatory to all students entering the universities and English should be given a higher position. All of which is quite true, but let there be no question of laying aside the Classics.



THE GOVERNMENT AND LEGISLATURE OF ONTARIO.

From a photograph by Bruce.

The Lady in Muslin.

Gaunt was always kind to her, as a man naturally is to a pretty little girl. Her every whim he did his best to gratify; her every comfort, so far as he understood it, he did his best to supply; she had toys in abundance, dress the same; but then Brunlow was her only companion by Gaunt's inexorable command, and perhaps the poor little heart pined for a more sympathizing friend: she certainly used to look sad at times.

Her veneration for Gaunt was edifying; and I was not long in concluding she must have been brought up by some one who had duly impressed her with such. She was devotedly fond of him also. I have seen her flush crimson with delight at kind words from him, and more than once she has treasured them up, and come repeating them to me, always adding, "Mark, do you think uncle Gaunt loves me truly?" And to my assurance of the fact she would listen smilingly, her long down-cast eyelashes quite shadowing her pretty cheek, with as much pleasure and faith as any damsel double her age.

As to Gaunt, with his usual carelessness, he troubled himself no more with explanations, or anything else. Quite content that I made no attempts at penetrating his secret, he let things remain as they were; and most carefully did he avoid the slightest allusion, not only to his connections with Cecile, but to everything concerning her.

Where she came from—why she remained with him—whether her stay was temporary or for always—he never alluded to in the remotest manner.

Cecile herself was also uncommunicative on such matters. I flattered myself I enjoyed her entire confidence, and I felt persuaded the child had either forgotten, or she had received strict injunctions to be silent on all things regarding her short past.

Poor Cecile's lot was not bettered by Gaunt's recovery. As he grew stronger our drives to — became more frequent, and we seldom returned from such expeditions till late in the evening. Even the landlady took pity on her, and came the morning after one of these long drives, as we were sitting at breakfast, and begged Mr. Gaunt to let his little niece go on a visit with her to some friend's at a short distance, adding—"the poor child was so lonesome, it would be quite a charity to let her have a romp with her farmer friend's children."

Gaunt was firm in his refusal, though Cecile stood by looking up at him with dancing eyes for permission. I could not help breaking through my rule of non-interference, and remonstrating with Gaunt for his ridiculous strictness. Dick was as firm as a rock, or, rather, obstinate as a mule.

We had been planning for ourselves a very agreeable little expedition, which, however, did not include poor Cecile; but after that short scene I was not surprised to see Dick take down his fishing-rod and straw hat, and, without any allusion to our intended drive, propose a morning's fishing in the boundary stream.

We selected the spot where the stream came gushing out from the dark wood, and there, under the shade of a pair of venerable oaks, we sat ourselves down on the soft turf, with fishing-rods, etc., pipes and smoking apparatus, and other personal comforts which the heat and labour we were undertaking necessitated. From this position we had a very excellent view of the garden of the cottage; and were not a little pleased, considering the "slowness" of our present occupation, to perceive shortly our neighbour making her appearance, first at the window, then on the verandah, and, finally, in the garden of her domains.

We were still very much interested in my lady; but now that we were able to seek amusement elsewhere, our curiosity was not sufficient to render the occupation of watching her at a distance so absorbing as it had been.

Perhaps Miss Owenson from behind her vane-tians had observed that her watchers' vigilance

flagged, and, like a skilful general, determined to change her tactics. At any rate, on that particular morning the lady of the closed shutters and mysteriously turned-away face came slowly but surely down the lawn, even to the bank of the boundary stream; then she unfastened the little gate that, with the hedge of prickly thorn, formed the side boundary to her garden, and, passing out, sauntered along the bank of the stream till she came directly opposite to us.

Gaunt had stuck his eye-glass in his eye, and pretended to be examining the end of his fishing-rod with the greatest care, taking the opportunity, however, of now and then sending a glance across the stream, which, perhaps, gave the lady courage to say, "You look so comfortable there I should like to join you, if you will give me leave."

Of course, both Gaunt and I were eager in our invitations (men like frank women, you know, on a hot morning), but at the same time expressed our embarrassment as to how she could effect it, unless she made a considerable circuit to the rustic bridge.

My lady laughed and said, "Oh! don't mind that."

At a little distance from where we were sitting the stream suddenly narrowed, and the banks, steeper than elsewhere, and overgrown with brambles, bushes, and brooms, overhung a very rushing, foamy yard or two of water.

I had often stood and contemplated the possibility of a leap across this spot; but the difficulty of descending the one bank low enough to bring the base of the other within springing distance, and the swift current of the stream lying between making the idea of a cold bath very disagreeable in case of a slip, I had always been contented with assuring myself that of course I could do it, and that there was no occasion to try. I did feel considerably surprised, then, when I saw Miss Owenson walk quietly to this spot, and begin to draw her dress securely round her previous to making her descent among the brooms and bushes.

"She's going to jump!" Cecile cried.

Gaunt raised his eye-glass. "The deuce she is! Go and stop her, Mark," he exclaimed, "for heaven's sake!"

I did dart forward, but I was too late; when I arrived the lady had already torn her way through the bushes, three-fourths down the bank, and now stood firmly poised on a ledge of clear ground, eyeing the distance, and preparing to make the spring that should bring her on the other side of the sparkling, rushing water.

"Don't!" I cried from the top of the bank; "pray don't!"

"Oh, go away! you make me nervous," she replied, looking up, with her audacious eyes sparkling as brightly as the stream. I was so alarmed at her position that my eloquence failed me; I could only reiterate, "Don't! pray stop!"

It was no use; with steady hand she cleared her dress from every entanglement, drew it tightly round her, and then gave a bold spring. The shrubs and bushes prevented me from seeing if she had arrived at her destination below, and for an instant I stood listening intently for some signs that she was safe. I was looking over, leaning against a young tree, getting every moment more anxious at neither seeing nor hearing anything, when I heard a laugh at my elbow, and, turning, there stood the lady, as elegant, calm and unruffled as if she had just passed from her drawing-room, not a sign of that leap on either herself or her dress; and to look at her, as she stood laughing in the sun, she appeared a very unlikely person to attempt or think of such a thing.

I started. "Be thankful you are safe!" I exclaimed.

"What a fuss you make about a trifle," she replied. "Strong limbs and good nerves were all that was necessary to insure my safety; and those I had, I knew."

I was silent. I don't like masculine women, and, the danger over, I was very ready to criticize the good taste of my companion for thus exhibiting her strong limbs and nerves.

She looked at me for a moment, then, turning away, began whipping the blossoms off an unfor-

tunate bush growing close by with a vigour that witnessed to her strength of muscle at any rate.

"Ah!" she exclaimed suddenly, "how well I can read your thoughts! It was shockingly unladylike, wasn't it? Well, never mind, let us join your friend. I want to learn angling."

There was something in her manner that quite disturbed my usual equanimity and self-possession. I didn't know what to say to her very good reading of my thoughts, and I was more perplexed by feeling that she cared very little for my unflattering opinion of her.

"They must have seen you make the leap," I said, as we walked slowly side by side toward the couple under the oak trees. "My friend is one of those who think as highly of such feats of strength as yourself."

"We shall sympathize, then," she answered shortly.

Gaunt came to meet us, and was profuse in his compliments at the lady's agility. He had witnessed the whole proceeding. Then, throwing his plaid on the ground, he began arranging a seat for her; and she took possession of it with a graceful abandon, and lounged there beside him as if they were acquaintances of years' standing.

For myself, I walked away to a short distance, where I fancied the fishing would be better.

I could hear their voices distinctly—almost distinguish the words they spoke. Gaunt's laugh came often, hers at rarer intervals, but in concert with his, and then it sounded clear and ringing, music even in my criticizing ear. Cecile's tones mingled now and then with theirs, but they soon ceased; and when I turned once to look at the group, I noticed that she had quitted her perch, and, like myself, was seeking her fish at a little distance.

Directly she caught my eye she drew in her line, gathered up her apparatus, and came slowly toward me.

"Well, Cecile," I said, as she stood silently beside me, "why have you left the lady? Don't you like her?"

"No," she answered quickly and emphatically; "not at all. Do you, Mark?"

"She's very handsome, Cecile," I replied, hesitatingly.

"So is Uncle Gaunt," said the child, turning and looking at them both.

I don't know why, but Cecile's very inconsequent remark gave me a strange qualm. I turned and looked. They were not regarding us. Gaunt was fixing her fishing-rod, and she was assisting him, her creamy fingers almost touching his, I could see; and they were both laughing.

"A quarter of an hour ago," I thought, "they were perfect strangers! What is all this?" Then, with a very impatient "Tut," I turned away. What was it to me?

"Don't fish any more—let us go and hunt birds' nests in the wood, Mark," said Cecile, softly. "It will be so cool under the trees."

I could not resist her; so, throwing down my rod, I took Cecile's willing little hand and we went rambling together into the dark shady wood.

VIII.

MARGARET OWENSON.

Margaret Owenson was indeed a puzzle, and one that, as day by day our acquaintance ripened into intimacy, became more intricate, and, at the same time, interesting.

A young, singularly handsome and accomplished woman living alone in her strange house, with strange servants, with habits and ways that bespoke a long residence, if not birth, in a foreign land, would have attracted the attention of the most careless on-looker; strange and out-of-the-way, however, as her mere outward habits were, they were as nothing to her strange bizarre character.

(To be continued.)

On the 20th of June last Queen Victoria had reigned over the United Kingdom for fifty-one years, a period which has been exceeded by only two of the monarchs of England, viz., Henry III., who reigned for fifty-six years, and George III., whose reign lasted for nearly sixty years.

ORLANDO IN OTTAWA.

SOCIAL ASPECT OF THE CAPITAL—A RETROSPECT OF THE PAST SEASON—NOTES.

Ottawa is perhaps the most ultra-aristocratic city in Canada. This might be partly attributed to the fact of its being the residence of so many officers of the Civil Service, who, as a rule, belong to the most influential families of the districts from which they were appointed, and who, mingling here different inherent attributes of patricianism, become united. Another cause tending to such an inference is the continued presence of Vice-Royalty and the influence it imperceptibly exerts, and no doubt there never has been a more refining influence felt, nor has the tone of social intercourse been more highly elevating, than during the reign at Rideau Hall of Their Excellencies the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, and those who had the honour of receiving invitations from Their Excellencies will never forget their gracious hospitality; and now, on the threshold of a new season, under a new régime, an unaccountable desire possesses me to turn and look back "once again" on the last bright season presided over by Lord and Lady Lansdowne in Canada, a season abounding in brilliant fêtes, receptions, balls and dinners without end, a season rich in happy days and generous with

"Nights of music, nights of loving,
Filled with joys too sweet to last—
Joys that, like yon starlight tender,
Cast no shadow while they passed."

Probably there never has been a season in the history of Ottawa that so many "lovely girls" were guests in the city; in fact, the flower of the beauty and wealth of the Dominion was represented, and as a strain of music at times awakens a sleeping melody, or an old letter or faded flower brings back a train of memories, a sight of the names of some of the visitors we met in the gay society of the Canadian capital may be productive of pleasant reminiscences, before the old season becomes pale in the light of the new. And how many of these the sight of whose names will recall the happy past will we meet again, and will it be in the same way, with the same sympathies, the same sentiments, as Lytton says, for a cord stronger or weaker is snapped asunder at every parting, and Time's busy fingers are not practised in splicing broken ties. Commencing with the Easterners there were guests at Sir John Thompson's, Miss Afflec and Miss Pugh; Miss Burns, who was at "The Russell" with her father, K. F. Burns, M.P.; Miss Warner and Miss Champion, who visited the Misses Thistle; Miss Trimmingham, who was a guest of the family of Dr. Wilson of the House of Commons; Miss Boyd, daughter of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories, who visited Mr. Schultz; the Misses Macdonald, who visited their sister, Mrs. A. F. McIntyre; Miss Ethel Jones, of Quebec, who was a guest at Judge Taschereau's; the Misses Church, of Montreal, who were guests of Madame Chapleau, and Miss Olivier, of the same city, who visited Madame Langevin; the Misses Hall, of Sherbrooke, who were at the Russell with their father, R. N. Hall, M.P.; Miss Linsley, daughter of the ex-Manager of the C. A. Railway, who visited Mrs. D. C. Forster Bliss; Miss Rowe, who visited at Sheriff Sweetland's and Mrs. J. H. Thompson's; Miss Braun, of Quebec, who was the guest of Mrs. Senator Pelletier; Miss Mollie Birmingham, of Kingston, who visited Mrs. Steckel, and Miss Sullivan, daughter of Senator Sullivan, who was a guest at Government Solicitor D. O'Connor's; Miss Honan, who was a guest of Madame Laurier; Miss Roper, who visited at Major Anderson's; Miss Rankin, who visited at T. P. Frenche's; Miss Taschereau, Quebec, who was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Joseph Pope; the Misses Howell, who were at the Russell, with their father, Hon. Mackenzie Howell; Miss Brown, who visited Mrs. McLeod Stewart; Miss Bunting, Toronto, who visited Mrs. M. J. Griffin; Mrs. Dr. Neilson, Kingston, who visited Mrs. Ridout; Miss Shibley, who visited Miss Fuller; also Miss McMullen, Miss Kaulback, Miss Cargill, Miss Penfold, Miss Yarker, Miss Meredith, and others. Society has commenced to show signs of life

again after the period of quiet it has been enjoying after summer travel. A large number prominent in social and official life were away for extended periods during the past summer.

Mr. A. Gobeil, Secretary of the Department of Public Works, who was away for three months, has returned fully restored to health. Mr. Gobeil is one of the cleverest officers in the Government; he is a diplomat, too, and has the happy faculty of imbuing the officers over whom he presides with the principles of which he is the personification, as a successful, influential and universally liked chief.

Among other clever chiefs of the Public Works Department is Mr. Steckel, whose book on Hydraulics is recognized as one of the cleverest works on the subject published. Mr. Steckel, who is a direct descendant of one of the wealthy families of the German nobility, is of a happy disposition, and when he entertains there may be met within his hospitable walls bright lights of Science, Literature and Politics, families of judges and members of the Cabinet and Senate and of Her Majesty's Opposition as well, commingling congenially together.

Ottawa society has just lost one of its brightest faces, that of Mrs. J. H. Thompson, who has gone to Toronto to live, Mr. Thompson, who was accountant in the Bank of Commerce here, having removed to the Queen City.

Lieut.-Col. Norton-Taylor, R.N., and family, have arrived in the city to spend the winter with Mr. W. Norton-Taylor, of the Bank of Montreal. The latter gentleman is well known in cricket and tennis circles. Mr. Egerton Bourinot, recently of the Union Bank here, has been promoted and is now manager of the Merrickville branch of that institution. Mr. H. Drummond, of the Militia Department, has gone to Toronto to reside. Mr. Stunham, of the Bank of British North America here, has been transferred to the New York branch. The Marine and Fisheries Department has now the honour of having as officials the commanders of the three principal military corps in the Capital: Col. Tilton, who has just been gazetted commanding officer of the Governor-General's Footguards; Col. Anderson, who has just received his commission as commanding officer of the Forty-third Battalion, and Captain Gourdeau, commander of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards. Mr. George Sparkes, of the Interior Department, has returned from an extended trip to the old country. Mr. Armstrong has arrived in the city and entered upon his duties as accountant of the Bank of Commerce. Mr. Meredith, recently of the Union Bank here, is now in the Montreal office, and has been succeeded in the Ottawa office by Mr. McLellan. Mr. Rowley, late of the Ottawa Bank here, is now in the Brantford branch of the Bank of British North America.

On New Year's Eve one of the most brilliant private balls ever given in Ottawa took place at the mansion of Mr. W. G. Perley, M.P. The invitations were issued in the name of Mr. Perley's son, Herbert, and numbered about 200. The guests were ushered in by the side entrance, and, after proceeding to the dressing rooms and discarding their wraps, were received by Mrs. Perley in the main hall, after which they proceeded to the drawing-room, where programmes were filled in, and about 9 o'clock the strains of the orchestra caused a move to be made to the hall-room, which is a gem in itself. The floor is springy and waxed, and the mirrors, imbedded in the walls, heighten the brilliant scene presented and varied by the gay uniforms of the red-coated representatives of the Royal Military College, mingling with the beautiful dresses of the ladies and the more sombre dress of the Government official or civilian. At midnight the band played "Auld Lang Syne," as the old year died. Among those who looked well were Miss Boswell, who is a guest of Miss F. Taylor; Miss Bacon, Miss Bourinot, Miss Burritt, Miss Church, Miss Chipman, Miss Fuller, Miss French, Miss Friel, Miss Pennington-Macpherson, Miss Miall, Miss Maude Mackintosh, Miss Ridout, Miss Richardson, Miss Scott, Miss Sherwood, Miss F. Taylor, Miss Thistle, Miss Tims, Miss Waters.



Cattle have been doing better this winter on the western ranches than ever previously.

A vein of coal has been discovered near Boissevain, Man., eighteen feet from the surface.

The value of exports to the United States from Prince Edward County, Ont., during 1888 was \$435,731.59.

Two large masses of rock have fallen from the Horseshoe Fall, Niagara, making the horseshoe shape more complete.

Canada has an unlimited area in her "great grain belt" and the average yield is from 25 bushels to 30 bushels to the acre.

During the last quarter of 1888 the Ottawa mills exported over 35,000,000 feet of lumber, for consumption, to the United States.

Eighty-five million feet of lumber were shipped from Nova Scotia last year, an increase of two millions over the previous year.

Nova Scotia fishermen are fitting out a vessel to engage in the black cod fisheries of the Pacific Coast. The vessel will go by way of Cape Horn to the fishing grounds.

The *Statist* estimates that the Grand Trunk accounts to December 31 will show a surplus of £20,000 after providing interest on the guaranteed stock for the entire year.

It is understood that the Government has fully decided to adopt the fast Atlantic mail service, and that steps in the direction of the establishing the same will shortly be taken.

Negotiations with the Wood Cree for the surrender of their rights to a section of country north of Prince Albert and the entering into treaty rights with the Government are progressing favourably.

Dr. McEachran, Chief Veterinary Inspector of the Dominion, in his report to the Government imparts the information that the disease known as blackleg among the cattle on the North-West ranches is about stamped out.

Archbishop Taché asked the Minister of the Interior for a continuance of the Land Reserve of the Manitoba Colonization Society, doing business in southern Manitoba. A large number of Belgians settled on the lands last year, and a big influx is expected in the spring.

An area of sixty-five acres in the central experimental farm, Ottawa, will be laid out next spring as a botanical garden and a great deal of other work done. A large number of young forest trees from Russia, France and other countries have been received and planted.

The principal mining districts in British Columbia are those of Kooteney, Cariboo, Yale, Lilloet, Cassiar and Omineca. The richest of these in the past was Cariboo, whose fields have yielded, since the rush of 1861 up to the present date, no less a sum than \$45,000,000!

Canadian phosphate deposits are receiving much attention among the agricultural classes in view of the threatened exhaustion of the guano beds in Peru and Chili. The *Times* and *Morning Post* draw special attention to the Ottawa county phosphate, declaring that phosphate industry is only in its infancy in Canada and urging British capitalists to promote their further development.

Private advices received at Ottawa state that Mr. McLeod Stewart has succeeded in floating a company in England with a million dollars capital to develop the coal mines at Anthracite. The mines were examined in November by an engineer sent from England, and his report was so favourable that the necessary capital was at once raised. Work at the mines will probably be resumed very shortly.

PERSONAL.

John Bright, who has been improving, has suffered another relapse.

The late William Sanderson, of Georgetown, Prince Edward Island, bequeathed \$8,000 to local charities.

Sir John Lister-Kaye has decided to purchase ten farms of five thousand acres each from the Interior Department.

Lieut. Hon. E. Stanley and his bride are expected to arrive in Canada during the Montreal Carnival week. Lieut. Hon. Victor Stanley, R.N., will arrive with them.

A fine bust of the late "Chinese" Gordon has just been placed in the private apartments at Windsor Castle. It stands near the crystal casket in which Queen Victoria deposited Gen. Gordon's Bible.

Navier Batoche had an interview with the Minister of the Interior and asked for the establishment of a mounted police post and Government telegraph office at Batoche village. The Minister promised to consider these questions.

Two of the old land marks have gone to the majority says the Lake Megantic correspondent of the Sherbrooke *Gazette*, Mrs. Alexander McLeod, of Winslow, and Mrs. George Stewart, of Marsboro. They were both buried on the 2nd. Mrs. McLeod was one of the pioneers of Lingwick, and was the mother of the Rev. Finlay McLeod, of Manitoba. It may well be said of her that she was a mother, in Israel; she had the old and new Testament committed to memory, and although blind for several years she could repeat any chapter in the Bible without mistake.



IN THE VALLEY OF THE CREDIT RIVER.

From a sketch by Wm. Revell, A.R.C.A.



PARTING.

From the painting by E. Andreotti



THE EFFECT OF DRESS.—"The more you dress a Frenchwoman the better she is, and the less you dress an Englishwoman the better she is" is an old saying (slightly altered); and well-built women will do well to remember this when they seek to cover themselves with ribbons, braids and gimps, that serve only to fritter away the figure, are absolute death to the clear, fair outlines that should be followed with the greatest exactitude.

QUEEN VICTORIA is a very hard worker. She breakfasts at 9 and then spends the morning dictating letters to her secretary. At 2 p.m. she takes luncheon, then holds a court ceremony and afterward indulges in a short drive. She does not dine until 9 p.m. As her mail is enormous, she really gets through a vast deal of work in a day. Once in a while questions of State of some importance require her attention. The fact is that she has no sinecure.

BOB BURDETTE'S ADVICE.—You say you demand a domestic, useful woman as your wife. If that is so, marry Nora Mulligan, your laundress' daughter. She wears cowhide shoes, is guiltless of corsets, never had a sick day in her life, takes in washing, goes out housecleaning and cooks for a family of seven children, her mother and three section men who board with her. I don't think she would marry you, because Con Reagan, the track-walker, is her style of man.

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.—Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity—a costly simplicity if you will—but let every dress be one idea'd, and let no unnecessary or extraneous trifles be introduced in it. And after simplicity, or rather as a consequence of it, comes freshness, that most desirable quality which to a woman's clothes is much the same as a fair healthy skin is to her face, so that to say of a woman "She always looks so fresh," is to pay the highest of all compliments to herself and her milliner.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES' NEW BOOTS.—The Princess of Wales has set the fashion for a new boot, which is intended for rough country walking, and is impervious to any amount of damp. It is very high, buttoning nearly up to the knee, of black leather, with an inner lining of stout waterproof tweed between the leather and the kid lining. The sole is about half an inch thick. It has already been introduced at Tuxedo, where it is found a great comfort in walking and tramping about in the snow surrounding the toboggan slide.

O'RELL ON AMERICAN WOMEN.—That which struck me most in America, from first to last, is the total absence of stupid-looking faces. All are not handsome, but all are intelligent and beaming with activity. In my opinion it is in this that American beauty chiefly consists. In the large cities of the East the first thing which caught my attention was the thinness of the men and the plumpness of the women. This seemed to hint that the former lived in a furnace of activity and the latter in cotton wool. This impression soon deepened into a conviction. It seemed to me that her lot was as near to being perfection as an earthly lot could be.

EXPERIMENTING WITH THE BABY.—That class of parents is unhappily large who appear to accept a child's strong constitution merely as a basis for experiments, remarks *Harper's Bazaar*. The child has a habit of dropping asleep as soon as he is laid in his crib? Then let him be taken from it any time to be exhibited. If he goes to sleep again so easily, the rousing him at all hours will do him no harm. He rarely catches cold? Then carry him out in all weathers, keep him out late in the evening and dress him in as thin clothing in winter as in summer. His digestion is excellent? Then by all means let him eat whatever he wants and whenever he feels like it.

HERE AND THERE.

GLADSTONE'S OMNISCIENCE.—"The way we do it now" is thus described in rhyme by R. St. J. C. in the columns of the *St. James's Gazette*:

"I want advice. Forthwith I seek
The lawyer, doctor, or I speak
To Policeman X or Bow street,
Or, maybe, fish up
A bland archdeacon, curate meek,
Or sound Archbishop.
"No matter what my want may be,
I pleasant look and pay the fee."
So spake I to my wife; but she,
"I beg your pardon,
"You're very wasteful, dear, I see;
I write—to Hawarden."

The verses not only bear testimony to the encyclopaedic knowledge of Mr. Gladstone, but they also show the accepted pronunciation of the name of his castle, as to which many people are a little uncertain. They have now a safe guide.

LEGAL TENDER.—A banker in Lille, France, had the misfortune to wet eighteen bills of the Bank of France, and in order to dry them he placed them on a board at an open window. They dried more rapidly than was anticipated. A gust of wind carried them into the street, where, unfortunately, a goat picking up odds and ends at once captured the bank bills and swallowed them. The goat was purchased and the bills secured in a very dilapidated condition, but the Bank of France recognized its obligations and redeemed them.

BLUE SHEEP.—Mr. Gladstone's study of Homer has led him to form numerous ingenious theories. One is the belief that the Greeks were colour-blind. Otherwise it would be impossible, he contends, for Homer to have spoken of "a flock of purple sheep." He was stating this view one day, when a celebrated agriculturist who was present remarked,—"Ah! but I know that in certain parts of England there are flocks of 'purple sheep.'" Mr. Gladstone expressed surprise. Inquiries were made, and it was found that these sheep were only of the ordinary brown colour.

A QUEER CZAR.—Anton Rubinstein is in trouble. The Czar of Russia has commanded him to compose an oratorio on the recent railroad accident in which the autocrat and his wife nearly lost their lives. This is a subject to which only the late Richard Wagner, among all musicians, could have done justice. The shriek of the locomotive, the crash when the train left the track, the cries of the wounded and dying and the wail of the Czar's perishing dog would have offered to Wagner splendid themes for orchestration of a weird and peculiar kind. What Rubinstein will do with his task is an interesting problem.

PHILLIPS' SHAKESPEARE COLLECTION.—Mr. Halliwell Phillips leaves all his electric plates, wood blocks, etc., to the New York Shakespeare Society. His unrivalled collection of Shakesperian treasures he offers to the municipality of Birmingham for £7000. These he originally intended to leave to Stratford, but after his dispute with the Corporation there he decided to select, instead, the principal town in Shakespeare's country. The collection is rich in early quartos, but comprises very few portraits. Mr. Phillips was strongly of opinion that no portrait of Shakespeare is genuine except the Droeshut portrait, prefixed to the first folio of which he possessed a proof impression.

PAS DE COMEDIE.—It is well known that the Queen, as well as the Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice, have vainly tried everything to persuade the Empress to take part in the court festivities at Windsor. The other day a little ruse was tried to divert her with such mild entertainments as are occasionally provided for the family circle at Windsor. After tea a curtain at one end of the drawingroom was drawn aside, the Princess Beatrice announced that a little French comedy, "Lolotte," would be performed. The Empress smiled and remained, but the desired effect was not obtained, and now, whenever she appears at Windsor to spend a social evening, she greets Princess Beatrice with the words, "Pas de comédie ce soir, n'est ce pas, ma chère?"

A CAVE IN MANITOULIN.

A correspondent of the *Woodstock Sentinel Review*, writing from Mindemoya Lake, Manitoulin Island, gives the following particulars of an interesting discovery made by an Oxford man:

A very interesting discovery has just been made on the property of Mr. Martin Buck, ex-Reeve of Carnarvon Township, and situated on the western shore of Mindemoya Lake, Manitoulin Island. It is a large cave, some 80 feet in length, with a height varying from 6 to 12 feet, and a width quite equal, if not greater, with a smaller cave, some 50 feet in length, connected with the main grotto by a narrow aperture. This great natural curiosity was, so far as we are aware, first made known to the white settlers of this island—though long known to some of the Indians of West Bay—by Daniel Hagey, of Innerkip, Oxford County, Ont., who is now here on a missionary tour in connection with the United Mennonite Brethren Church, with which he stands identified. Mr. Hagey is not only an energetic Evangelist and "fisher of men," but also a most enthusiastic angler and sportsman. On September 21st, while in eager pursuit of a flock of wild ducks, he was arrested by a yawning gap in the limestone bluffs. On looking in, his horror may be imagined on seeing the entrance of this cave thickly strewn with whitened human bones, with several skulls in a good state of preservation, and all apparently of the genuine Indian type. A shout from friend Hagey soon brought up his Mennonite companions, Rev. Wm. Schroeder and John Evans, by whom the interiors of the cave were first explored by white men. A path was soon blazed to the scene of this natural curiosity, and it has been already much resorted to by the settlers for miles around.

How the Indian bones came to lie at the entrance of said cave must, we presume, ever remain veiled in mystery, and gives rise to conjectures of various kinds, some of which are certainly quite fanciful. But the two most tenable theories are either that a whole family of Indians were living there in the dim past, and perished from hunger, smallpox, or some similarly fatal epidemic, and were, from some unknown and unknowable cause, left unburied where they died, and their valuables subsequently removed; or they were cut off by some war party, and despoiled of all their weapons, pipes and ornaments, as the most diligent search has thus far failed to find anything of this nature, with the exception of a broken shell of large size, nicely polished, and notched in true Indian style, and also a small stone, just like an Indian flint arrow-head, with a broken-off shank, but of so soft material that some think its form is the work of nature and not that of the ancient Red Men. Mindemoya Lake has ever ranked as one of the most lovely of the many inland water-gems of this island; but the discovery of this most singular cave, with its two smooth domes in the limestone roof and its rich profusion of strange fantastic water-worn rocks, together with the mystery attached to the time-bleached remains of the "ancient braves," bid fair to make it an object of intense interest, not only to the settlers of this island, but to tourists and artists from all parts of the world.

THE WANDERING KNIGHT.

Mr. Francis Thomson, in his striking articles on "Bunyan" in the current number of *Merry England*, alludes to the mediæval work from which Bunyan is supposed to have borrowed. Of this curiosity of literature, the following is a brief outline:—

"The hero, like Bunyan's Christian, sets off on a journey, and meets with adventures. He resolves, with the advice of his bosom friend, a daredevil named Folly, to go in search of happiness. Being fully equipped, armed and mounted on a runaway steed, he soon finds himself in presence of two parting ways, and hesitates in doubt as to which of these he shall choose for his own. At length he sees two ladies approach; the one mounted on a gentle natured steed, and

arrayed in the beautiful robes of Faith, Hope and Charity; the other proudly borne along on a rampaut brute, and dressed up in finery and gay costume. Both these address him, each in turn; the one invites him up the rugged and narrow pathway to celestial happiness, the other to worldly pleasures and delights. Consulting his companion, who acts toward him the part of Bunyan's Talkative, he resolves to take the broad and easy way; and thus, like Bunyan's Pilgrim in Vanity Fair, he soon finds himself in the midst of this world's vanities, in the mansion of worldly felicity. After revelling here to satiety, he be-thinks himself at last that it is time to pause, and stepping for a moment outside of the vicious circle in which he is entangled, he begins seriously to reflect upon the worth of all worldly pleasures. Whilst so engaged, he sees, all of a sudden, that down they go into the fathomless depths of hell; and, like the Pilgrim, finds himself to be set fast in a miry slough, out of which he is helped by a lady of surpassing beauty and glory, viz., the grace of God. And here begins, from a theological point of view, the more important section of the book: that without the grace of God we cannot rise from sin, that without Jesus Christ there is no salvation—is the one great lesson stamped upon every page of the devout and learned author's work.

"Leaving the reader to follow our hero through the various details, we need but further say that in the course of these we find, as in Bunyan, that the knight is brought to trial on an indictment before a tribunal of justice; and many witnesses come forward to testify against him, whilst in self-defence he has nothing to plead. Through the operation of Divine mercy, however, he obtains his release, and, being plunged into a crystal fountain—the Blood of Jesus Christ—he comes forth cleansed from all the mire of the filthy slough into which he had fallen. He, too, meets his Evangelist, in the person of a venerable recluse, who instructs him in the practice of penance and the science of salvation. He is afterward transported, like the Pilgrim, in a triumphal car, to the Delectable Mountains, where he finds the home of Virtue, and there receives from Evangelist many instructive lessons on the supernatural virtues in their respective order. There, too, he gets a view of Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, and receives a deeply interesting instruction upon the signification of its walls, its streets, its gates, etc.

"Like the Pilgrim, he is then put on his guard by Evangelist against a certain Temporary, and taught how to hold on with Perseverance to the last. Bunyan's work terminates with a sort of dissolving view, which, while it charms the imagination, tends to detach the reader from all personal participation in the scene; but the monkish author identifies his reader practically with the knight, whom he leaves, with mind enlightened, courage strengthened, and resolution fortified, to continue to fight on in the great battle of life, aided with the graces to be obtained through prayers and the Sacraments, on which, in the course of the work, full instructions are given."

The whole treatise, from first to last, is well calculated not only to furnish entertainment and instruction to the pious Christian, but also to effect the true conversion of sinners, as the author himself points out, when at the outset he says:

"This book, when thrice 'tis well read through,
Will make of thee a creature new."

Seek not to please the world but your own conscience. The man who has a feeling within him that he has done his duty upon every occasion is far happier than he who hangs on the smiles of the great, or the still more sickly favours of the multitude.

Be very circumspect in the choice of thy company. In the society of thine equals thou shalt enjoy more pleasure; in the society of thy superiors thou shalt find more profits. To be the best in company is the way to grow the worst. The best means to grow better is to be the worst there.

It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life and leaves only weeds; where a cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom, and the best way to overcome it is to look on the cheerful side of things.

DISCLOSED BY A FRESHET.

INDIAN SKELETONS, BEADS, TOMAHAWKS AND POTTERY DISCOVERED.

The south branch of the Potomac River is the Nile of West Virginia. Along the meadowlands where it flows, the soil is rich and productive, on portions of it the farmers sow, but are in doubt about the reaping, for the river may overflow and carry off the crops. At times the receding waters are not content to carry the grain, but often take deep soil, too.

A freshet, which occurred a year or so ago, unearthed an Indian burying ground. The cemetery is near the river, about eight miles from Romney, in Hampshire county. The oldest residents were not aware that the place had been the receptacle of dead braves, squaws and papooses until the river disclosed the skeletons. Many of the bones are in a good state of preservation, but crumble away when exposed. The Indians were all found in a sort of reclining position, resting on their left side. In the lap of each Indian were earthenware pots, and in these pots were found the belongings of the corpse—beads, arrow, spear, or tomahawk heads, Indian money made of bone or ivory. Some of the beads are made of bone and others of beautiful and curious coloured stones. A few are of glass. These, together with some hooks and copper trinkets, seem to have been the extent of their property. All of the trinkets are perforated. The holes in some of the beads are so small, that in the absence of cotton they must have been strung on hair. Those which the Indians are supposed to have made from bone, are in perfect preservation, even to the colouring. Residents of the surrounding country have gathered hundreds of the relics. There are, it is thought, many others not yet unearthed. Pieces of pottery of peculiar manufacture are among the other curiosities which the river disclosed.

MILITIA NOTES.

The Comptroller of Northwest Mounted Police has been advised that the operations of Dakota timber thieves on the southern Manitoba frontier have been entirely stopped by the presence of the police patrol.

The next Wimbledon meeting will be held on Wimbledon Common, owing to the difficulty of finding a suitable site. The National Rifle Association finds Brookwood, the site in Surrey, would cost too much, and none other are available at once.

J. Drew Gray, late colonel in the Ottoman army, and for eighteen years war correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, writes to the Montreal press about recent adverse comment upon the Canadian volunteers. He says: Canadians to-day possess many volunteer and militia regiments which could take the field alongside of any line regiments in Europe with credit and confidence.

An officer, referring to the present army, says: "I have more than once directed attention to the excellence of the young officers who enter the English army, especially the Royal Engineers and the Royal Artillery, from the Military College at Kingston. Recently seven commissions in the Engineers were given to Canada, and now we have the beginning of a grumble here that these commissions should be so given when Canada pays nothing toward the maintenance of the British army."

THE JEWELLER.

In a gray old German city, in the Ruineland by the sea,
Dwelt, in ancient times, a singer, with his craft of high degree.

And his songs were sad and plaintive, while he wrought of gems and gold
Many a quaint device to pleasure lady-love and baron bold.

Many years the cunning craftsman laboured at his wondrous art,
And each jewelled triumph finished drew a song from out his heart.

'Till one eve, for ever stricken, fell his deft and dainty hand,
With a blood-red ruby, carved for the Prince of all the land.

"It is just," he bowed and whispered. "Yea, O God, Thy doom is just;

These be lurid lights that beckon souls of men to depths accursed."

And afar the angel-warrior, keeping watch above his own,
Murmured deep within the silence where the stars of God are sown;

Spoken well, O worthy master!—hark! the little children sing;
Thine the song—a better guerdon far than carved gems may bring.

Montreal,

JOHN ARBORY.



A man never knows what he can do until he tries—or what he can't do, either.

Experimental philosophy—asking a man to lend you money. Moral philosophy—refusing to do it.

When er man accidentally steps on er rattlesnake an' de snake bites him, it am too late for 'pologies.

One great trouble with those who go to the bad is that they do not think to provide themselves with a return ticket.

Mother: "Charlie, what is Uncle John doing this morning?" Charlie (first visit to country): "He's murdering the hogs."

A Southern hotel advertises "A parlour for ladies 35 feet wide." This appears to be a direct bid for dime museum patronage.

A Washington barkeeper played a mean New Year's joke on his customers. He labeled a bowl of free punch "Pro Bono Publico," and none of the visiting statesmen dared touch it.

The man who spends most of his days in giving advice to his friends has no need at all to lie awake nights wondering why he isn't popular.

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to add to your defence?" Prisoner (smiling sweetly): "Your honour, I wish you a happy new year."

The minister who, sixty years ago, preached the first sermon in Chicago, still lives, and he is still of the opinion that Chicago is good missionary ground.

The law is like a hotel. It is open to all who have money. You may go in, but you cannot get out unless you leave some of your money behind you.

A geyser that throws hot mud has begun operations in Dakota. Sensational newspapers in need of an editor might secure the services of the geyser for a reasonable sum.

A man who is owing you a little bill said he would call last week and pay us if he was alive. He still appears on the street, but as he did not call, it is naturally supposed that he is dead, and is walking about to save funeral expenses.

First Kentuckian: Say, colonel, there's a Mormon elder down the road preachin' to a crowd o' young women an' singin' "Would I Were a Bird?" Second Kentuckian: Well, I kin furnish the feathers. You git some tar to stick 'em on.

Stranger (in a street car): "I see you in these cars frequently, but not at this hour." "No; this is a holiday trip. My wife sent me down town to match some dress trimming." Stranger: "Ah! glad to meet you. (Presents his card). I am a divorce lawyer."

A LARGE JOB.

The man who wants to reform the world
Of a billion souls, can guess of the labour.
If he'll begin in a very small way,
And try to reform his neighbour.

Ottawa Journal: Dakota wants a State name suggestive of warmth. What is the matter with Cayenne?—*Detroit Free Press*.

Some Canadians who have come back give it a hotter name than that.

Rev. Mr. Cantwell: "My dear young friend, pardon me for intruding, but I consider it my duty to offer the counsel. Now, we know as a fact that all vice is bad and most objectionable —." Young Spendthrift: "Yes, especially advice! Good morning!"

Clem (to Uncle Rastus): Am yo gibben dat boy ob yours an education, Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus: Well, I don' sen' him ter school yit, but he kin tell a Philadelfy spring chicken in the dark quicker nor I kin; dat's a practicle education. Time nuff yit for him ter git into the classicks.

Benjamin Franklin wrote a note to a friend in England when the American Colonies declared their independence, which closed thus:

You and I were long friends. You are now my enemy and I am yours.

B. FRANKLIN.

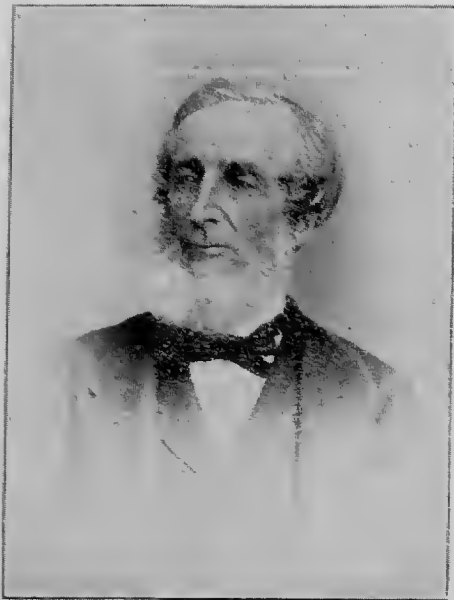
An exchange wants the name of the man who invented the wheelbarrow; but what many more persons crave is the name of the man who lets the wheelbarrow stand in the middle of the sidewalk after dark. The latter is more deserving of death.

There can be much wit in the manner in which writers subscribe themselves. When Glengarry claimed the chieftainship of the Macdonald clan, the generally acknowledged chief wrote him as follows:

MY DEAR GLENGARRY—As soon as you can prove yourself my chief I shall be ready to acknowledge you. In the meantime I am yours,

MACDONALD.

Ready wit cannot be said to be natural to youth, for the answers given by precocious schoolboys are not witty, being usually the outcome either of misunderstanding or of cheek. There are exceptions, however, to this rule. A teacher asks his class what was meant by divers diseases, and was rather surprised when one of the boys answered, "Water in the head."



THE LATE T. S. BROWN,
From a photograph by Notman.

Deservedly severe was the reply of Descartes to a nobleman who, seeing that he enjoyed the pleasures of the table, remarked: "I see, sir, that philosophers can sometimes indulge in good cheer." "Why not?" asked Descartes. "Do you really imagine that Providence intended the good things of this earth only for the foolish and ignorant?"

Sheridan's ready wit was equalled some years ago by another prominent politician on the occasion of the Derby being won by a French horse. The Frenchmen present, as was natural, cheered vociferously, and not content with that one of them shouted: "Waterloo avenged!" "Yes," said the statesman, who happened to hear the remark, "you ran well in both cases."

"Pa," enquired Bobby, "what's the meaning of E pluribus unum?" "Oh, it's a Latin phrase, Bobby. I used to know when I was at college, but a man is apt to forget most that he learned at college when he gets to be as old as I am." Just then a procession of college students passed the door shouting vociferously. "Rah, rah, rah!" "Tiger," yelled the old man, and he broke both suspenders before he reached the gate.

"Why, Jennie, what do you think?" she cried as she stopped a friend on the avenue the other morning. "You've gone to housekeeping, I bet." "Yes, we have! George only gets \$8 a week, you know, and mamma was doubtful, but it's all right. We can buy everything we want and have lots left. Why, what do you think turnips cost?" "I don't know." "Only a cent a pint, and I can get a small cabbage for three cents!"

Of wit bordering on the malicious there are many examples, and some of the repartees are fully deserved, while others are only calculated to give pain. Among the latter is one told at the expense of an elderly French widow, who had fallen in love with a young nobleman, whom she was never tired of praising to her friends as "handsome as one of Dumas' three musketeers." "Yes," said a lady who heard her and who was possibly jealous, "he is the musketeer, and you are 'Twenty Years After.'"

She forgot nothing. Mrs. Anglomaniac (to butler): Matthew, his Grace the Duke of Tweedledum dines and sleeps here to-night. I want everything in the most correct English way. Matthew: Ho, yes, hindeed, mum. Mrs. Anglomaniac: Serve tea in the drawing-room at five and dinner at eight and thirty o'clock. Have no napkins at breakfast to-morrow, and serve cold game patés from the sideboard. Matthew: Ho, yes, hindeed mum. Mrs. Anglomaniac: And, Matthew, see that the weather is foggy. I want his Grace to feel entirely at home. Matthew: Ho, yes, hindeed, mum.



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